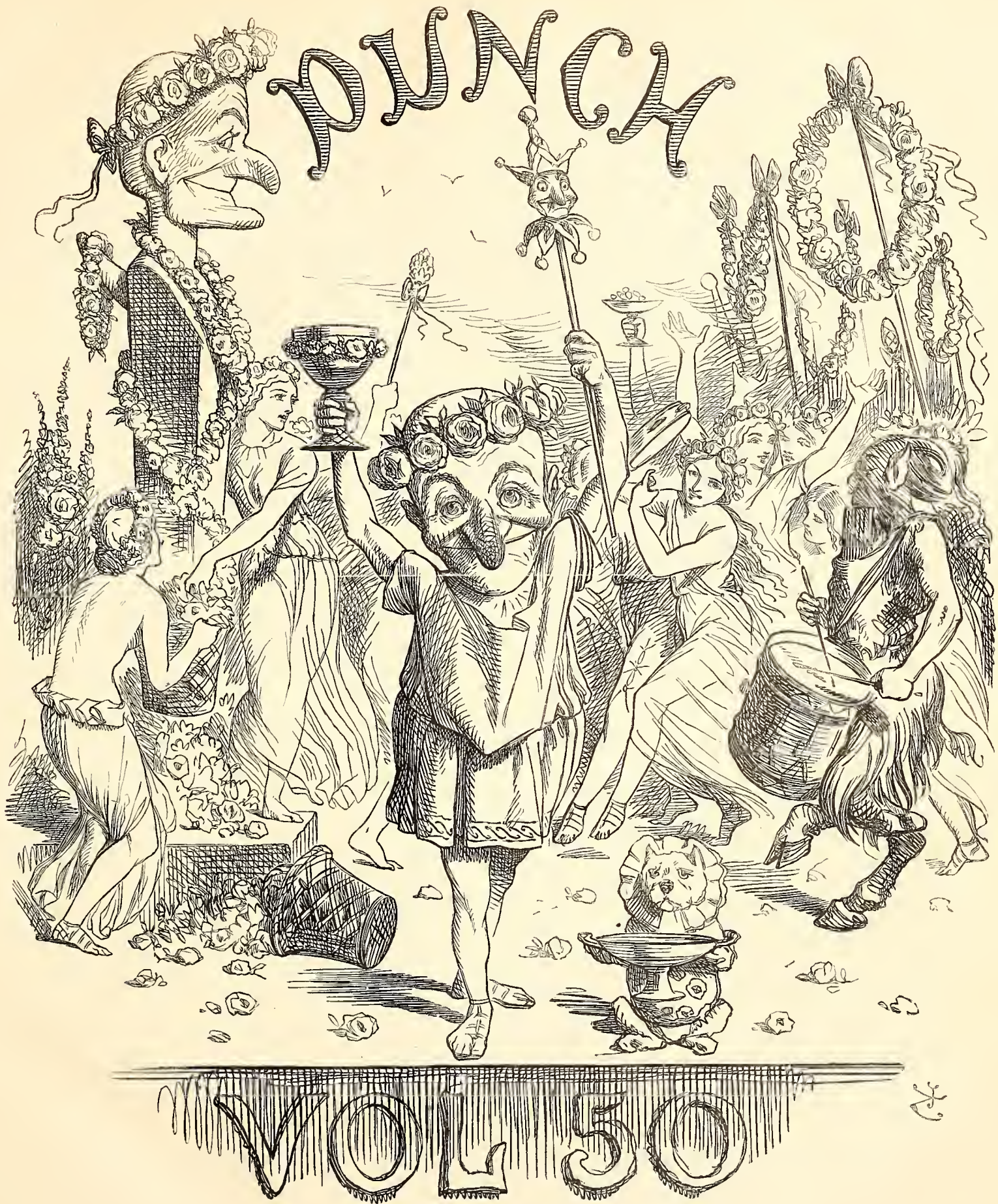


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LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1866.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO. PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



"**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,**" said the faithful PUNCH to his loving BRITANNIA.

"Is it so long?" replied the blue-eyed BRITANNIA, smiling. "You have made me so happy that I have scarcely felt the flight of time. But it is twenty-five years since you became my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend."

High banquet was held, and the Representative Men and Women of the nation came to honour the Festival of the Fifty Volumes.

"When I think," said the HEIR APPARENT, "how nobly you have supported the Throne."

"How," said the PRIMATE, "you have helped Religion by correcting the follies of Priests."

"How," said the CHANCELLOR, "you have demolished Legal abuses until our system of Law is not now so very far from rationality."

"How," said LORD DERBY, "you have taught an aristocracy that its true strength is in cohesion with the people."

"How," said LORD RUSSELL, "you have thawed Whiggery until it has condescended to flow with the stream of time."

"And how," said MR. BRIGHT, "you have instructed Reformers that victory is theirs if they will argue, not bellow."

"How," said the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, "while denouncing the wickedness of offensive war, you have done all honour to the champions of right."

"How," said the DUKE OF SOMERSET, "you have shown a true Briton's love for our gallant Navy."

"And," added CAPTAIN COLES, "have enabled me to carry my Turrets against officialism."

"How you made the Volunteer Force," said LORD RANELAGH.

"How genially, and as it were in a Loving Cup, you have pledged us citizens to Corporation Reform," said the LORD MAYOR.

"How you emancipated the Hebrews," said BARON ROTHSCHILD.

"And completed Catholic Emancipation," said MR. JUSTICE SHEE.

"How your Highness hath split the Wind-bags but guarded the Wine-skins," said MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

"How you have honoured Art, while yourself exhibiting her in her sternest and her most graceful forms," said SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

"How you have upheld the glorious Art of the Healer, and crushed and trampled on Quackery," said the President of the College of Physicians.

"How you have helped the Poor, preaching that poverty is neither a crime nor a merit, but a misfortune," said MR. VILLIERS.

"How you have upheld rational Education, against the fanatics," said MR. LOWE.

"How awfully kind you have been to us Boys," said the CAPTAIN OF ETON.

"How you have been the chivalrous Champion of Woman," said MISS MARTINEAU.

"Especially Pretty Woman," said a chorus of soft and saucy voices.

"Upheld the intellectual Drama," said MRS. THEODORE MARTIN.

"And the romantic and picturesque," said MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

"And the refined and graceful," said MISS KATE TERRY.

"And jolly good fun wherever it was to be found," said MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

Here the distinguished assemblage, impatient of details, and unable to restrain itself, broke into the Kentish fire, led by MR. SIMS REEVES (a Kentish man), who then struck up Musical Honours, in testimony of MR. PUNCH's services to the divine art of melody.

MR. PUNCH arose, visibly affected.

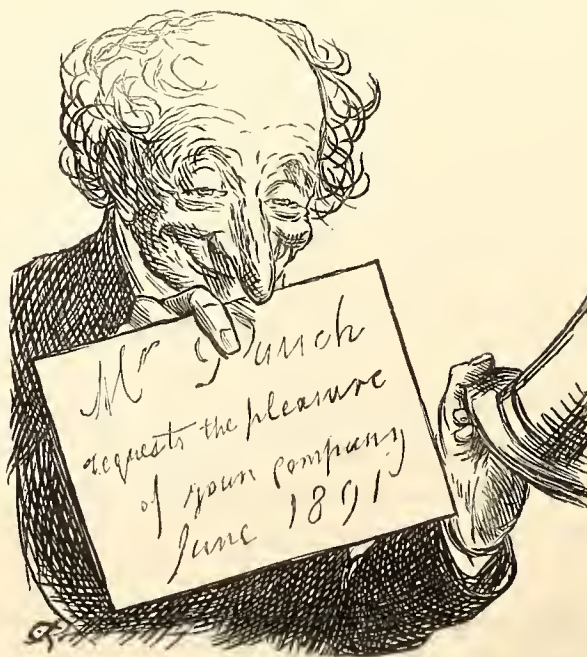
"Bless you," he faltered. "It's all true—all—every word of it: and more. Alone I did it. Happiest day of my life. Never so prosperous. Never had so splendid Circ'lation. An Institush'n—Country. Heart too full for—for—eloquensh. Bless you all. Invite you all to Golden Wedding, this day twenty-five years at half-past six for quarter to seven—write it down in Pocket-Book. Bless you!"

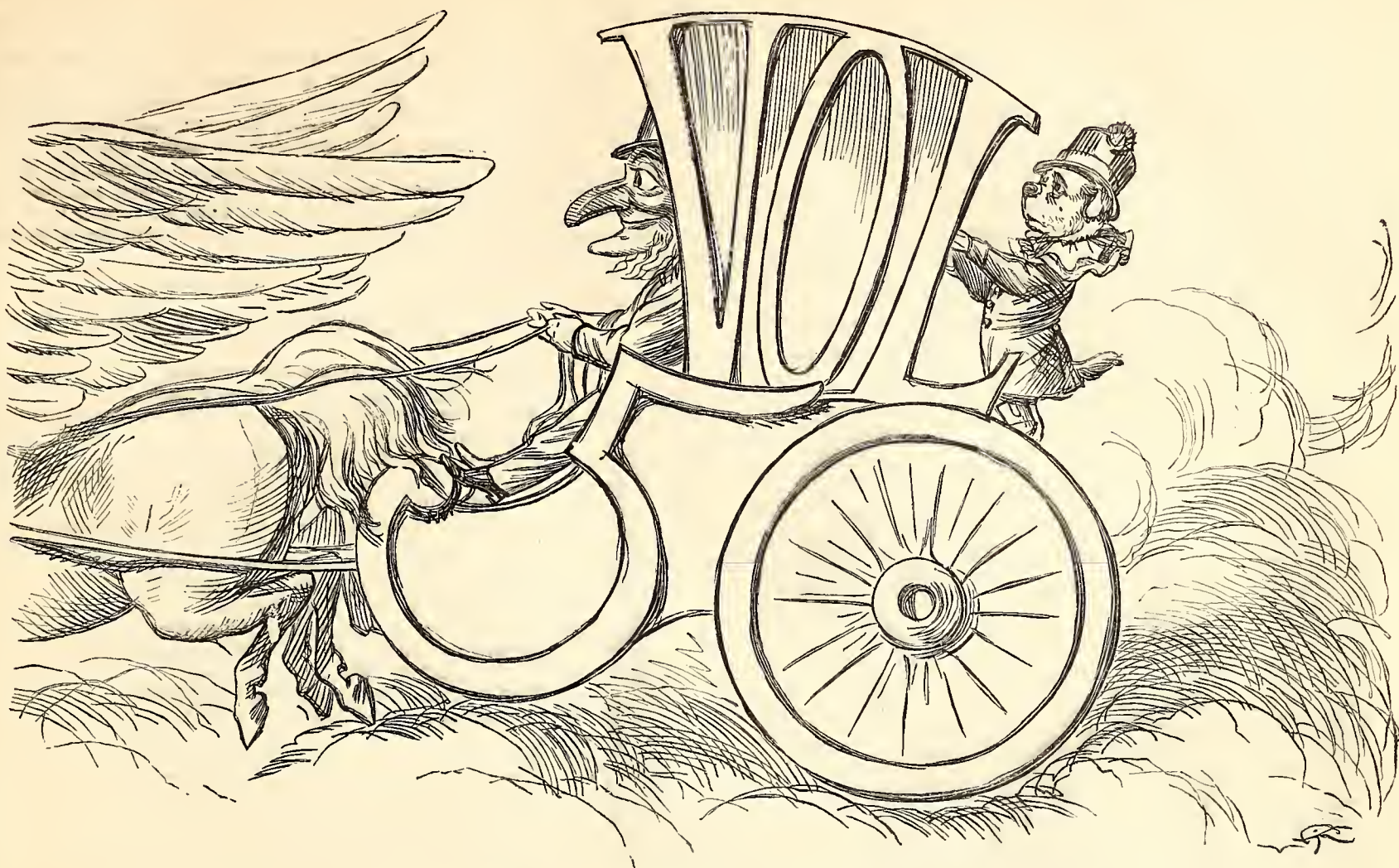
A storm of plaudit, and BRITANNIA arose.

"I should have been ashamed of him," she said in a sweet voice of Power, "had he not shown emotion on such a day. It is not his custom to be thus overcome, but it is a poor heart that never rejoices. I am proud of him. For Five and Twenty years He has devoted all his splendid intellect and energy to my service, and to-day, in the full vigour of his glorious genius, he vows another quarter of a century's labour in the cause of Truth, Kindness, and Fun. And in token of his pledge and in memory of this great day, he lays on the Silver Wedding Table his

Fiftieth Volume.

(The sky was splitting with the cheers when our reporter left.)





OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

(After the manner of our most respected Contemporaries.)

WHEN a New Year commences, a fresh period begins. At such a time it is impossible for the most serious to avoid—even if they desire so to do—a class of reflection that must occur to minds of the least frivolous character. He who addresses himself to a survey of mankind from China to Peru will not improbably be led to the conviction that he has entered upon an area of observation whose limits are of the widest description, and may not be reluctant to assent to the proposition of one of the most remarkable of men, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. To abstain from the discussion of a difficult subject is, we may almost venture to say, to avoid the examination of an arduous topic, but on the other hand, where there is advantage to be gained by even an inadequate inquiry, we cannot consider that an incomplete investigation should be regarded as entirely unprofitable. With these feelings, at the outset of 1866, we apply ourselves to a task, which, if self-imposed, cannot be termed an involuntary labour.

It is natural in the first instance to be attracted by those questions which more immediately affect ourselves—*nihil alienum putamus*—and the state and condition of our own island, at the opening of the year, would instinctively be selected for treatment by the home journalist. But it appears to us that to be guided by the conventionalisms of geography is to submit ourselves to the dictates of merely scientific arrangement. We therefore glance cursorily towards Andes, giant of the Western Star, and we state with regret that though there is no perceptible alteration in the position of his meteor standard, it waves over regions in which many changes may take place, if a policy of conservation be not sternly adopted. Cape Horn, however, still affronts the Antarctic or Southern Ocean, nor has the great mystic belt which unites the Americas at Panama, like the Siamese twins, been done away by the skill of engineering surgery. We rejoice to be able to state that the long and terrible war which has been waged in North America has written no wrinkles on the azure brows of the Atlantic or Pacific, and that three degrees still stretch between the isles of Vancouver and Newfoundland. We commend these facts to the geologists who are perhaps unwisely seeking to disturb received beliefs, and we point out to them how little the fluctuations of the moral world disarrange the Cosmos of material nature.

Whatever the modern statesman may think of the Asiatic confederation, there can be little doubt, in candid minds, that Asia has been the scene of many remarkable events, of the smaller details of which, at least, it may not be too much to say, that the records are to a certain extent defective. Yet from Lake Timour to Ceylon the populations are still in possession of various degrees of civilisation, and if the Sea of Okotsh remains to the present period in its pristine form, the western frontier of the mighty continent is none the less rigidly guarded by the Ural mountains. We do not desire to increase the difficulties of those who are considering the propriety of removing Calcutta to the Himalayas, nor at the conclusion of the Bhootanese war is it a fit time to look retrospectively upon that disaster, but we will not be deterred from warning our readers that large portions of Mongolia are entirely unfit for houses of Italian architecture, replete with the conveniences of a metropolitan suburb, nor will we be foremost in advising those who are in possession of all that luxury can afford in England to seek new homesteads in "Samarcand by Oxus, Temur's throne."

Africa appears to us to afford little cause for immediate agitation, or even apprehension on the part of the Englishman. But it is the duty of the wise man to be prepared for all contingencies, and inasmuch as the agents of civilisation are advancing upon that continent from all its corners, it may not be amiss to remember that while the EMPEROR assails her from the north and M. LESSEPS on the east, DR. LIVINGSTONE and M. DU CHAILLU have penetrated in other directions, and it is not impossible that under the auspices of the intrepid BEKE, the fanatic chivalry of KING THEODORE may avail itself of all this enlightenment to constitute a grand central power, which, perhaps under the name of the Empire of Sahara, may send the legionaries of Lake Nyanza to the Iron Gate and the Bosphorus. But we are disinclined to believe that the festive season of Christendom need this year be disturbed by such vaticinations, the less that the return of the gallant MR. BAKER seems to assure us that in the contest proverbially waged between his namesake and Our Mutual Enemy, the pull may at present be assumed to be on the side of the type of humanity.

Last, and only least in respect to size, the continent of Europe offers itself to the unprejudiced gaze. Reasons which the intelligent reader will be the first, and the uncultivated reader the last to appreciate, preclude our touching, at this moment, upon the moral, social, or political condition of this interesting continent. England, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, not to name Monaco and Greece, suggest many reflections which will occur to those who have regularly followed the

course of events, while to others they would, if stated, have the questionable charm of novelty. Princes and lords, the great poet has remarked, may flourish or may fade, but against this irrefragable axiom we may set the equally irrefutable dictum of the philosopher that all is not gold that glitters. *Humanum est errare*. While we hail with pleasure the advance of civilisation, we are unable to close our eyes to its retrogression, or to deny that while Paris perfumes its copper coinage, Manchester puts its steel fork into its mouth. The temperance of Florence is no valid excuse for the drunkenness of Glasgow, the courtesy of Madrid can scarcely atone for the clownishness of Yorkshire, nor can we accept the theory of compensation so far as to allow that because it is pleasant to praise the sweetmeats of Constantinople we must be blind to the fact that the majority of London sugar-plums are coarse and deleterious. Confined to these large and general views, our analysis of European affairs may be unsatisfactory, but we hasten to assert our belief that Europe will maintain her predominance over the other continents, so long as she continues their superior in arts and arms, and in concluding our survey of the world, we would add the cheering, if not exhilarating reflection, that come what come may, time and the hour run through the roughest day.



MR. SMITH

HAVING BEEN ALLOWED TO GO AND SEE THE SPHINX WITH TWO OLD SCHOOL-FELLOWS, HAS AN AWFUL SHOCK WHEN HE RETURNS AT 2 A.M.

OUR ONE REVIEW.

Kelly's Directory for 1866. Old Boswell Court, St. Clement's.

WE have carefully perused every word of this remarkable work, and we exhort all our own readers to do the same. It is as extraordinary for its wealth of diction as for its accuracy of description. It contains thousands of words, none of which we ever used in our lives, and yet there is no saying at what moment we may be called upon to use any or all of them. It introduces us with much familiarity, but with no vulgarity, to myriads of our fellow-creatures, and the terseness combined with lucidity, with which their leading principle of life is indicated, is worthy of all praise. There is no partiality, no coarse exclusiveness, in the author's views of society—in one page we are introduced to the MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF ARARAT, K.G., and to all his stately mansions, and in another we are led to the humble shop of JAMES GRIMES, greengrocer and parties carefully attended, while the magnificent merchant, the lugubrious lawyer, the delightful doctor, the adored author, the carnivorous critic, the affable actor, the stolid statesman, the melancholy musician, the pallid parson, the daring dissenter, the antibilious

astronomer, the voluptuous vegetarian, the foolish fish-monger, the prepossessing painter, the maudlin man-milliner, and the chimerical chiropodist are all shown up in their true characters, and we are literally brought to their very doors. Alike for severe survey of mankind from lofty Belgravia to low Bow, from haughty Highbury to vulgar Walworth, from the mountainous region dominated by Ben Primrose to the valley washed by the silver Thames, as for extract from the waistcoat pocket during an idle hour by the sad sea waves, we recommend KELLY'S *Directory* as the most wonderful work of the day, and the *sine qua non* for those who believe with the great bard that the proper study of mankind is man—for here he is by the hundred thousand.

FITZ-DANDO'S LAMENT.

YE good bivalves, ye savoury molluscs,
Ye living titbits, born of Ocean's mud,
Still toothsome when Time's hand hath drawn our tusks,
Regenerators bland of aged blood:
I gaze on ye in fish-shops with such eye
As might poor swain view lofty maiden's brow.
O lovely, but alas for me too high!
Three halfpence each—so much are natives now!

Ye oysters, how is it you've grown so dear,
In price ascending ever more and more,
Up up aloft as year rolls after year?
Scarce are ye now, so plentiful of yore?
An oyster famine! What's the cause of that?
Of ocean foes some sages talk to me
That prey upon you and devour your spat,
Of stormy waves that wash it out to sea.

They tell me how you perish, left to freeze
In rigorous winter by an ebbing tide,
But you had always chances such as these,
When ye were cheap and common, to abide.
It is but in relation that you've grown
Less numerous, not absolutely few;
There are more mouths that gape—alas! my own
But waters—now than once there were for you.

For you, but not for you alone; for meat,
And all besides that smokes upon the board;
Fish, fowl, eggs, butter too: things good to eat
Exceed what moderate incomes can afford.
Increase of population must be fed;
Our numbers with prosperity extend:
Where, if we keep on going thus ahead,
Will this prosperity, ye oysters, end?

Will ye become as costly as the pearls
Torn by the diver from your kind, a prey
To decorate the brows of splendid girls?
And girls, oh how expensive, too, are they!
Ah, no more natives for the frugal swain,
No possibility of married life!
Oysters are for the rich—and he's insane
Who, rolling not in riches, takes a wife.

STONES CRUSHED BY MACHINERY.

LOCAL Self-Government enables us to practise an economy which Centralisation denies. In London and England generally the ratepayers are exempt from the expense which must be entailed on the citizens of Paris by such machines as that of which the operation is thus described by *Galignani*:—

"A powerful steam-roller for crushing the macadam on the roads is at the present moment at work on the Pont-Neuf, and passes backwards and forwards up and down the steep inclines at each end of that bridge, amongst vehicles of all kinds, without causing the least inconvenience."

Under our British system of Local Self-Government, the stones in the roads are broken by the gradual agency of horses' hoofs and the wheels of carriages, grinding, and ground. What would the vestrymen of England say to the proposal of an additional highway-rate for a steam-macadamiser? It might, however, answer the purpose of horsekeepers and owners of vehicles to tax themselves for the termination of a state of our roads, which, here or there, is always brutal.



MR. SNIGGINS HAS A DAY AMONGST THE BANKS,
AND SHREWDLY GUESSES WHY THEY ARE CALLED "ONS AND OFFS."

A ROW IN THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

By a meeting of the Fenian Senate, lately held at the Senate House, 734, Broadway, New York, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—

"That the Irish Republic is now virtually established in the United States of America, and also in Ireland, where it exists in a state of suppressed hostility to the British Government.

"That the Irish Republic has arrived at such perfect maturity that, as might be the case with any old State enjoying a settled form of government, it is rent asunder by political dissension, and divided against itself into two opposite parties, by an internal split.

"That JOHN O'MAHONY, President of the Irish Republic, is a traitor to the Senate and Constitution of that same. That, by the unanimous vote of ten to fifteen, the said Senate has adjudged the said JOHN O'MAHONY guilty of perjury, peculation, embezzlement, defamation, libel, slander, perfidy, treason, and malfeasance. That the said JOHN O'MAHONY, President of the Irish Republic, is now deposed from that, and discontinues to be such any longer.

"That, accordingly, COLONEL W. R. ROBERTS, a flourishing dry goods' merchant, has been declared by this Senate President of the Irish Republic in the room of JOHN O'MAHONY, deposed.

"That, nevertheless, the aforesaid JOHN O'MAHONY continues to be and remain President of the Irish Republic, and to exercise the functions of his high office, particularly to borrow money in the name of the Republic, and convert it to his own uses. That, in further contempt and derision of the authority of this Senate, the said JOHN O'MAHONY posted on the front door of the Capitol of the Irish Republic a notice insulting the Members of this Senate, and excluding them from the premises. And that he, the said JOHN O'MAHONY, denies and refuses to own and obey the said COLONEL W. R. ROBERTS as lawful President of the Irish Republic, calling him a tailor.

"That Chicago endorses ROBERTS, but New York has declared for O'MAHONY, and the consequence is there is one President of the Irish

Republic at the Capitol in Union Square, and another at the Senate Chambers in Broadway, with their respective followers.

"That the Irish Republic, as at present constituted, thus being a severed union of two hostile camps, the only natural and pacific remedy possible for this state of things is civil war.

"That it is necessary for the Irish Republic to emancipate itself from the coercion of the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, that restrain it from fighting out its internal difficulties in its own bosom.

"That therefore it behoves the Irish Republic immediately to commence hostilities with England and America, preliminary to the internecine warfare which it proposes to engage in with itself afterwards.

"That the temporary co-operation of the two antagonist sections of the Irish Republic be earnestly requested for this purpose; that GENERAL SWEENEY, the Secretary-at-War, be appointed Generalissimo to carry it out; and that, towards the needful expenses of the struggle, there be raised a loan amounting to one thousand dollars."

The Ins and Outs of the Case at Washington.

Says JOHNSON, "To hold that the States of the South, Were e'er out of the Union is sin."

Says Congress, "Wa'al, guess if they never were out, There ain't no call for letting 'em in."

The County Crop for Chignons.

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS of FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Gaols throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of colour. The attention of PERRUQUIERS, PERFUMERS and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The whole of the HAIR representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.
H. WADDINGTON.
Whitehall, Jan. 1, 1866.

THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS.



IR,—Drury Lane first and foremost. Master PERCY ROSELLE as *King Pippin*; he is, as poor ROBSON used to say, “a wo-o-o-nderful bo-o-o-y!” MR. BARSBY, as the *Count of Flanders*, executes some wonderful steps that will astonish some of our burlesque friends, and make the irrepressible niggers turn up the whites of their eyes. He dances very nearly as well as MR. D. JAMES, at the pretty little Strand Theatre, who plays *Nelusko in L'Africaine*, and that's saying a great deal, mind

you. If the august managers of Old Drury were approachable, I would suggest that a few more efficient box-keepers might be obtained; for, with an anxious party of small folks I had to wait five (or more) minutes before I could get any one to show me my box. It was the omnibus box when I *did* get into it, and our situation reminded me of poor LEECH's picture of the children creeping to the edge of the circus, and seeing, with great delight, “the 'oofs of the 'orses!”

The omnibus (to which as I have said we had great difficulty in finding a conductor) is not the best box for those who wish to get a good view of the pantomime. However, Old Drury was crammed, and there was no getting another. It had its advantages in the children's eyes; for from our situation they were let into all sorts of stage secrets. They saw the little fairies before they appeared on the stage; they saw *King Pippin's* miniature courtiers crowding behind the wings; they saw MISS ROSE LECLERCQ, as a Queen, pinning the dress of MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON, who plays *Fortunatus*; they saw the grimy carpenters moving behind the bright canvas clouds; and, privileged mortals that we were, we saw, we saw (oh, rapture! joy! ecstasy!) we saw *the Clown before he came on*.

I have only one fault to find with Drury Lane: its orchestra. The music was not sufficiently lively for a pantomime, and the style of its execution could scarcely have been pleasing (I am speaking of the first night, mind), to the ear of MR.

BARNARD, the conductor. I am afraid that my children will henceforth become materialists, and date their realistic notions from the evening when they were spectators of *Harlequin King Pippin* from the omnibus box of Old Drury.

Covent Garden and the PAYNES! of course a pantomime supported by the King and Princes of Christmas fun cannot be anything but good; so being perfectly certain on this score, I'm going there next week, and will tell you all about it. Society goes to see what MR. T. ROBERTSON calls, generically, society at the PRINCE OF WALES's, and society is much pleased with what it *does* see. I must visit *Little Don Juan*. Then there's the Haymarket, with MR. PLANCHÉ's adaptation of *Orphée aux Enfers*: neatly done, sweetly done. But you *do* want some singers besides MISS LOUISE KEELEY; and MISS LOUISE KEELEY, good as she is, is not the *Eurydice* that all Paris went to see; but then MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE will say, we're not in Paris: and it's *Orpheus in the Haymarket*. The public is satisfied with *Rip* at the Adelphi, and BENJAMIN, their ruler, ought to be content with the great plum in his Christmas pudding; so here's *his* health and his family's, including LITTLE PAUL and MASTER TOOLE come home for the holidays, and MRS. MELLON, and may they all live long and prosper. The best pantomime for children is to be seen at Astley's; where the transformation scene will considerably astonish even the oldest boys.

There's a burlesque at the New Royalty. *Heu! prisca fides!* which being translated by my own private schoolboy means, “Alas, the old fiddle!” How hath the glory departed from Soho since the reign of Ixion, King of Thessaly. The talented author of the new piece has, with remarkable originality, entitled his play *Prometheus, or the Man on the Rock*, which of course does not in the least remind one of *Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel*. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. It is no doubt commendable in a young author to rely for the success of his bantling upon the established reputation of his predecessor. It is, I believe, MR. RICE's first attempt, so as MR. WELLER said to MR. BLAZES, at the Swartry, perhaps he'll “try a better by-and-by.” I'll go and see all the Christmas entertainments. Send me Boxes.

Yours, SNOOKS.

PAROCHIAL TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Church and Stocks.

THE KILKENNY CATS.

As we prophesied, but sooner than we bargained for, the Irish Republic has resolved itself into an Irish Row! The Head Centre is at loggerheads with the extremities. The mighty O'MAHONY is at drawn daggers with the Senate of the brotherhood. And all about the dirty dollars! It seems that the Head Centre has issued some £68,000 worth of Fenian bonds, without the authority of the agent confirmed by the Senate, and a Committee of the Senate, whom the Head Centre christens “ten malcontents,” having issued a notification to the brotherhood and sympathisers with it, that all such bonds are invalid and illegal, the Fenian Senate has formally impeached and deposed its President and his Secretary of the Treasury, for high crimes and misdemeanours, and elected another President in his place.

Now the “malcontents” certainly speak in the name of the Senate, though they are declared by the Head Centre to be “no better than a domestic faction instigated by corrupt motives or British Gold.” When the late ingenious MR. YATES was Manager of the Adelphi, it occasionally happened to him, as it will to all Managers, to bring out pieces that drew down what the actors call “goose.” Those were days when the British public was still capable of damning a play which displeased it. But more than once, when both pit and gallery were gradually growing to full hiss, MR. YATES has been known to avert conclusive damnation by coming forward and indignantly claiming the protection of the public from the unseemly interruption of “that ruffianly miscreant in the gallery.” He had found that the chances were that this courageous apostrophe converted hisses into cheers.

Head Centre O'MAHONY seems determined to play the same game when he appeals against a resolution of his Senate, in full session, as the daring act of “ten malcontents.” It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and it is not to be regretted—though we don't wish to give rope to the Fenians at home—that they should have enough of it to hang themselves with, on the other side of the Atlantic.

TITLE FOR A TEMPERANCE TRACT.

“MUZZLE Loaders converted.” By GUNMAKER, Oxford Street.

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE MARMORA AND SELLA CABINET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We have just been acting the *Trinummus*, and sending round the hat, as usual, at the conclusion of the performance. I should be very glad if you consider the following worthy of the *Trinummus*, that is, threepence, a line, instead of the traditional *nummus*, or penny. That will make just a florin, which please remit by Post-Office order. I give you the English.

Your constant reader, YOUNG WESTMINSTER.

MARMORA cum SELLA projicit Ausonia.

Durior Ausoniæ pullus, qui sustinet idem

MARMORA cum SELLA: ne nimium sit onus!

Ah, levis Ausoniæ pullus, qui calce protervâ

MARMORA cum SELLA, proruta, fracta, terit.

Or, Englished,

On the Upset of LA MARMORA and SELLA in the Italian Parliament.

A rare nag this Italian colt, if he moves

Under burden of saddle* and marbles* to boot:

Grant, ye gods, he mayn't shy! Ha! a shyer he proves,

And saddle and marbles are trod under foot!

Idem aliter redditum.

Ausonii panem poscunt: dat marmora præses.

Quid mirum Ausonii marmora si renegant?

Frænum indignantes sellam tolerare molestam:

Quid mirum sellam marmora abacta sequi?

Or, Englished,

To give marbles to those who ask bread, is a blunder,

For the marbles are sure to be overboard slung:

Will a horse that scorns reins brook a saddle? No wonder,

If after the marbles the saddle is flung.

* Mr. Punch's readers hardly need the information that *marmora* in Latin means “marbles,” and *sella*, “saddle.”

PUNCH FOR PRESIDENT.

(To the Members of the Royal Academy of Arts: Private and Confidential.)

85, Fleet Street, January, 1866.



ENTLEMEN,—Your Presidential Chair, which has been filled by a succession of occupants, in a glorious gradation of artistic eminence, from SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS to BENJAMIN WEST, SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, and SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, being once more vacant, I am induced, by the demands of an occasion so momentous to the Fine Arts in this country to submit the following considerations as to the appointment of your new President.

You have all, no doubt, felt with me, the difficulty of finding even within the pale of a Society so illustrious and variously gifted as your own, a man combining the rare requirements, artistic, literary, social and ceremonial, which ought to meet in a President of the Royal Academy. More or fewer of these requirements have, indeed, been blended, in varying proportions, in the successive holders of this great office, but you will probably agree with me, that not even the most distinguished of them has united all in the highest conceivable degree. You have had painter-Presidents, gentleman-Presidents, courtier-Presidents, diplomatist-Presidents, and Presidents who were something of all these, by turns, but nothing long; but near as SIR JOSHUA may have come to such a phoenix, you have not yet had a President who was at once fine painter, perfect gentleman, accomplished courtier, dexterous diplomatist, commanding orator, and consummate tactician. Such a man you want now, more than ever. Such a man—I say it with the utmost respect, and with a profound admiration for the various eminence enlisted in your ranks—I think you will seek in vain within your own pale. Such a man, I believe, I can find you.

But before offering his name to your consideration, I must ask leave to point out why I think the exigencies of our time peculiarly call for one thus variously accomplished. The Royal Academy, like everything else that is venerable and high-placed among us, has fallen upon hard times, unfriendly pens, and evil tongues. The Court has grown cold; the Government harsh and unsympathising; the artistic body captious and unreasonable; the critics insolent; the public audacious and meddlesome. All these, in their several spheres, are disposed to divert ancient ways, break down old fences, and shift old land-marks; to let in the garish light of day on the holds and haunts of grey antiquity; to submit venerable institutions to rude and irreverent handling; and even to disregard vested rights, in what are speciously called "the interests of the public."

It would be too much to hope that the Royal Academy can long be safe from the onsets of this meddling and mischievous spirit. Already you may hear the murmur of hostility against your hard-earned privileges, your titles, and the enhanced value of your pictures derived thence, your places on the line, your right of unquestioned exhibition, your claims to pensions and offices. A corps of observation has already been pushed forward in the shape of a Royal Commission, whose insidious attack, though for the moment baffled, may at any moment be renewed. Under the shallow pretext of advancing the interests of Art, objections are heard even to your unquestionable right of providing by modest Professorial salaries for the worn-out veterans of your own body, to your finding a calm retreat in your official situations for those whose merits an ill-informed public refuses to recognise by purchase or patronage; to your distributing the duties of teaching and superintendence in your schools according to the comfort and convenience of the teachers, instead of what smatterers and sciolists call the "interests of the pupils!"

Already you may hear even the outrageous demand—which like the Trojan horse, carries armed destruction in its womb—for the enlargement of your time-consecrated pale, and for the admission, and in even larger numbers, of the inferior class called "Associates," to the duties, honours, and privileges of your venerable body.

I need hardly point out the inevitable consequence of these changes, particularly the latter. They will utterly undermine the foundations laid for the Academy in 1768 by the august hand of that enlightened and far-sighted monarch, GEORGE THE THIRD; they will swamp your select and awful ranks by the influx of what insolently arrogates to itself the name of "rising talent;" they will reduce the value, whether in distinction or in its more tangible form of emolument, of your titles, and generally democratise and Americanise what is still one of the few eminently aristocratic, conservative, and thoroughly old English institutions which have escaped the levelling influences of our epoch.

Your enemies have even dared to hint at a process of superannuation, as if Royal Academicians could ever either be or become effete—as if incapables were ever elected into your pale, or time could wither the genius which originally won you your proud distinction!

It will be the chief duty of your new President to inspire and conduct your resistance to the demand for these, and indeed all, innovations. We cannot disguise from ourselves that these changes may be advocated on plausible pretexts, and supported by specious arguments—pretexts and arguments which are but too likely to find favour out of doors in the present deplorable temper of the times.

To neutralise this poison will require a President of very exceptional gifts. He ought to be one who is on terms of easy familiarity alike with high and low—one who can hold his own with the common herd of artists and critics of the press, as well as with the courtiers of Whitehall and St. James's: one who can keep the pushing and ambitious smatterers who call themselves the "rising talent of the day" at once in good humour, and in their places, by persuading them that the interests of the Royal Academy as it is, and those of the great body of Artists outside of it, are one and the same; that the narrower the body of the privileged, the greater the honour of achieving admission to it; and that to extend the field of its advantages would be to rob them of all value. He must be a man at once able and willing to satisfy even the visitors at an Academy dinner as to the superhuman wisdom of the lamented GEORGE THE THIRD, and the sacredness of the mystic number forty, to which that great Prince saw fit to limit the Academy, at a time when the artists of England were, if few in number, eminent in ability, and when our picture-buyers, if even fewer than the artists, were exclusively of the aristocratic order. He must have dialectic skill enough to persuade the public that the individuality of our English school would be destroyed if the Academy undertook to teach its students how to paint; and that there is no such guarantee for our youth's learning to swim, as rigidly debarring them from all access to either corks, ropes, or swimming-master.

All this he must do while enlightening Parliament and the Public on such larger and more cardinal truths as these,—that the admission of light, open election, and public discussion, to the machinery of Academic Government, is to strike a death-blow at its efficiency, and that, of all modes of administration, the wholesomest is that by a close corporation, self-elected.

I am well aware that if the mere holding these opinions were all that is required, I need not go beyond the pale of your own body to find the surest faith and a conviction that defies assault on most of the points I have referred to. I have no doubt also that there are but few among you who would not consistently act up to the principles thus devoutly entertained. But the point is to find a man at once devoted enough to act on these principles, and ingenious enough to maintain them with effect by tongue and pen, as well as by practice, at the present day.

For this purpose is required at once the most fascinating address, the most perfect mastery of all the arts of influence and persuasion; thorough command of rhetoric and dialectics, including the most practically useful branch of the latter, the doctrine of the sophism; and above and besides all, the tact that can conciliate a cultivated Court, and manage a reforming Government.

I confess myself at a loss where to look for this union of qualities—except in myself.

I therefore, at whatever cost to my native diffidence, BEG TO SUBMIT MYSELF TO YOU FOR PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I have said nothing of my artistic acquirements, as I gather from some of your elections that these are a secondary matter. Indeed, considering the relations of the Academy to the great body of English artists, I cannot see that my not being known as a painter, or at least as a contributor to the Academy exhibitions, forms a serious objection to your stepping beyond your own pale, for once, in the choice of a President. I have no objection to be admitted as a Lay-member, *per saltum*, on the credit of my illustrations, or even to accept the office, without the form of previous election, to the Academy.

If you agree to admit so much of the justly obnoxious lay element as may be embodied in my person, you may rely upon me to help you in keeping the door closed against all laymen for the future, and generally to aid you in your especial functions of resisting innovation and stemming the tide of revolution under the much-abused name of Progress.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant,

PUNCH.

Military and Naval Intelligence.

THE Band of the 1st Philharmonic Volunteers is to be provided with an organ, on which the Organist of the Regiment will perform Voluntaries when it marches out.

The Cavalry are all to be armed with horse-pistols. The new horse-pistols will be COLT's revolvers.

It is also said that COLT's revolvers will be issued to the Horse Marines.

CRUELTY TO BOYS.

IMAGINE these holidays the feelings of the school-boy whose uncle told him he would tip him a wink!



TOM TIT ENTERTAINS CHANG AND ANAK, AND CONCLUDES, THAT NEXT TO BEING A GIANT ONESELF, THE BEST THING IS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A GIANTESSE.



CHANCE FAVOURS HIM IN HIS TRAVELS. HE MEETS A VERY FINE GIRL AND A VERY FIERCE BULL. ONE SAVES HIM FROM THE OTHER—HE LOVES, COURTS, AND MARRIES HIS BEAUTIFUL PRESERVER.



HE BRINGS HIS SPLENDID BRIDE TO HIS ANCESTRAL HOME. (*Touching Family Tableau in the Hall.*)



"MISSUS'S HUMBERELLER!"



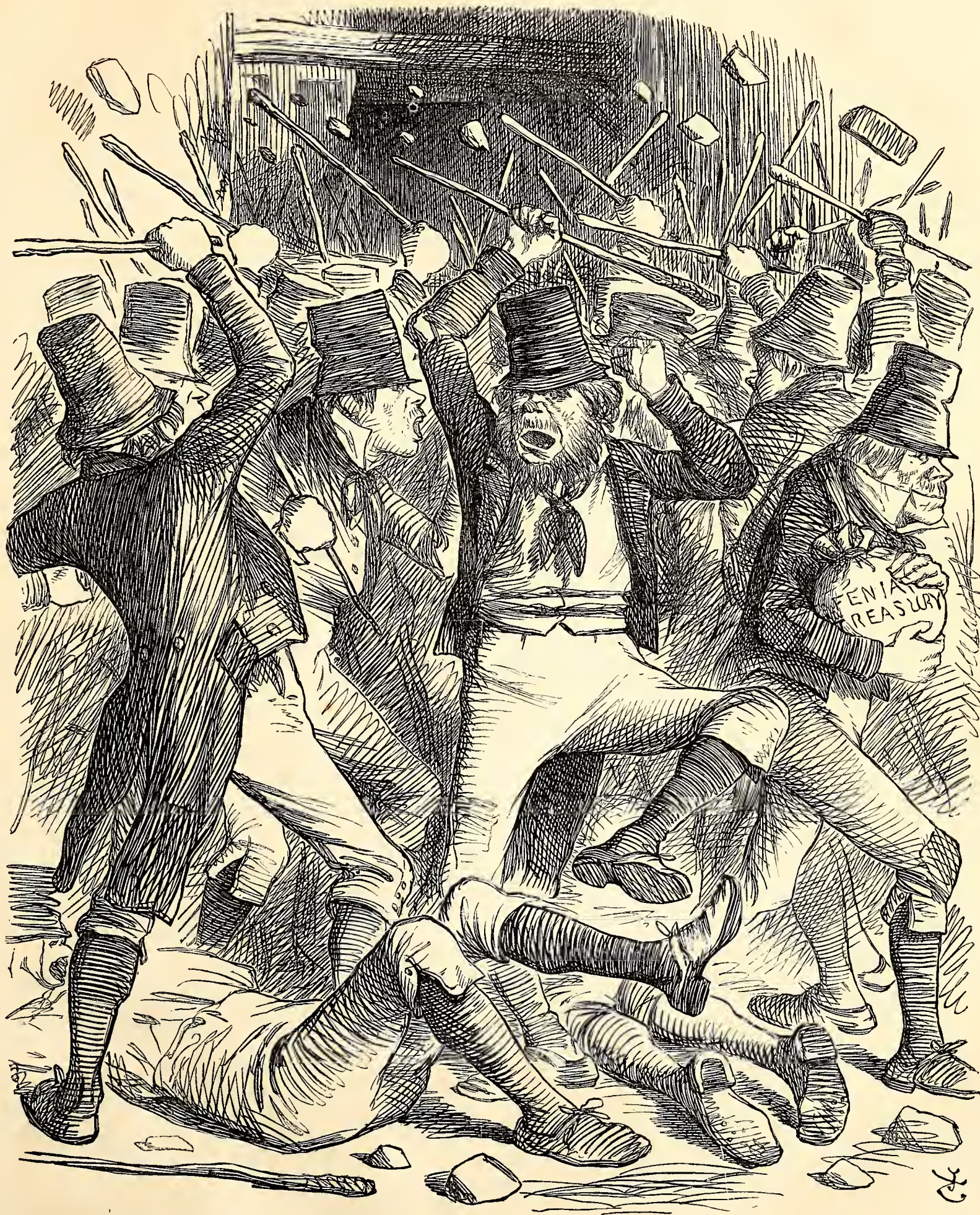
WE CALL ON OUR ARTIST, AND ARE FAVOURED WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS WIFE. SHE HAS THE MANNERS OF THE BEST SOCIETY.



MR. AND MRS. TOMTIT GO INTO THE WORLD. SHE IS VERY CAREFUL NOT TO HURT ANYBODY, AND DOES NOT WALTZ.



SHE HAS A CHARMING TASTE FOR MUSIC. HER INSTRUMENT IS THE VIOLONCELLO.



THE REAL IRISH COURT; OR, THE HEAD CENTRE AND
THE DIS—SENTERS.

Punch's Table-Talk.

259.

A WRITER in the *Bristol Times* complains that though his boy came home from school with a classical prize, he did not know what his father meant by telling him to get *pro rege varietas*. The parent wanted change for a sovereign.

260.

I hate to check the fresh bursts of natural poetry. ~ But what could I do, mindful of critics and a cold world, with a sweet poem on the Battle of Waterloo—a composition sent me by an aspiring young bard, and beginning—

"Up with the Standard that never went down."

261.

Most people have looked at most shop windows. But I don't know that I ever saw a man looking into a laceman's, or a woman into a gunsmith's.

262.

The gentleman who advertised for his umbrella, and appealed to the conscience of the cabman, informs me that advertisement and appeal were in vain. The Cabman's Club should know this.

263.

I hear, by the way, that the said Club has discussions, after the manner of my friends the Cogers, and that there was lately given out for debate the question, "Is there a Cabman who would not ask a lady too much?" It is to the credit of the association that, cheeky though the race is, no one could be found to sustain the affirmative.

264.

I observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Lash, by one who has been Flogged." Pleasant reading, if the announcement is to be read literally. I suppose it will be followed by "Under the Gallows, by One who has been Hanged."

265.

Which reminds me that I have read the report of the Commission on Capital Punishment. Everybody worth consulting seems to have been consulted. The report is that murder should be divided into two degrees, for one of which only, when the jury distinctly find malice, the extreme penalty is to be awarded—penal servitude is to recompense other criminals. That infanticide should be punished with penal servitude, not death. And that executions should be private. So say the Commissioners, who have certainly given their best energies to their work.

266.

I congratulate my friend, SIR RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho! ieroe, on being made a Bart. Long may he wave his Red Hand over his sceptical subjects.

267.

I congratulate my friend WILLIAM FERGUSON on being made a Bart. It might suggest unpleasant ideas to dwell on the absolute propriety of giving the badge of Ulster to an operating surgeon, but I rejoice unfeignedly when anything that is considered an honour is done to a member of the noblest of all the professions. I am only sorry that he was not made LORD SPITTLEHAUGH—his place. The name—ask my learned friend, MR. MARK ANTONY LOWER else—is clearly a variety of "Haugh-spital," the scene of some of SIR WILLIAM's triumphs.

268.

NICOLINI is coming out again at the Opera. How jolly old he must be! I read about him in ADDISON's *Spectator* when I was a boy, and how gracefully he put a lion to death in some Opera, and how a gentleman who was learning fashionable ways took that opportunity of crying "*Ancora*."

269.

MR. PHELPS had a power over the rugged natives of Islington. When he was at Sadler's Wells, the play, even on Boxing-Night, was heard in silence and with plaudit. He is gone thence, and the audiences have relapsed into primitive barbarism. Cannot the Baptist Missionary Society take their case into consideration, as some missionary hands will probably be disengaged elsewhere?

270.

MRS. GEORGE GEITH—I know as well as you do that such is not her name, and what do you interrupt for?—I thought you had a Riddell to ask me. Well, then, the authoress of *George Geith* is a most delightful writer, and I see her new book is to be called *The Race for Wealth*. I suppose this means Ascot, for it is very expensive work going there, and only rich swells can manage it properly.

271.

Somebody has invented something which, I hear, damps Queen's heads, and sticks them on letters with no trouble to yourself. All very well. But I take it that the thing must be fed at some time or other. Now I am always out of stamps on Sunday, or at some other time when

none are to be had. I want an affair like the bacey box in the tap-rooms I frequent—it will not open unless you drop a penny in—and then a stamp should come out. However, the invention, if it exist, is in the right direction, for the taste of the Post Office gum is not nice.

272.

My conversation can never fail to be agreeable and witty, but if, this week, you detect a certain carnality about it, and deplore a slight absence of the æsthetic feature, be good enough to remember that I have been for fourteen days eating turkeys and oxen. With refined cookery will return diviner inspiration.

273.

The French say that we do not hand over to them enough of their escaped rascaldom, and so our neighbours mean to abolish the arrangement under which, only, can we give up a single scoundrel. I do not see the logic. I believe that we gladly surrender all whom we ought. Let them simplify their process, and we will see about meeting them half way. But we are not going to hand over political refugees, clean or dirty, nor to obey a warrant stating that a Frenchman is a rascal, when perhaps he is only a republican.

274.

What does the querist in the Catechism mean by being respectful at the outset, and then proceeding to *tutoyer* the respondent? "What is your name," if rather point blank, is not impolite, but why am I afterwards to be called "thou." And then why does he hop back again to "you"? LORD EBURY might see to this, among his revisions.

275.

From which remarks you are inferring—I see you at it—that I have been reading my Common Prayer-book when I ought to have been listening to the Christmas sermon. I scorn your imputations,—send me the Madeira.

276.

A letter from MISS MARTINEAU to an American publisher intimates that she resigns the pen. No lady of our age has so well earned the right to rest upon her laurels, and I hope that they may long keep green by the waters of her Lake. Let us drink her health, with all the honours.

277.

Some of you fellows may write biographies—a man who can write in *Punch* can do anything, from an epic to a Queen's speech. Nor is there any chance of any of you sinning against good taste; a man who has written for *Punch* has proved that he is a gentleman. But some biographers are not Punchmen, and it may interest you to hear the eloquent and mordant protest which has been made against one of the outsiders by a son whose father's diary has been mercilessly ransacked. The biographer is the REV. JOHN KENNEDY, the subject is the REV. DR. MACDONALD, of Ferrintosh, the castigator is his son, and the letter appears in the *Inverness Courier*. Perpend.

278.

"A great part of this abortive volume," says the son, "is made up of extracts from diaries. What right had MR. KENNEDY to unscrupulously divulge to the world, after the lapse of many years, the secret thoughts of my father's soul! There is nothing to justify the publication of portions of those journals. My father's visible life—his cordiality and kindness abroad, as in his own happy household—his correspondence, and the many incidents regarding him, treasured up by sincere friends, constitute the legitimate elements for a biographical memorial, and not thoughts committed to paper as a sort of relief in solitary moments, never meant to be unveiled when the dust had returned to earth." A becoming and filial demonstration, and it would hurt a pachyderm.

279.

I have heard from a Whig of the most trustworthy (hang "reliable") sort, that the new Reform Bill will only propose extensions of suffrage, not go at disfranchisements and re-arrangements.

280.

My friend, MISS BATEMAN, has forsaken us, and is on the sea, *en route* for her American home. She has obtained and deserved a remarkable success among us, and I propose to you to devote this glass to wishing her all kinds of domestic happinesses. Were it our heathenish fashion to wreath the flowing bowl, I would garland this crystal with Wheat.

281.

My friend, BEN WEBSTER, ought to be made the next President of the United States for his persevering efforts in favour of American talent. At present we are his debtors for our acquaintance with *Rip Van Winkle*, from whom we do not mean to part in a hurry. But I owe the said BENJAMIN a grudge for not acting, inasmuch as he is one of the few artists who can draw ME—or MEE, as MILTON spells it when he wants to be emphatic. I wish I could see MESSRS. WEBSTER and JEFFERSON in the same piece, but I suppose that this would be flying in the face of all stage Astrology.



First Navy. "T' NEW MISSION-ARY GAVE ME THIS 'ERE TRACK JUST NOW, BILL."

Second Navy. "AIN'T SEEN HIM. WHAT LOIKE IS HE?"

First Navy. "LITTLE CHAP—PREACHES ABOUT EIGHT STUN TEN, I SHOULD GUESS!"

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Answered, with great wisdom, by a Black-haired Beauty.

My Mother bids me dye my hair
The fashionable hue,
Which women now so often wear,
And Nature never grew.
She bids me at their *chignons* peep,
And see how fair are they:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

I see girls in the gay saloon,
Or on the grand parade,
And wonder in my heart how soon
Their hair's light hue will fade.
Each night before they go to sleep
They dye it, I dare say:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

My hair is like the raven's wing,
So jet black are its curls:
What if away my fears I fling,
And dye, like other girls?
In potash if my head I steep,
I may be fair as they:
But *will* dyed hair its colour keep?
And won't it soon turn grey?

And then, who knows? "Revenge!" may be
Soon outraged Nature's call:
And, haply, on fair heads you'll see
The blight of baldness fall!
While such dread thoughts upon me creep,
O ne'er say Dye; Ma, pray!
'Twere best my own black hair to keep,
Till old age turns it grey.

The Growth of Great Britain.

OUR population increases enormously, and the rate of our consumption is equalled by that of our production. What a jolly nation we should be if the consequences were not the enclosure of our commons and the pollution of our streams!

100 ELEGANTLY FURNISHED MANSIONS

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

MR. PUNCH, determined to eclipse all public benefactors, past, present, and to come, will distribute among his ardent admirers

ONE HUNDRED ELEGANTLY FURNISHED MANSIONS!
equal in value to

TWO HUNDRED BRITISH CROWNS!!

Young persons about to marry are requested to send their names and addresses in sealed envelopes.

The Prizes will be drawn by two little blind boys from a

WHEEL OF FORTUNE!!!

and will be sent home by Parcels Company, neatly done up in brown paper.

To prove that he has not been guilty of exaggeration in appraising these splendid Mansions, *Mr. Punch* begs to state that they were purchased by himself for ten shillings each at the German Fair, and are warranted to be of Swiss manufacture.

Like many of our modern Villas, they will be found exceedingly pretty in appearance, and well adapted—not for habitation—but for sale.

To the Charitable.

DEAR PUNCH,—The other afternoon I took a Turkish Bath. On leaving the establishment I noticed a money-box placed against the wall, on it was written "Gratuities for the Shampoers." I did not subscribe, Sir, because at this time of year we ought to give our mites, not to the *sham-poer's* box, but to the *real poor's* box.

I remain, yours salaamingly,

HADJI WADJI BUBU BA.

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.

It is computed that the Turkeys which have been consumed this Christmas would, if piled up in a pyramid a mile square at its base, rise to ninety-seven feet above the summit of Mont Blanc, with the Monument atop.

It has been calculated also that the sausages which have been swallowed with these turkeys would, if strung together, in a double chain, suffice to put a girdle three times round the earth.

The Christmas-boxes which have been distributed this season amount to four million, six thousand and seven hundred pounds, fifteen shillings and three farthings, in Great Britain alone.

According to the last returns, fifty tons of raisins have been used this year for snap-dragons, and as many as a thousand mouths, and a million and eleven thumbs and fingers have been burnt.

Out of a hundred diners-out who this year ate their Christmas dinners, as usual, at a friend's, three only took no soup, eighty-five had soup and fish as well, fifty-six ate beef and turkey, nineteen had a second slice of turkey and no beef, sixty-two ate pheasant, mince-pie, jelly, and plum-pudding, four took twice of pudding, and one devoured three mince-pies.

Eleven little children, whose united ages amount to only fifty-seven years, have consumed, in the short period between Christmas-day and New Year's, thirty-three plum-puddings, two hundred mince-pies, nineteen pounds of sugar-plums, and one thousand and eleven slices of plum-cake.

The boughs of mistletoe which have been hung up in England alone amount this season to exactly seven million and eighteen. The number of kisses given underneath them have been computed on the average at precisely nineteen hundred and twenty-two apiece.

Nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven persons have been awaked this year in London by the Waits. Of these only eleven bore the nuisance without grumbling, ten of whom, it should be noted, were quite deaf in one ear, which they turned uppermost at once, and by that means soon went off to sleep.



SWEET THING IN CHRISTMAS VESTMENTS.

AN INFERIOR ARTICLE.

(To the Editor of The Grocer.)

SIR,
A RECENT number of your paper contains the following statement:—

"WHOLESALE ADULTERATION OF BUTTER.—Last week half a pound of fresh butter was purchased at a respectable tradesman's shop at Blandford. After being melted fully one and a half ounce of a whitey sediment was found at the bottom of the dish. On examination this proved to be principally composed of flour; so that in the one pound of butter rather more than one-fifth part was composed of a substance used for adulteration. The butter in question was the produce of a dairy about a mile from Blandford."

You neither mention the name of the place at which the dairy above referred to is exactly situated, nor that of its proprietor. Why not, Sir? Why, because you have too much reason to fear that, if you did, the rogue whose dairy produced the adulterated butter would bring an action against you for libel. It is very likely that a jury of small tradesmen, directed by a judge of average judgment, would give him a verdict which at least would saddle you with serious damages and ruinous costs.

Adulterated butter is an inferior article, and its vendor is a fraudulent scoundrel; but we must not call him so. It is at our peril that we dare venture to accuse him of selling an inferior article; much more that we denounce him for so doing. But now, Sir my Brother, suppose that you were capable of admitting an inferior article into your excellent journal, and anybody were to send you one with his name appended to it, and you gave it insertion, and some critic fell foul of it, and abused it, him, and you. Suppose that you and your contributor sued the critic for damages, what jury would give you so much as a farthing? Yet men may live by the sale of literary articles just as well as by selling articles of merchandise, and why should one critic be at liberty to decry an inferior article in print and to vituperate its author, whilst another critic is made to pay heavily for criticising an inferior article in provisions or other wares, and calling its producer by his right name? It is as much for the public good that the criticism of butter and dairymen, as that the criticism of writings and authors, should be free. Yet a disparaging review of even a good literary composition, coupled with the most unjust depreciation of its composer, is safe, whereas it is dangerous to proclaim the truth about the purveyor of a villanous compound as an

article of food. What if a grocer waters his rum, sands his brown sugar, wets his tobacco, and then bids the apprentice, whom he has employed in those operations, come up to prayers? *The Grocer* is forbidden to expose his practices, and to name him a knave and a hypocrite. To beat into the heads of judges and juries that equal latitude should be allowed to the reviews of all articles alike, there is very urgent necessity, and hard work for the cudgel of

PUNCH.

KNUCKLE DOWN? WE HOPE NOT.

WE are told—but of course it is only a *canard*, and will soon be practically contradicted—that LORD RUSSELL, having announced to the Cabinet his wish to offer to MR. STANSFELD the Financial Lordship of the Admiralty, into which the junior Civil Lordship has been or will be converted, LORD CLARENDON interposed an objection that the appointment of MR. STANSFELD would be disagreeable to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. Nay, some versions of the story go on to say that LORD CLARENDON declared, that if MR. STANSFELD were appointed to office, *he must withdraw!*

Supposing the story to be true, perhaps LORD RUSSELL's Administration might survive even *that* loss. But of course the story isn't true. Still the sooner it is contradicted on authority the better.

The best practical contradiction would be MR. STANSFELD's immediate nomination to the new office.

Whatever people may think of LORD RUSSELL, they know he is about the last man to authorise a new edition of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* from the *Clarendon Press*.

The Russian and Anglican Churches.

(Communicated by S—L, B—p of O—f—d.)

"It's *all off*," said FATHER POPOFF to PRINCE ORLOFF.

"Yes: let's pop off," said PRINCE ORLOFF to FATHER POPOFF.

[And they popped off.]

MOTTO FOR COVER OF LETTS'S DIARIES.—Let's see!

LINES BY A POLICEMAN,

ON CHANGING HIS BEAT AND LEAVING HIS COOK,
E(LIZA B(ASTINGS).

AIR—"When forced from dear Hebe to go."

WHEN forced from dear E. B. to go,
What languish I felt at my 'eart,
And I stopped at the end of the row
To gaze on her two-shilling *carte*;
She had such a sorrowful look,
My beat I could scarcely discern,
Oh! E. B., my own little cook,
You always did chops to a turn—
You always did chops to a turn.

To see when the baker goes by,
And rings at the area bell,
How he hands her the bread with a sigh,
And 'opes that she feels pretty well;
With him she now talks at the gate,
Now walks when it's her Sunday out—
Yet wait, fickle E. B., O wait,
A sergeant I shall be, no doubt,
A sergeant I shall be, no doubt.

I smile at a nursemaid or so,
Who daily perambulate here;
But what can a nursemaid bestow,
Who keeps not the key of the beer?
I'm sure of an increase of pay,
Before many more weeks are gone;
Then E. B. we'll settle the day,
And bid the poor baker move on!
And bid the poor baker move on!

Ex Vi Termini.

THE pride of Lambeth, penitent ROUPPELL,
Behaves in prison wonderfully well:
And yet what wonder, that an Ex M.P.,
By force of terms should ex-em-plary be.

THE T. P. COOKE PRIZE.

(Original Correspondence.)

To the Most Noble and Illustrious of his Race, *Punch*, Sir,

I see that a prize is to be given, called the T. P. COOKE prize, for the best nautical Drama. I send you *the best nautical Drama*. Everybody here has played it, by himself, in the College Dormitory, at our private theatricals, which were invented by CHARLES THE BALD, who walked and talked half an hour afterwards at Charing Cross, and has always esteemed it one of his chief privileges. I send you this historical note as a guarantee of good faith: but I am not—Hush! shut it up, as somebody's looking. Singing, oh the heart that knows no sorrow, and a Dustman's draught should be; here to-day and gone to-morrow afternoon, with his, the comic singers' tiddy fol, lol, lol. But arrah! whisht! not a word; or, if I catch you, I'll give you a round dozen of my best sherry; I will, you dog, you. Pity and forgive, but do not despair.

Your poor unhappy, PANCAKES.

Given in our own shower-bath (because there's no ink), Colwell Hatchney College.

P.S. I shall send this by telegraph. No pills to be given to the pew-opener. No.

P.S. Oh, Mammon, how thy curse is on the whirlpool! (This is out of my next drama: if you like it, put it in this one.) I write under an assumed name, with a false nose on.

N.B. My dear Sir, it is with great pleasure that I accept your kind invitation to dine with me. But know all men by these presents that a policeman is coming: so away! away! to the wild, wild seeds! I mean steeds, and the trackless forest! I hate you!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—“This is the best Drama I've ever seen. Send me two dozen more immediately.”—“An excellent substitute for marmalade at breakfast.”—“Why give more?”

It is called—

BANDYBINGO THE BOLD;

OR, THE BUMPTIOUS BUCCANEER OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

SCENE—*Pimlico in the olden time. A wharf, around which are seated gentlemen of various persuasions. In different parts of the Stage are seen several people coming of age quietly. The River winds its way majestically in the distance. In the centre is a Jew-Pedlar playing on a dulcimer.*

For DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, call at our office. Hours of attendance from 10 till 4. Area Bell.

Enter BLACK BEN.

Black Ben. All hail, Macbeth! Avast. Yeare beside yourselves, methinks, thus to jeer your lawful spouse. Part them!

[*The Press gang tear themselves asunder. Tableaux in three acts each. Music. The Curtain slowly descends half-way, and every one walks off. On relighting the gas, an interval of twenty years will have elapsed, during which the play has been changed for something else, and the Manager will make an apology on the gong.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. See what I've found.[*Pirates fall out of crevices, where they have been hiding.*

Susan. I am true! I swear it! The hand that clasped a sailor, never, never, never will be slaves!

All. Away with him!

[*Exeunt the rest stealthily. SUSAN approaches BLACK-EYED JOSEPH gently: he hurls her over the rocky pass, and then prepares to descend. WILD PETER dashes at him. Struggle. A balloon, that has been hovering all through the scene, now swoops down.*

Admiral of the Blue. Foiled! Foiled! But yet she shall be mine! [*Pinches WILLIAM, and then goes to his Club, to vote against him at the next election.*] No smoking allowed abaft the binnacle! The Armada!

A Mannikin suddenly rises. The Lady of the House gives the signal, and all rise simultaneously. The Phantom-Ship is seen grazing peacefully on the banks of the blue Moselle.

All (fondling one another). VANDERDECKEN! VANDERDECKEN!! VANDERDECKEN!!!

*Tableau. Set down two and carry one. Curtain.**End of Act the Sixth.*

The first three Acts will be omitted, being all the same. After which, a Dance by the Characters.

Blue Joe (speaking through trap c. of stage). And if our friends in front are but pleased, then all I can say is that the flag of Old Ireland nourishes no freer son than CHALLABALLA the Miscreant.

Cheers. Curtain falls. After an interval it rises again. Everyone having left the stage, it descends. Tableau.

OUR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

MR. PUNCH, always anxious to reward the deserving and encourage the aspiring, has determined to celebrate the birth of young Sixty-six by offering to the eminent and conspicuous personages and bodies mentioned at the foot of this announcement, the Presents recorded against their respective names, confident that any deficiencies of which they may be conscious, will be amply supplied by these, *Mr. Punch's Complements of the Season.*

The distribution will commence at the official bureau on the day of the publication of this the Novennial Number.

New Year's Day, 1866.

EARL RUSSELL	The Sweets of Office.
MR. GLADSTONE	His desserts.
EARL GRANVILLE	A great Deal Walmer house.
EARL OF DERBY	Dissolving Views of the Treasury and Downing Street.
MR. BRIGHT	A new "Platform," and a MODERATOR.
MR. HORSMAN	The reins of Government.
The Bishops	Lawn games.
The Judge Ordinary	Wild-ducks.
The Civil Secretary to the Admiralty	<i>Punch à la Romaine.</i>
ARCHBISHOP MANNING	<i>Pot-pourri.</i>
LORD ELCHO	Bull's-eyes.
The British Museum	A New HEAD.
The College of Surgeons	The Skeleton in the cupboard.
MR. TIMBS	Dates.
FORTNUM AND MASON	Maccaronic verses.
The Meteorological Department	A New drum.
Policeman Q.	Collared head.
LORDS ROMILLY and NORTHBROOKE	A Baron of beef each.
MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE	An Irish stew.
The Electors to the Reid Professorship	A Scotch mull.
DUKE OF SUTHERLAND	Doublet and hose.
Mamma with unmarried Daughters	Excellent matches.
Mamma who has just completed her dozen in the Times	A Twelfth cake.
Everybody	An abundant supply of <i>Punch</i> .

A MEDICAL WIFE.

DEAR DOCTOR PUNCH, *Diddlesex Hospital, Dec. 22nd, 1865.*

It would be an impertinence to suppose that any man of talent *could* have an idea unpreconceived by yourself. You have presented for your readers a most charming view of the "Lady Physician" subject: another such picture would ruin the faculty. But to a rising man free from medical Toryism and prejudice, what a charming prospect!—the delights of a consultation!—the pleasing variety of fair fellow-doctors after your obstinate old muffs!

Entre nous, Doctor, the great bore of the profession is that the enlightened public expects a young man to take unto himself a wife before he can keep himself. But now, how things will be altered! Young DR. PUNCH drives out first thing in the morning with MRS. PUNCH, to make the usual calls. Again, picture to yourself the soothing inquiries of one's wife when one has a slight cold, "My dear, I am afraid that now you have caught the epidemic catarrh, you will have an attack of phleborrhagia—you are so hot-headed, you know!" Set against this the emphatic disgust of one, told by one's wife, in the early spring season, at the dinner-table, that "duck and green peas invariably bring on your attack of dyspepsia." But the third Scene, Act V., gives us a real climax. We'll suppose that the first maudlin sentiments of "Love's young dream" are lost in the consideration of maturer years (as are yours, dear DR. PUNCH). When the night-bell rings ("night-bell" facetiously so called) at two o'clock in the morning, what happens? You leap out of bed before irresolution conquers, as in "the happy days of yore?" Not at all. You simply send out your wife instead, "And be sure, my dear, bring home with you the double fee!"

I am, dear DR. PUNCH, your admiring Imitator,

INFUSUM COLUMBÆ.

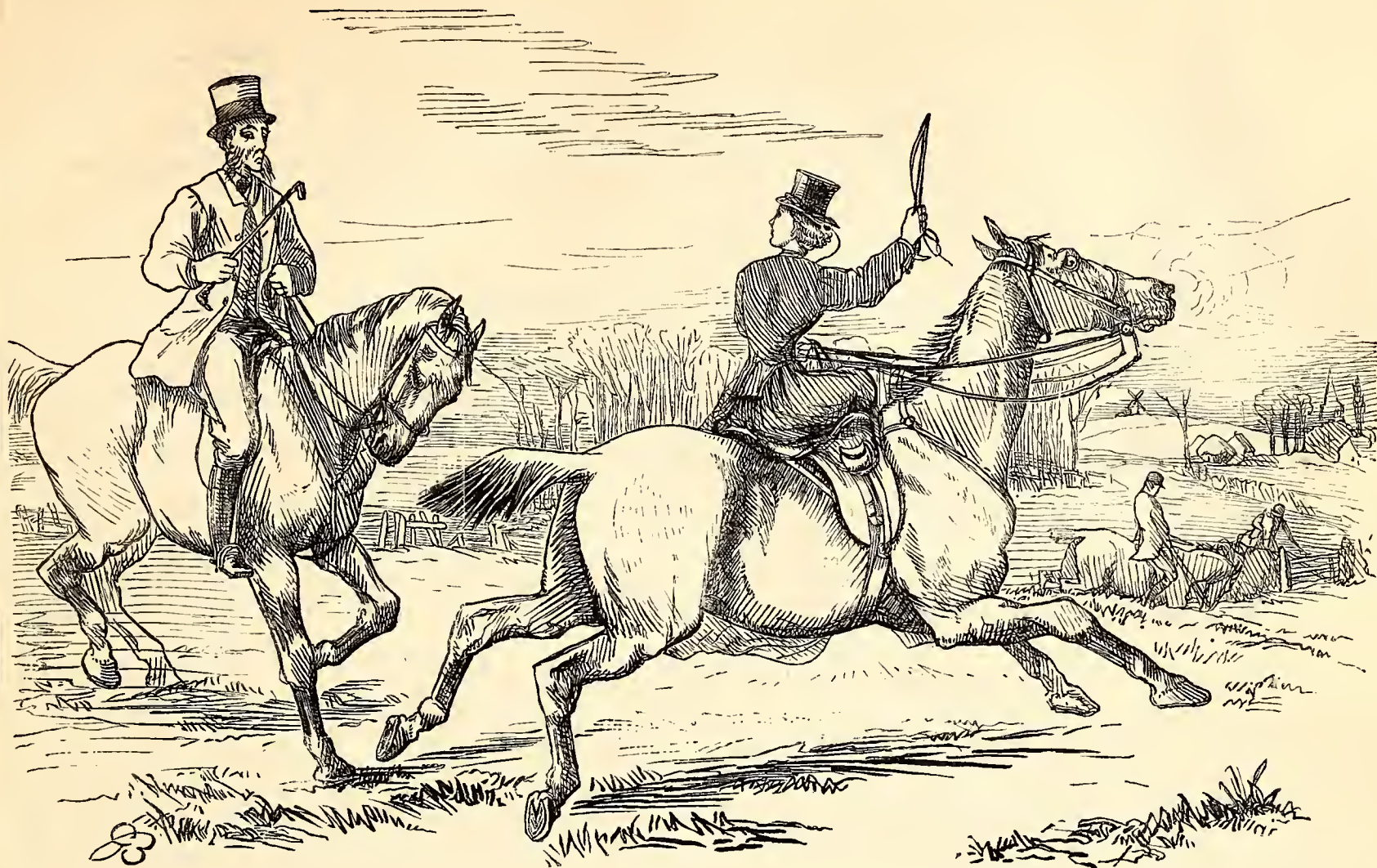
Translation—"An advocate for an infusion of medical turtle-doves" (*Columbæ*).

To DR. PUNCH, Physician to the Infirmary for Aching Sides, &c.

Mental Torture.

YOUNGFELLOW, who is always excessively nervous when "the Ladies" are proposed, says that until he has returned thanks, and sat down again, his mind is on the toast-rack.

THE ALDERMAN'S PARADISE.—Turbotston.



RATHER A DAMPER!

Rapid Young Lady. "COME ALONG, MR. GREEN! I WANT A LEAD AT THE BROOK!"

[Green thinks Women have no business out hunting.]

COOKERY AND CRUELTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE annual return of what is called the festive, which means the feastive season, sets one naturally thinking about roast-beef and plum-pudding, and other less substantial dainties for the dinner table. Not but what I think about such matters pretty constantly at all seasons; for I hold that men with brains ought always to give thought to what they put into their stomachs, upon the well being of which the healthy action of the brain is materially dependent. So my eyes and ears are always open for advice in the matter of my diet, and I welcome with delight a hint of a new dish, or a suggestion to provoke the vigour of my appetite, and increase thereby my relish for the pleasures of the table.

As the people who read *Punch* give proof by their so doing that they surely are possessed of considerable intelligence, there are doubtless many among them who will be as glad as I am to hear of some new triumph in the noble art of cookery. Doubtless therefore they will thank you for letting me make known to them, through your delightful columns, this exquisite Chinese recipe for cooking turtle, which I copy from a lately published book by DR. RENNIE, on the people of Peking:—

"The turtle is placed in a vessel of water on the fire, with a lid over it having an aperture of sufficient size, and so arranged that the turtle can just get his head out, and within the reach of highly spiced wine. As the temperature of the water increases, so does his thirst; and he gradually goes on drinking the seasoned fluid until the heat kills him, by which time his whole system has become impregnated with the vino-aromatic seasoning, and a flavour described as delicious is imparted to the dish."

I dare say there may be persons who may possibly consider this a somewhat cruel way of putting animals to death. But man, Sir, after all is the superior animal; and the pleasure he derives from eating turtleflesh "impregnated with vino-aromatic seasoning" should be weighed against the pains which, in the process of such seasoning, the turtle may endure. Besides, Sir, just consider: it really is not certain that the turtle, when thus dying, suffers any pain at all. Sipping good spiced wine, while taking a warm bath, can hardly be considered a cruel form of torture; and except that, when the water approaches boiling

point, the turtle doubtless feels uncomfortably hot, I can scarcely see that he has any reason for complaining of the treatment he receives. All turtles must die; and being slowly boiled to death while drinking aromatic wine may be a rather enviable way of ending one's existence. Not being used to wine, the turtle doubtless quickly finds it get into his head; and long before his dying he is probably dead drunk.

A turtle, to be sure, is not a ruminating animal; still if he have any power of reflection, he must surely, when thus boiled, feel consolation in the thought that he dies a glorious martyr to the noble cause of cookery, and that, dying as he does in the most savoury of odours, the greatest veneration will be paid to his remains.

Fondly hoping that in spite of our Society for Cruelty-Prevention, I may live to taste a turtle, who, while half seas over, has died in a warm bath, believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours candidly,

AN ALDERMAN.

P.S. I wonder if the Chinese eat their turtle soup with chopsticks. I fear, from want of practice, I am clumsy with those implements; and, if I be invited to eat aromatic turtle, I should like my host to say to me, as the child did in the story-book, "Won't you take a spoon, pig?"

A Great Irish Fact.

THE Irish Republic is flourishing in America, but not only flourishing. It has arrived at the maturity of a State that has rebellion within its own bosom to put down. The Fenian President at New York finds himself under the necessity of disavowing the acts of a Fenian Senate, self-constituted in opposition to his Government. The Republic of Ireland thus appears to exist in quite as high perfection as it would if its President occupied the Castle at Dublin, and College-green were in a state of revolt.

PARTNERSHIP WITHOUT LIMITED LIABILITY.—Marriage.

THE CHACE.



DEAR PUNCH,—You heard me say a week ago that I was going to have a day with the hounds. I'll tell you how it came about. My friend, TOM REDE, is as you may recollect, a quiet elderly creature, with spectacles, who, I had always thought, never went out of town, and knew nothing whatever of the country. Calculating upon these supposed oppidan habits, I expatiated to him at some length upon rustic joys, the delights of winter in the country, and, warming with my subject, recounted how I used to hunt the wily fox, ride three times a week with the Bracebridge pack, and get such occasional croppers as would have shaken any other man's nerve right out of him. I wound up by strongly advising him to go down into the country for the winter, take to hunting and shooting, and really enjoy life.

I expected him to say that at his age such a thing was out of the question. I was, therefore, scarcely prepared for his answering me that he always hunted regularly twice a week, in Cambridgeshire, in Suffolk sometimes, and now and then in Sussex. I said I envied him, and only wished that I had a horse in order to join him. Hearing this, he offered me a mount. I thanked him; there was nothing I should like so much as a mount, if not too high. It wasn't too high, he said, only fifteen one, and as quiet as a lamb. I said, in a tone of surprise, "Oh! only fifteen one?" But I don't precisely know what I meant by it. Would I come down the day after to-morrow, and have a look at the Sussex country? *Nothing would*, I assured him, *give me greater pleasure* than to "come down and look at the Sussex country." I should like to look at it, immensely; but the day after to-morrow was, I regretted to say, impossible. "Very well," he returned kindly, "then say the day after that, or two days after; it's all the same to me." This was really very good of him, but I wouldn't inconvenience him; *nothing I should like better, of course*; but I didn't quite see, owing to press of business, how I could manage to get away for another fortnight at least. [You will understand, dear P., that I was *longing* to go; but it always happens, that there's a difficulty when one particularly wishes to accept some pleasant invitation. I hadn't ridden for some time; and, therefore, *nothing*, as I have before observed, *would have given me greater pleasure* than to be once more in the saddle crying "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!"]

TOM REDE was very hospitable and pressing; "settle your own day," says he, "and come when you like. There's a mount always at your service, and when the hounds don't meet, on the off-days there are the harriers." Capital! excellent!

I told REDE, I shall be delighted to accept his offer; but was he quite sure he could give me a mount? Quite: he informed me that the horses had no one to ride them, they were doing nothing, eating their heads off; and had been so long without work, that if not ridden soon, they'd become too fresh, almost unmanageable, that is, he added, for any one who likes quiet going. I took this opportunity of informing him that I liked quiet going; that, on the whole, I preferred quiet going. "But some spirit, eh?" asked REDE. Oh yes, I said, I liked some spirit; a little, you know. So it was settled: he would have the chestnut exercised for me every day, and on Saturday I was to be with him at Bullfinch Hall (just between Suffolk and Cambridgeshire), and on Monday we would go to the Pinchley Meet ten miles off. I shook him warmly by the hand, and hoped that nothing would happen to prevent my coming. [My dear P., nothing *did* happen: so I went.]

I employed the intervening days in inquiring of my friends what was the difference between foxhounds and harriers; of course I *knew*, but not having hunted for some time, I wanted to refresh my memory, as my idea was that there was less hard riding, or less difficult country, with harriers, than with foxhounds. My friends said yes, I was right, but that harriers were capital fun; and you could get just as much sport out of 'em as out of fox-hounds. It struck me that, as far as I was concerned, this was very probable. I mean, that I am such a lover of sport in *any shape*, that, even where there is little or no danger, the

sport itself has equal attractions for me. I didn't know whether breeches and tops were necessary for harriers; the costume is immaterial, it appears; but as it would seem pretentious to hunt in pink, I ordered a quiet green coat turned up with scarlet (just to give an idea of foxhounds) with brass buttons, a pair of cord trousers, which would do afterwards for *ordinary* riding, and a pair of black leather gaiters, which will do, *when I'm not riding*, for walking in the mud. [Utility, my dear P., combined with pleasure.]

I do hope that nothing will happen to prevent my going out with the hounds to-morrow. It would be *such* a disappointment.

I remain, yours for ever,

MARTIN F. CRUPPER.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE REFUGE.

WHAT will the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance do with the £50,000 for which the subscribers to that Association have put down their names? Not bolt with the money, for they will be unable to do that until they get it, which if they ever do the subscribing parties will be even greater fools than we take them for. In the improbable event, however, of the sum, or some of it, being really paid up, and the receivers of it being disposed to apply it in any way to the promotion of temperance, the best thing they could do with it would be to expend it in founding an institution such as the doubtlessly useful charity thus described in the *Times*:—

"INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The Binghamtown (United States) *Republican* announces that the Inebriate Asylum has opened another ward, which will accommodate 22 additional patients. The inmates are said to comprise men of strong intellect, victims of and chained by the fiend of intoxication. It is stated that encouraging instances of cure have been given."

In devoting any money subscribed towards the purposes of the United Kingdom Alliance to the purpose of instituting an "Inebriate Asylum," the Executive of the Alliance will not appropriate its funds exclusively to other uses than their own. People who are such "dipsomaniacs" that they cannot trust themselves with strong drink, consult their own well-being in the establishment of an asylum for the victims of inebriety, and lunatics who want to deprive the majority of beer in order to prevent the minority from getting drunk ought to be shut up. It would not be altogether irrespectively of their own interests that the gentlemen who administer the pecuniary affairs of the United Kingdom Alliance would apply any resources with which it might possibly be supplied by the folly of its supporters, to the foundation of an "Inebriate Asylum."

THE MIRACLES OF MACHINERY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESS,

THE following paragraph appears in the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"A STATUE WEeping BY STEAM.—The Florence Correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of St. Magdalen, which has long been famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved in order to facilitate repairs for the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water. The steam passed up into the head, and was there condensed. The water thus made its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, and trickled down upon the cheeks of the image. So the wonderful miracle was performed."

Would it be too much to ask your Holiness if this story can possibly have any truth in it? The children of your Holiness will tell me that it is absurd to ask such a question of their Holy Father. Yet what am I to think when I consider that certain ecclesiastics, who dare teach nothing but what the POPE sanctions, teach, unrebuked by the POPE, that the "Holy House" at Loretto flew thither from Syria, and that the blood of St. Januarius melts periodically at Naples? The organs of your Holiness in the Press have asserted the reality of winking images even in your Holiness's own states, and I think your Holiness has never told them not to tell such lies. If the images really do wink, it is possible that they wink by means analogous to those which are said to have enabled the statue at Milan to cry. Might I humbly suggest that if your Holiness would vouchsafe to order a satisfactory examination of all alleged crying and winking images, people would not have the audacity to suspect your Holiness of conniving at humbug? Ready to salute the foot of your Holiness according to the nature of my species, I await your Holiness's apostolical benediction, not anathema and kick in the chaps, and am, respectfully, my master's dog,

TOBY.

Self-Help and Small Salaries.

It appears that the Clerks of Her Majesty's Customs are grossly underpaid. Cannot Government help them? There is no honest way in which they can help themselves; and they have large opportunities of helping themselves to the public money. It is no small credit to them that they have, as a body, faithfully abstained from resorting to the only self-help in their power.

POOR INNOCENT BLACKS!



MR. CHAMEROVZOW! O ye Ministers of the Methodist and Baptist denominations who at the Hall of Exeter have uplifted your voices in judgment against GOVERNOR EYRE! How warmly must your affectionate sympathies be enlisted in favour of those interesting creatures whose acts of playful abandonment are thus described in a letter which appeared the other day in the *Daily Telegraph* on "The Jamaica Insurrection":—

"By this time the rebels were close to the works, calling out, 'Colour, colour! no white skin to escape!' and came in, smashing everything, and searching for us. They broke into my store, where they found two puncheons of rum, which they drank. It put them into good humour, and probably saved our lives, as I heard one say, 'De liquor good; don't bodder with dem—let's go to Holland. We'll get de women when we want dem. QUEEN say country for us; we got it now.' And off they went, singing, 'Cheer, boys, cheer, Sebastopol is taken.'"

How like children! "Cheer, boys, cheer, Sebastopol is

taken," was the white man's song of triumph. And yet the despised and oppressed negroes sang it in the joyous outburst of their animal spirits. And their talk, too, how closely similar to the prattle of babes. They lisp, they babble, they talk broken English. Shall the little excesses of these innocents be called outrages, and atrocities? Oh no, no!

Beloved friends, if, at this season of the year, you could so far forget yourselves as to go to such a place as one of the large theatres, you would there see, in what is called the Pantomime, a sinful individual, in raiment of divers colours, perform sundry acts of violence. You would behold him kick people, and knock them down, assault and beat them, cut their heads off, perhaps stifle an infant, or swing it round by the heels and dash its head against a wall, or the person of his aged companion; and certainly burn the latter, and other persons, with a red-hot poker. And all the while his exclamations and gestures would be those of the nursery. And therefore, instead of exciting indignation and horror in the bosoms of the spectators, he would move their laughter, yea, peradventure even your own, for all his sinfulness. What is the difference, beloved brethren, between this representative of a great unthinking riotous baby and an African insurgent? Of a truth chiefly that his face, instead of being black, is smeared with white and daubed with vermilion; for the rest, that his tricks merely appear to injure people and give them pain, and that the poker wherewithal he seemeth to burn them is not verily red hot.

And behold, in the foregoing tale, how the poor negroes were immediately put in a good humour by the two puncheons of rum which they found and drank in the store. Oh! give them rum, then; do not hang them nor shoot them. Rum and hot water, with certain lumps of sugar in it, and a squeeze of lemon, how good is it! Yea, and moreover, with a dash of brandy superadded, it maketh punch.

ART NEWS.

A VENERABLE edifice in Westminster, a Chapter of Accidents House—as its varying fortunes entitle it to be called—changing from crozier to crown, from mitre to mace, now the Parliament House, now the Record Office, but never (to remove a popular misapprehension) the place of publication of the newspaper bearing that name, is in an ugly degraded state, and requires prompt and perfect restoration. A grant of national money is sought to bring back this national building to its ancient beauty and splendour.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has consented to receive a deputation from those who are zealous for the rise of the Chapter House after its fall, when he has seen all the pantomimes, and settled all the bills (with one considerable exception). The members of this deputation are well chosen representatives of antiquity, art, and religion, and deserve the success they are competent to win. First comes the President of the Society of Antiquaries—a STANHOPE will not stop the way—next the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, who needs not to be prompted with the stimulating words, "On, STANLEY, on!" and last, the President of the Institute of British Architects, to whom this desirable restoration will not be the least of the "Pleasures of Hope." Let us wish that they may find MR. GLADSTONE, radiant with the benevolence inspired by a surplus, and ready to capitulate to their caputular appeal, backed up, as it should be, by that distinguished architect from an encounter with whom the Chancellor cannot expect to come off SCOTT-free.

Hereafter we hope to give an exact account of the interview, chapter and verse; meanwhile, success to the Dean and Chapter House.

DIVES'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And therefore let's be merry,
With turkey and chine, and the best of wine,
And the brightest of holly-berry.
Let's face plum-puddings wherever we turn,
Rum-punch all dip the nose in;
Our only blues the snap-dragons that burn,
Our Moët, the one thing frozen.

Yes, "Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Man,"
Is the motto of the season:
I apply the rule wherever I can,—
In course by the light of reason.
But how to get "peace" with all this fuss,
About these pauper varmint?
How feel "goodwill" to a man who dares
Be poor, and feel no harm in 't?

My banker's balance I've got to check,
With that I've no cause to quarrel;
And the year's returns of the Revenue
Are as good as a Christmas carol.
To feel one's own few thousands safe,
And the nation's millions growing,
One's belly full, and one's bills all met,
And not a farthing owing.

Ah, that's the thing breeds peace on earth;
And good-will to man, I reckon,
That makes one happy to go to church,
And follow where Parsons beckon.
But instead of such blessed Christmas thoughts,
And such sweet Christmas reading,
Here's a lot of fellows, who seem to think
What one wants at Christmas is bleeding.

I don't mean bleeding in the arm,
But in the breeches' pocket:
'Ecod, if one only listened to *them*,
One soon might strike one's docket.
It's giving for this, and giving for that,
And giving for the other—
And brotherly love—as if LAZARUS
At the gate, there, were MY BROTHER!

To say nothing of respect for ranks,
And difference of stations;
We make it a rule in *our* family,
Not to know poor relations.
If LAZARUS hasn't bread to eat,
Let him ask in the proper quarter;
There's the casual shed, six ounces of bread,
And a drink of excellent water!

I *did* even hear some talk of cheese,
No doubt, from that H. B. FARNALL,
Who is always for cockering paupers up
With creature-comforts carnal.
A teaching them to look to the rates,
Instead of their religions;
Till they grow as saucy as fighting cocks,
And as fat as pouter-pigeons.

Or else they take to dying off,
Of typhus, for aggravation;
And then the newspapers, *they* flare up,
And bring it in starvation!
A nice time well-to-do people have,
That pay their rates and taxes;
How are we to look to number one,
If we give to whoever axes?

I'm as much for peace and good-will, I am,
As any man alive is.
I pay my way, and I do my best,
For myself and each little DIVES.
So don't disturb my Christmas meal,
And my Christmas-day digestion;
The Union's open to LAZARUS,—
If the Board his right don't question.



OUR PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

IT WAS SUCH A LARK THIS YEAR! TAKING PLACE SO NEAR CHRISTMAS, OUR COMMITTEE WENT IN FOR SEASONABLE PRIZES. LITTLE LEDGERSON GOT A BARREL OF OYSTERS AND A WARMING-PAN (FOR EIGHTEEN MARKS!), AND STRAITEDGE OF OUR COMPANY (HEAVY SWELL, THOUGH HE'LL ONLY SHOOT FOR PRIZES) WAS AWARDED HALF A TON OF THE BEST WALLSEND! (*Ironical Cheers from No. 3 Company.*)

CHAMEROBZOW.

(*A Negro Melody.*)

DE niggers, when dey kick up row,
No hang, no shoot, say CHAMEROBZOW.
CHAMEROBZOW de friend ob nigger,
In all de world dar arn't a bigger.
Gollywolly, gorraworra, bow-wow-wow!
De nigger lub him CHAMEROBZOW.

De buckra try, de buckra swing;
Yoh! CHAMEROBZOW, dat ar's de ting.
De nigger am your man and brudder:
You tell de debble take de udder.
Gollywolly, gorraworra, bow-wow-wow!
De nigger's friend Ole CHAMEROBZOW.

THE MARYLEBONE LION AND THE SCOTTISH UNICORN.

To Mr. WILLIAM BURNS, of Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,

A COMMON affliction makes us brothers, at all events it will excuse me for addressing a stranger.

I am happy (in my affliction) to perceive that you consider Scotland aggrieved because the name "England" is ordinarily used for the British Empire, and that statesmen and others call every man among us an "Englishman."

You have published the Correspondence which you have had on this important question. LORD PALMERSTON told you that "no disparagement was meant, but that the ordinary parlance was convenient." SIR JOHN PAKINGTON only acknowledged your letter, and I hope he is reflecting on the matter. MR. BRIGHT wrote a very smart letter,

advising you to "secede," like the Confederates, and assuring you of much sympathy among the aristocracy. SIR A. ALISON pleaded guilty, and promised amendment. MR. GLADSTONE said that to use the word "British" would be offensive to the Irish, (who are twice your number) but that he could never mean a slight to the Scotch. The DUKE OF SOMERSET, as might have been expected, never answered at all.

I, MR. BURNS, Sir, have a similar grievance. You represent Scotland, that is, just three millions of people, who object to be classed with the twenty-six millions of fellow subjects. I represent Marylebone, that is, a district bearing just the same proportion to London as Scotland does to the rest of the United Kingdom. And as you very rightly object, being Scotch, to be called English, we with equal right, being Maryleboners, object to be called London.

We are a different lot altogether. We are educated, and wide awake, and fond of travelling, and we live in good stone houses, and we have traditions of glorious things, specially Tyburn Gallows, which was unconstitutionally removed to London, like your Coronation Chair, and many deeds of highwaymen, who emulated the courage of your own border sheep-stealers. We are not Londoners. We have no objection to live in reasonable friendship with London, but we will not have our nationality submerged by the haughty Cockney.

I thank you for setting the example, MR. BURNS, Sir, of raising the independent standard. I hope, ere long, to raise our own, and perhaps the Scottish Lion and the English Marrowbone, emblazoned on our banners, and advancing side by side, may awe the tyrannical "Englishmen" and "Londoners" into according us due recognition.

Believe me, MR. BURNS, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Marylebone Board.

A BOLD MARROW BONE.

P.S. CAMPBELL was certainly a Scotchman, and as certainly wrote *Ye Mariners of England*, and mentioned "the meteor flag of England." But perhaps he was deteriorated by English adulation.



“LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND——”

BRITANNIA. “THAT, SIRE, IS THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHOM I SHOULD HAVE HAD TO GIVE UP TO THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, HAD I ALWAYS TRANSLATED ‘EXTRADITION’ AS YOUR MAJESTY’S LAWYERS NOW WISH.”

Punch's Table-Talk.

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THE Wallace Monument Fund was, deservedly, a failure. Let everybody who was foolish enough to subscribe to it atone for that error by subscribing to the Wallace Memorial Fund. This is a provision for the family of the late MR. VINCENT WALLACE, the composer. Moreover, every one who knows *Maritana*, or *Lurline*, will be glad to do something in return for the pleasure those works have afforded him or her. You are to send your money to the Secretary, at CRAMER & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street. Copy the address.

283.

Westminster Abbey has been keeping its eight-hundredth birthday. A special service, and a noble sermon from DEAN STANLEY—text, "And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the Dedication, and it was winter." But the Chapter-House, the Chapter-House. Are we Goths, Vandals, railway-plotters, churchwardens, or other barbarians? Is that glorious Chapter-House to be taken in hand, or not? MR. COWPER does not like to ask for money for the purpose. Should he, or any other Minister, ask money for any other architectural purpose—I believe that I am understood—the Members for Westminster will have something to say to him.

284.

There is but one rule for a critic of sculpture, and it is a good rule, because it is based on the sentiment of gratitude. Abuse every work not executed by the sculptor-friend who supplies you with your technicalities.

285.

Somebody sends me an advertisement of a Ladies' College near Manchester. After an enumeration of the "onomies" and "ologies," the Principal says, in pleasant colloquial way, "Never had a case of sickness which speaks volumes for the salubrity of the College." If my daughters were not placed elsewhere—and so forth.

286.

A *décolletée* old girl neglected in a ball-room always reminds me of something that daily appears in the weather-table about the thermometer. "Exposed—in shade."

287.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the beef, but I am dogmatic—give me the sirloin stake.

288.

Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick, and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some money, I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

289.

I am far from satisfied with the proofs by DR. WHEWELL, or anybody else, that the planets are not inhabited by human beings. Very likely the fashionably scientific world in Saturn is saying the same thing of a poor little planet next Venus, and lighted by one speck of a moon. DR. AKENSIDE is a better philosopher.

290.

Join the ladies? Certainly not. But the youngest and handsomest of you may go up and respectfully ask the ladies to join us, if they have quite finished the analysis of the characters of absent friends.

291.

When a person describes some small accident—an awkward cut with a knife, or something of the kind—which he or she has received, it is conventional to make a sympathetic grimace. I wonder why? The demonstration irritates me.

292.

A man gave me a story of a valet, in the country, who was told by his master that as one of the keepers was ill, he, the non-hero-worshipper, must go out with the sportsmen next day, and help to load. Valet declined. Being told that he must, and again declining, his reasons were demanded. "The last time I did that, Sir, I shot a gentleman, and if that occurred again it might be injurious to me." ME was sacked.

293.

I think sundry have been hard on the appointment of LORD GRANVILLE to the Cinque Ports. I believe that no gentleman of quality presides more gracefully over ports, clarets, and all the other fluids.

294.

Tell your harems that under the new Fire Brigade law, the penalty of letting a chimney take fire, under any circumstances, is one sovereign. It will be cheaper to have in the sweeps regularly. If they do not sweep properly, and fire occurs, you are empowered to sue them—if you like. Suit—soot—come—for shame—drink.

295.

A late American mail says that CAPTAIN RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the

Alabama, has been caught by the United States Government. I imagine that, if this is true, RAPHAEL's last Cartoon will be remarkable for the execution.

296.

On New Year's night I was done at whist, and that's the truth. Husband and wife against us. I detected three signals, and I dare say there were more. "Don't look so sleepy, CHARLES," said MRS. CHARLES, "I declare you shan't dine at that Rag, as you call it, any more." The villain played a Club.

297.

Later, MRS. CHARLES launched a sarcasm at her lord. He smiled with the utmost good temper, and said, "A wife loves to give her husband a Dig in society." The woman came out with the very Spade she ought to have played.

298.

Then the last distinct call I heard was this. "I suppose, Mr. Punch," says the female fiend, that MRS. Punch has had a little present, a ring or something, for her New Year's gift. I, of course, get nothing." How those facts might be is not to the purpose, but MR. CHARLES played the card that gave them the odd trick, I needn't say a small Diamond. Let the couple understand that I don't sit down with it again.

299.

I wish SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, of the Severn, would promise me one of its salmons, and send me a hundred-weight of tea instead. It would not be much for him to do, and it would enable me to write to him in the words of the ancient gladiator, *Non te, Peto, piscem peto*.

300.

How elegantly the Athenæum Club has washed itself. It looks quite radiant and marble-like. It has, very properly, left untouched the statue of its goddess. I wonder whether any of the members recollect some impertinent lines written when the Club was built, and beginning, most rudely, thus:—

"Raise to the skies your Attic shout,
But tell us, ere your sports begin,
Why Wisdom only stands without,
And all her Owls are gorged within."

301.

Thanks to GLADSTONE and the Cigar, the wine merchants do not, I hear, make such colossal fortunes as heretofore. Few of them retire with more than half a million.

302.

Christmas-boxing is a brutal, insular pleasure, but, my boys, thank your luck that your year does not begin with a *Jour de l'An*. Read the Paris letters. Brats send back new years' gifts, if they do not cost £6 or £7. The little monsters want KING SOLOMON behind them.

303.

The gentle LAMARTINE is composing a sweet poem, called *Ma Mère*. The original is in our spelling-books:—

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place and make it well?
Ma Mère."

304.

PLUTARCH says that HORATIUS, of the Bridge, had his eyes so close that people called him COCLES as short for CYCLOPS. What dreadfully stupid asses the historians would have us consider the ancients to have been! I believe it as much as that he was called COCLES because, like myself, he was addicted to COCKLE's pills.

305.

The papers say that there is an old party, called BAIN, somewhere in Scotland, who is one hundred and seven, and shaves himself every day. I am sorry that years have brought him no more wisdom. I am only in the prime of life, and yet I have learned never to shave.

306.

My friend MRS. STOWE has issued a goody little book on little naughtinesses. She calls it *Little Foxes*. I await your epigram, gentlemen, but don't all say at once that it will have a sequel—*Great Geese*.

307.

QUINTILIAN says that when you can't express yourself, it only means that you don't know what you want to say. That respectable Spaniard was not everybody. It may mean, and often does, that you want to say something which shall be very disagreeable, but incapable of being repeated to your prejudice.

308.

You fellows have not given me a Testimonial lately. What are you about? Do you wish me to imitate half the people who get these things, order one in your names, and pay for it myself? Because I shan't. Seriously, I have observed some very pretty things in the windows this Christmas. If you prefer making MRS. P. the recipient, I have not much objection, and she has none. Don't let me have to speak about this again.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Host (Mr. Jones). "GLAD TO SEE YER FEED SO BEAUTIFUL, MRS. B.!"

Guest (Mrs. Brown). "THANK YER, MR. J.! I'M DOIN' LOVELY!"

SONG OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(A Duet for the Piano at Evening Parties.)

HE.

"THE dress you wore a year ago,
What signifies it now to you?
'Tis old, and this time twelvemonths so
Will that which now you wear be too."

SHE.

"That dress is gone. I do not care.
It gave me, when I wore it, joy.
Where are your smoked cigars, and where
The claret that you've drunk, my boy?"

HE.

"Steam-engines coal and water stoke
To do much work of various kind.
Behold the fruits of wine and smoke
In bright productions of the mind!"

SHE.

"Cast tubs and tubs upon the sea;
One serves at last to catch a whale.
Dress after dress may ventured be:
No matter, if the last prevail."

HE.

"When tubs to catch a whale are spent,
The prize obtained repays their use.
All that expense of ornament
Will only chance to catch a goose."

SHE.

"When engines draw a railway train,
Or stuffs of silk and cotton spin,
For fuel in return there's gain:
Mere trash for all that you take in."

HE.

"Ah! when, a blooming belle no more,
By dressing at enormous cost,
You've won a booby, you'll deplore
The money and the time you've lost."

SHE.

"Now don't you talk like that to me
Of things you know not aught about.
And only think what you will be,
Old foggy, when you've got the gout!"

HOMŒOPATHY IN CATTLE AND CHRISTIANS.

MR. PUNCH,

Zo they've a ben tryun Hummyopathy for the Cattle Plag up there in Norfolk I zee; that are Society wi' the DUKE O' MARLBRO' at the head on un, and MR. CAIRD at the tail. And by MR. CAIRD's account on't in the *Times* it dwoan't sim to answer. Yaa; just as I thought for. I know'd it never ood. But I be glad they've been and tried it, howsomedever. There's nothun like testun things like them there on dumb annimles. A old ooman med be cured by magination when she thinks she's beun cured by zummut else, but magination wun't cure a old cow.

Well, now what do they find, them fellers wi' their speriments in Hummyopathy? Why, what few cattle they do cure they cures by diet. Just as I said for too. You m' pem' pon't 'tis the same wi' Christians.

I never put no faith in the Hummyopathistes and their mitesimal doses. Like, they say, cures like, and the way to cure like by like is to gie like in them there doses they calls mitesimal. Well; and they gives cattle—dwoan't 'um?—about a millionth of a grain of assnick at a time to cure the cattle disaise. Come then; suppose a feller had pison'd his self wi assnick, what ood they gie un to cure un o' that on the rule that like cures like? A mitesimal dose o' blue vitterul?

I doan't say but what a mitesimal dose o' vitterol, blue or green, ood be as good a antidwoat to a mitesimal dose o' assnick as are another thing. But dwoan't mitesimal causes produce mitesimal effects? The good as Hummyopathy have done in the Cattle Plag sims to ha' ben mitesimal. As a roominatun sart o' chap myself, besides a farmer, I takes a nateral interest in the cure o' cattle complaints, which wun't be accomplish'd, I'm afeard, by Hummyopathic cow-docturun.

I be, Mr. Punch,

Your obajent Sarvunt,

JACOB HOMEGREEN.

P.S. How'd it be if doctors as prescribes mitesimal doses was paid by mitesimal vees?

IMAGINARY INTELLIGENCE.

UNDER some other than the foregoing title, a column of announcements such as the following would serve, perhaps, pending a dearth of news, as preferable substitutes for statements about the enormous gooseberry, or the gigantic turnip, or for paragraphs not more interesting, if more authentic, relative to the mildness or severity of the season.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt yesterday at Bury St. Edmunds. It was so violent as to displace the signboard of the Rising Sun, which fell down and killed a pigeon that happened to be feeding under it at the time.

A BRUTE.—At Billericay in Essex, last Monday, an agricultural labourer, for a wager, performed the disgusting feat of going the whole hog by eating a sucking-pig entire.

An aërolite, weighing about a ton, fell on Tuesday afternoon in a field at Sutton Scotney, in the occupation of MR. SMITH, on a cowshed which it set on fire and destroyed. The property we understand is insured, and the meteoric stone has been placed in the county museum.

On Wednesday last, in Sherwood Forest, a boa-constrictor was found by a woodman coiled up in the interior of a hollow oak. The creature, which, of course, was in a torpid state, is supposed to have escaped from a travelling menagerie.

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.—A water-spout fell on Thursday at 10.30 A.M., in an inclosure at the back of the Grammar School, Wimborne, Dorsetshire. The water, which completely flooded the neighbourhood, was found to be of a crimson colour, which has been determined by a botanist to be owing to the presence of myriads of minute fungi.

A nugget of gold, weighing 3 cwt., was on Friday last discovered by a labourer who was at work in a chalk-pit at Twyford Down, near Winchester. It is to be hoped that the fortunate finder of this large amount of treasure-trove will be allowed a liberal per-centage on it by the Crown.

A VISITANT FROM THE ANDES.—A fine specimen of the Condor (*Sarcorampus Gryphus*) was shot on Saturday near the summit of Helvellyn, which for the last few days has been covered with snow.

EUCLID FOR THE GREEN ROOM.

I.

A POINT is that which has no parts; but there are hardly any parts without a point.

II.

A line is length without breadth; as, for instance, a Walking Gentleman's line in a five act Comedy.

III.

A line, in mathematical science, is also breadth without length; as, for instance, a Low Comedian's line in a one act farce of practical fun.

IV.

When a fellow standing on another fellow makes the adjacent angles equal to each other, each of these fellows is called an Acrobat.

V.

An obtuse manager is greater than an acute author.

VI.

Terms, are the pecuniary arrangements between actors, authors, and managers.

VII.

A figure is a sum paid and received: *e.g.*, £100 per night is a good figure.

VIII.

A quadrilateral figure is contained by four straight lines, thus, £1111.

IX.

A dress-circle is a semi-circle.

X.

The centre of a circle used to be WIDDICOMB or the Clown at Astley's.

XI.

Multilateral figures are Professional Entertainers.

XII.

A rumpus is a one-sided affair, kicked up, *e.g.*, by the Leading Lady.

XIII.

A rhomboid is an unfortunate dramatic genius, only to be inspired by rum: hence the term *rum-buoyed*.

XIV.

Parallel straight lines are such as are in the same plane (or playin'), and which being produced ever so far both ways do not meet; *e.g.*, MR. CHARLES KEAN and MR. GUSTAVUS BROOKE produced in every way, but they will never meet.

AXIOM.

A part is often greater than the whole.

GRAMMAR ON THE WATERS.

"THE utmost of wisdom," says PLATO, "should go to the making of laws." We rejoice to know that in the case of the bye-laws of the Iron Boat Company, whose vessels ornament the Thames, the utmost of wisdom, practical and grammatical, has been exercised. In proof we subjoin the following Law of the Company:—

"ALL passengers are to land before *any* embark."

This seems to demand an impossibility, but nothing is impossible to genius. We intend, however, to go down to one of the piers and see how it is managed. Perhaps it only means that everybody who happens to be on board when the vessel reaches a pier must come off, if anybody else wishes to go on board. This seems hard on a person who has embarked for Westminster, but is compelled to get out at Blackfriars. Still, individual inconveniences are inseparable from great public systems, but we think we would have a fight with the captain, or at least the stoker, before being turned out, in accordance with this law.

But here is another—

"No person allowed to travel by the Boats when in a state of intoxication."

We have heard of boats in a state of unrepair, and in a state of disorder, and in a state of shabbiness, but we never before heard of a drunken boat. We fear that it must reel awfully, and therefore it is wise and humane not to allow persons to come on board such a profligate vessel. PLATO is well studied by the I.B.C.

Dr. Pusey's Evening Hymn.

"I NIGHTLY pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer ROME."

THE SINKING FUND.—The Royal Humane Society's Income.

THE KIRK'S TRIBULATION.

"DR. NORMAN M'LEOD had the honour of joining the Royal party at Osborne."—*Court Circular for Jan. 4.*

HERE'S NORMAN M'LEOD, that heretic proud,
Who approves of folks shaving on Sundays,
And maintains that a walk, and a rational talk,
Are no worse upon Sundays than Mondays,—

Far from being slighted, his Kirk-prospects blighted,
His person proscribed like his errors—
Asked to Osborne to dinner, the sorning arch-sinner,
For whom Sunday-breach has no terrors!

Unco-gude and o'er-righteous, in conclave we cite you as
Upholders of Kirk and of Covenant,
Heap the coals of zeal's fire for a sin-purging pyre,
And join hands for a summary shovin' in't

Of NORMAN M'LEOD, and the small fry who crowd
In his wake, whether cleric or laic,
The BURNS and M'QUISTENS, who claim to be Christians,
And yet call the Sabbath Judaic!

Oh genius of CALVIN, that found fire a salve in
The great leading case of SERVETUS,
Inspire the Kirk's members, and stir up Bâle's embers,
For such heretics' speedy quietus.

And thou, meek of spirit, that seem'st to inherit
From Scotland the root of the matter,
Blow, *Record*, thy bellows, for us thy yoke-fellows,
These heretic legions to scatter.

Allegiance to reason to Faith *must* be treason
In M'LEOD, as it was in COLENSO:
Those who heed a M'QUISTEN to STANLEY would listen:
Make joint cause, *in communi offenso*.

With free speech and free thought, think what harm may be
wrought,

To the great cause, to which we both vowed are!
We alone have the right, all save we grope in night,
Our dark lanterns the sole ones allowed are!

THE HAIR AND MANY FRIENDS.

WHETHER girls pay much attention to the inside of their heads now is more than we can say; but they certainly bestow vast cultivation on the outside. Scarcely even in the good old dirty days of hair powder, were such time and trouble spent upon capillary attractions. In many cases, too, the charms of nature are entirely disregarded by their owners, and beautiful black hair is ruthlessly dyed yellow, because that colour happens to be thought just now more fashionable than any darker hue. The maxim Never to say Dye is put aside completely, and ladies think no more of changing the colour of their heads than they do of altering the ribbon of their bonnets.

We should not at all wonder if it soon became the fashion to dye the hair to match the colour of the clothing, and to wear a different *chignon* and a different complexion at different times of day. A lady in the morning may appear with dark brown tresses to suit a dark brown dress, and in the evening dye them yellow to match her yellow silk. So, when deep mourning was required, the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of grey might easily be added in cases where half mourning was thought to be required. Nor would it much surprise us, if, by way of a variety, hair sometimes were dyed pink, or assume some other colour which it never has in nature, but which fashion might adopt. For instance at a fancy ball, a girl who wished to wear the costume of a mermaid (whatever that may be) might dye her hair sea-green and stick some sprigs of coral in it, or else a comb of whalebone, if she deemed it *comb il faut*. So a flower-girl, perhaps, might colour her hair blue, and be regarded as a blue belle; or if she fancied that pink ringlets better suited her complexion, she might get her coiffure talked of as the pink of perfection.

Question by the Geographical Society.

GOVERNMENT have given the Master of the Rolls a peerage. What do they mean to do for MR. BAKER?

THE BITTER CUP.—How annoying it must be to a teetotaler to have a bottle-nose!



TOM TIT FORGETS THE LATCH-KEY.
BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.



T. T. PAINTS A BIG PICTURE FOR THE
ACADEMY.



T. T. GOES A HUNTING.



SENSATION IN ROTTEN ROW.



T. T.'S M—B-IN-LAW ARRIVES.



LITTLE TOMMY.



NAUGHTY LITTLE TOMMY.



GOOD LITTLE TOMMY.



Painter. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WANT ME TO SIGN IT, WHEN I TELL YOU I DID NOT PAINT IT? AND A BEASTLY COPY IT IS, TOO!"

Picture-Dealer. "VY NOT, GOOT SIR? VY NOT? TUT! TUT! TUT! I ONLY VISH YOU ARTIS'S VOS MEN OF BIS'NESS!"

A MARKET FOR HIGH ART.

MR. PUNCH,

ON the memory of a certain wooden painter, who should have been WEST—a certain joker of jokes joked the following joke, to wit:—

"He died and made no sign."

Sign-painting, Sir, has hitherto been regarded as an inferior exercise of the pencil, and nobody but a shallow jester would say that the elevation at which signboards are generally suspended entitles them to be considered works of High Art. But circumstances have arisen under which any British Artist who has only genius enough might be enabled to paint signboards which would rival the finest pictures of MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me, Sir, direct your attention to those large public-houses, the vast joint-stock hotels. They are inns whose landlords are lords and dukes and other members of the landed aristocracy. They are kept by the nobility and gentry. In the fine English of these days they are called "palatial edifices." Let these palatial public-houses be embellished with signs. As a palace is to an ordinary tavern, so might the sign of the palatial public-house be to that of a common one; larger and more beautiful.

The sign of the huge hotel should of course be executed in fresco, to stand the weather. The grandest hotels might be adorned with signs of corresponding grandeur. What if the Langham Place Hotel were to be called the Queen's Head? Why, then, any requisite alteration having been made in the architecture of the building, its principal entrance might be surmounted, by way of sign, with the best portrait of HER MAJESTY that could be painted by a distinguished R.A. Or, the sign of the Queen's Head might be a painting commemorative of postage-reform. In like manner the Alexandra Hotel might have for its sign a grand historical picture of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES landing in England. For that of the Westminster Palace Hotel no end of subjects might be taken from the History of England for the last eight hundred years. Suppose the new Richmond Hotel were named the Cat and Fiddle, the Dog and Duck, the Goat and

RUSSIA TO PRUSSIA.

No, Sir, my Brother, be content
To leave alone those Duchies;
Think not, from Denmark though you rent,
To keep them in your clutches.
It suited me to let you split
Your neighbour's realm asunder,
And from his crown detach a bit:
But now—hands off the plunder!

You chose to do a wicked thing,
'Twas not my cue to stop it.
You slew the Danes and robbed their King;
Must yield the prey: so drop it.
You stole, whilst I the theft surveyed,
What you shall hold no longer.
Denmark the weaker you have made;
Must not make Prussia stronger.

Thanksgiving for the spoil and slain,
As bound in pious duty,
You rendered, half, at least, in vain:
You must restore the booty.
Meanwhile remains a little bill,
Whose dread you'll hardly smother.
Thank One for slaughter if you will,
You'll have to pay another.

For bloodshed and expense you've naught
To show your angry nation,
Whose discontent may give you thought,
But gives me no vexation.
Now see to BISMARCK what you owe:
A bubble: and how hollow!
He to the deuce had better go,
And you as well might follow.

Native Wit.

BROWN, being advised for the benefit of his palate to taste an oyster roasted in a thin slice of bacon, passed a sleepless night in trying to concoct a feeble joke about the oddity of putting the spat upon the spit.

A GREAT HIT.—The man who first "struck ile" must have been ROWLAND.

Compasses, the White Hart, the Blue Boar, or the Red Lion, its sign might exhibit a masterpiece of animal painting, executed by a LANDSEER or an ANSDALL.

A great advantage of sign-painting, practised as a branch of genuine art, would be the plentiful variety of subject which it would afford the artist. Fruit and flower painters, even, would thus find scope for their specialty in the production of such signs as the Rose and Thistle, or the Bunch of Grapes.

Altar-pieces are no longer painted, because there is nobody to pay for them, all the money that is given for pious uses going in church extension, clergy-multiplication, and other means of supplying spiritual destitution with spiritual necessities. Sign-boards for splendid hotels would supply their places in the world of art, and, generally adopted, would create an ample and remunerative market for British Artists. If every great joint-stock hotel displayed a sign that was a first-rate painting, it would do no more than its proprietary could very well afford. Rising hotels would encourage rising talent, and redeem this country from the reproach of being a nation of shareholders engrossed in trying to get money, and with eating and drinking.

I offer you the foregoing suggestion, *Mr. Punch*, in the hope that you will communicate it to the School of Design, and cause the Directors of that institution to begin reducing the notion of High Art signboards to practice, by offering to the competition of British Artists a considerable sum of money as a prize for the best sign of the Marquis of Granby. I love to take mine ease in mine inn, *Mr. Punch*, albeit I am,

HABITANS IN SICCO.

N.B. A good dry Skittle Ground.

Legal Elevation—Singular Case.

FROM ROLLS we learn this lesson brief—
A ROMILLY, with rare luck gifted,
Shows how a lawyer like a leaf
Is by a little rustle lifted.



DEEP SEA FISHERIES.—(Reported by our own Commissioners.)

THE Deep Sea Fisheries' Commissioners present their compliments to MASTER IZAAK WALTON PUNCH, and, after the most profound observations, beg to state that they have arrived at the following conclusions:—

1. That there are as fine fish in the sea as ever came out of it.
2. That it's not all fish that comes to the net: animals having turned up occasionally.
3. That a Dublin Bay haddock is the nearest thing, off-shore, to an English Bay horse, and first cousin to a Dublin Ba-bee.
4. That there is no Rule for oysters, except one in Maiden Lane.
5. That female oysters wear beards; and, as a curious fact, it is the sign of a bad oyster to be up *pearly* in the morning.
6. That it would not be injurious to the fisheries if any number of people got their living by hook or by crook.
7. The weight of fish (weighed in their own scales) that come in to Billingsgate is thousands of tons: and that the heaviest fish is *one thunny fish*.
8. That the language used at Billingsgate may be fishy, but is never foul.
9. That the only Scotch fish is a Mac-kereel.
10. That in the Northern seas the men become nuns, and take the Whale.
11. That Whitebait come annually from the Black Sea.
12. That infant Lobsters amuse themselves by playing with Dol-phins.
13. That the Commissioners will be happy to dine with Mr. Punch on any day, or on any number of days, next season, at Greenwich, and talk the matter over.

They would also suggest that the employers of fishermen should esteem them in the rank of newspaper reporters, and pay them by the line. Persons uttering predictions concerning the fishing prospects of the future shall be called Net Prophets.

We would also suggest that the Thames, being thoroughly purified, MASTERS FITZROY KELLY, PAKING-

TON, and DISRAELI should inaugurate the piscatorial season by a session on the new embankment. LORD DERBY might make admirable use of one of his strongest lines in *Homer*; and the LORD CHANCELLOR could bring out of his case one of the many rods that he has been keeping in pickle for a few friends. MR. GLADSTONE will joyfully announce the presence of gold and silver fish in the Thames, and turning to MR. GÖSCHEN, might observe to that gentleman—

"Such fish, MR. GÖSCHEN,
Are not in the ocean!"

Which couplet EARL RUSSELL could, if he was catching no fish, immediately write down, and send them, with his compliments, to the BISHOP OF LONDON, with a joke about the occasion reminding him of BISHOP FISHER: only that prelate, instead of belonging to London, was attached to the See of Roacheater.

The larger and coarser Eels we notice, are pious fish, and meet every Sunday in their own conger-regations. The service is read by Sar-deans.

The mode now observed of catching Soles might henceforth be distinguished as the Solar system.

Lobsters are fond of Nurserymaids, and are to be caught in the Metropolitan Parks.

If you want to punish a Crab, give him a good dressing. Fishermen's morals should receive the attention of Government: the only oath allowed among them might be "E'cod!"

In order to prevent sea-poaching, Policemen in diving bells might be stationed at different depths throughout the German Ocean. These officers should be called the German Band.

We would also suggest, that, in any part of the sea, ladies might be allowed to fish for compliments.

We beg to sign ourselves,

JACK SPRAT.
JOHN DORY.
SAM MON.
MDLLE. OYSTER PATTI.

CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

If you call your father the Governor, why should you not speak of your mother as the Matron? If the former locks you out at night, for a variation you might address him as the Turnkey.

A book was once written entitled *The Night-Side of Nature*. We wish some cheerful author would give us *The Bright-Side of Nature*.

The Slough of Despond suggests the state of mind that man must be in who has to wear the Windsor uniform.

Some Tailors announce that they are practical trousers-makers. What can theoretical trousers be?

Is it not a mistake

to talk of people giving themselves airs and graces? Should it not be airs and furies?

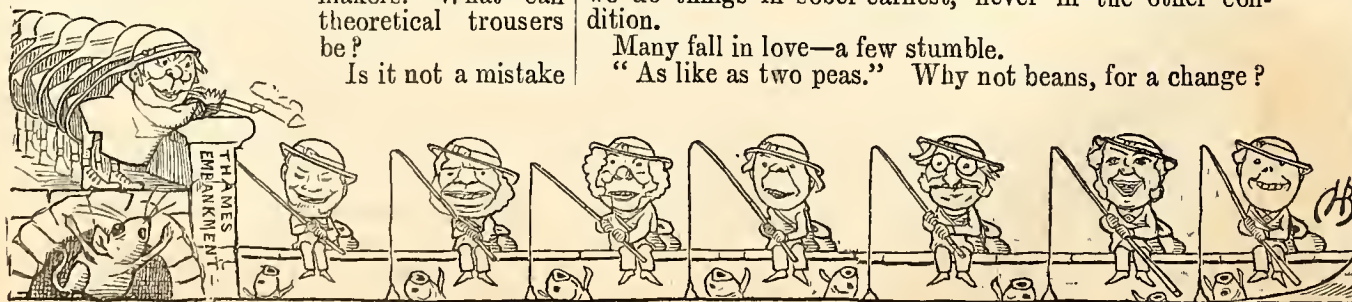
We hear of demigods, but not demigoddesses; there is plenty of hero-worship, but no heroine worship. Yet though women are called the weaker sex, no one speaks of men as the stronger.

Do you want tenants for your castles in the air? Take the faces in the fire.

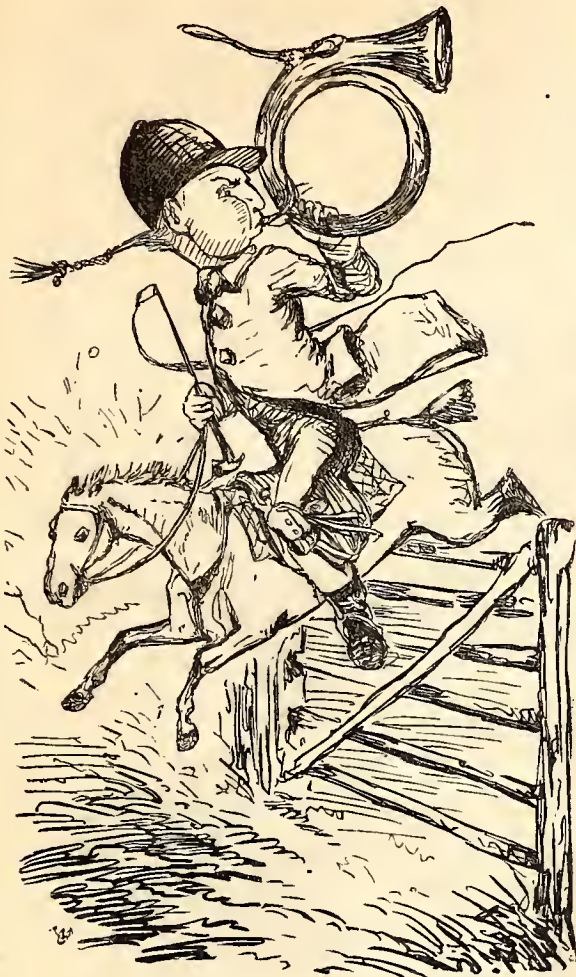
We often read of folks being worse for liquor, never better. The Alliance speakers should work this. Again, we do things in sober earnest, never in the other condition.

Many fall in love—a few stumble.

"As like as two peas." Why not beans, for a change?



THE CHACE.



HAT stupid tailor, dear *Punch*, didn't send my things home on the Saturday, so, when I got down to Bullfinch Hall, there I was without any hunting toggery, and quite unable to go out with the hounds on Monday. Abominably annoying! REDE said he didn't care about hunting on that day, and if his things would fit me, I might wear them. I thanked him heartily, *nothing*. I assured him, *would have given me greater pleasure*, but I couldn't think of it, I wouldn't hear of it, for a moment. No, I would (disappointment though it was!) ride quietly with them to the meet, and see the "throw off"; go with them perhaps a little way, and then return home, and enjoy their account of the fun in the evening. Perhaps my clothes might

come down early on Monday morning. I was, of course, very anxious that they should; talked about "what a horrid sell it was" all breakfast time, and was (evidently) very much annoyed at the delay.

Our horses were at the door for our ride to cover: the chestnut, the groom said, was a little fresh, and I wasn't to ride him on the curb. After my stirrups had been adjusted to within a hole of my proper length (I never *can* get comfortable all at once on a strange saddle), we started: that is, my horse started at a stupid ass of a boy, who came suddenly out of the laurel bushes to see us off: he nearly saw me off. I mean, that, what with not having ridden for a year, and the saddle being strange, the horse fresh, and added to that, the bad habit I've got of sitting in a careless daredevil sort of way on horseback, I wasn't quite prepared. Besides, I was just going to blow my nose. I said, poor fellow, and patted him; I know how to manage a restive horse: always be kind to him. He plunged a little, but I sat firm as a rock, that is, after I once got my seat. I still thought my stirrups were too long, but didn't like to bother about it, as, for the matter of that, a fellow *ought* to be able to ride without stirrups at all. The chestnut reared once; only once. They asked me if I had pulled the curb. I said no, indignantly. I put it to them, whether, with my knowledge of horses, I should have been such a muff as to pull his rein when he reared. Of course, anyone *might* do it without knowing it; as in fact the groom pointed out to me that I had let the snaffle go loose and was actually holding the curb. Of course I didn't *know* it, having got into, as I've said before, such a dare-devil careless sort of way of riding. The groom took the curb rein off altogether. I like one rein better than two, it gives you nothing to think about; two reins are an anxiety. The chestnut was the quietest animal possible, and warming to his work along the country roads went admirably. A jog-trot is a tiring pace if you haven't ridden for some time, my dear *P.*, and we went at this rate for three miles, I should say. I used to be able to do this sort of thing; but when you're out of practice you feel as if you wanted a support in your back. We pulled up at a gate, and REDE asked me if I was getting warm. Ah, wasn't I? A charming morning! delightful exercise! nothing like it, only we needn't trot on again just yet, eh? I liked the nag; went deliciously. Somebody said he'd take anything I'd put him at. Would he really? I said; that was just what I liked in a horse. Give him his head at a fence, the groom observed, and he was safe. I was glad to hear it; for I hate not being able to feel confidence in a horse. You don't like trying anything with an animal that you don't know; at least, I don't.

There was a large field out; it was amazingly inspiring. I rode with them for some little way, merely trotting from one field to another, from cover to cover; the gates were all open, and it was as simple as possible, until they found. I cried Whoop! Tallyho! Away! Yoicks!

all the time. Oh, how I could have flown after them; I waved my hat and shouted. It was mad excitement! What wouldn't I have given to have had on my cords and hunting togs! I had half a mind to join in the run merely dressed as I was. But I thought I'd better not, as 'cross country work knocks clothes to pieces.

The chestnut wanted to get away, and was very restive, but I pulled him well together (you understand what I mean, my dear *P.*, don't you?) and with the help of the groom, and a labourer, got him out of the field. On my reaching the house I found that my "things" had arrived.

After a quiet lunch, I took up a book and lay on a sofa in the library. The morning air and the excitement sent me off fast asleep. The other fellows came back about seven o'clock. They'd had a first-rate run. I envied them: I wished I'd not been obliged to stop behind. However, as I told them, my togs had come, and to-morrow I hoped we should have a good day with the hounds.

"No," REDE said, "it's the harriers to-morrow."

I said it didn't matter: it was quieter riding, no jumping perhaps, but just as much fun, as far as sport went. Somebody replied that I was right as to the sport; but the Hemstead harriers went over rather a nasty country. Another of the party, to whom he appealed, gave his opinion that it wasn't a nice country, but it wasn't a *difficult* one: only a bull-finch or two, and the usual mud ditches. I supposed then that there would be plenty of riding, in fact, nearly as much as with the fox hounds. Oh more, every one said, much more than with the fox hounds. That's capital! Jolly! first rate! I am looking forward to it, and will write you a full account of my day with the Hemstead harriers next week. Ah! what a thing it is to be able to enjoy field sports like I do! Adieu!

I remain, yours for ever,

MARTIN F. CRUPPER.

THE COUNSELS OF CLARENDON.

(A Cabinet Picture, after "Marmion.")

WITH fruitless labour RUSSELL wound
His cautious way the bush around;
GLADSTONE, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all his winning airs;
Ever, he said, that, year by year,
The dockyards grow and grow more dear,
And that the House is tired to hear

Reasons by PAGET strung,

"Why all those sheer-hulks at Sheerness are lying;
Why this long-drawn battle of guns with plates vying,"

So the note's rung—

"Avoid thee, Rad, and all thy band!"
Stern SEYMOUR cried, more blunt than bland:
"Oh, think, my RUSSELL, on the line
That Statesmen of thy blood and mine

Have ever ta'en, I wis.

Strange fish in Cabinets have been,
And queerish bed-fellows I've seen,
But never aught like this—"

Then swelled the wrath of GLADSTONE's tail,—
To Whigs and prigs shall Progress quail?

And "STANSFELD!" was the cry—

But CLARENDON upreared his head,

His cigarette flung by,

With shaking hand, above his head,

He waved the *Moniteur* outspread,

And shouted, "Mind your eye!

Keep GÖSCHEN out!—no STANSFELD, none!"

Were the last words of CLARENDON.

AN OLIVER FOR A ROWLAND.

A LETTER in the *Times*, signed "Q," informs us that:—

"MR. HANCOCK, the Veterinary Inspector of the Uxbridge district, was accidentally pricked in the back of the hand while examining, on the 3rd of December, the body of a bullock that had died of the cattle plague. In a few days the slight wound assumed characters which were recognised by MR. RAYNER, of Uxbridge, as those of vaccine, and the patient suffered all the constitutional symptoms incidental to vaccination. He was also seen by PROFESSOR SPOONER, DR. QUAIN, DR. MURCHISON, and MR. CEELY, all of whom were impressed with the resemblance of the results of this infection to those of vaccination.

Vaccination has been proposed as a preventive for the Cattle Disease, supposed to be small-pox. But the Cattle Disease is obviously much more likely to be cowpox in an aggravated form. If so, the proper thing to prevent it will be inoculation. This will be repayment to the bovine race of vaccination in kind, by the rule, that one good turn deserves another. But how about the beef?



THIS IS NOT THE TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE INQUISITION, NEITHER IS IT A REPRESENTATION OF THE ALARMING RESULTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION. IT IS MERELY THE TURKISH BATH IN LATHERINGTON STREET, W.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

I DON'T say "Dear Sir," you see; not that I've any quarrel with you in particular, nor any wish to pick one, but you're not a particular friend of mine, and why should I "dear" you? Depend on it, Sir, the abuse of that palavering, honeyed style of address now-a-days is only a sign of the general rottenness of the times. But that's by the way. What I want to say to you, Sir, is this. Can't some means be taken for putting down all this sickening Christmas humbug, which is swamping us gradually, and which seems to get worse every year? I don't mean Peace on earth and goodwill to men. That's quite right and proper, and orthodox—in the service for the day—of course. But what I want to know is, how peace on earth is compatible with continual row and disturbance day and night? Who's to put up patiently with those infernal Waits, who wake one up in the small hours, or the rascals who keep a constant rat-tat at one's door asking for Christmas boxes, or the besotted idiots, on their way from Goose Clubs, I suppose, who reel through the streets, bawling "We won't go home till morning," or the noisy imbeciles of the Christmas dinner-party with their family toasts and slavering sentiments and three times threeing, or the braying of the pantomime orchestras, or the still more asinine braying of the idiots who listen to them? And how is one to keep up one's goodwill to men under the provocation of that surfeit of turkeys and chins and sirloins, and that disgusting course of plum-puddings and mince-pies that one's poor ill-used stomach has to run the gauntlet of at this time of year? Why am I to be driven to the alternative of starvation or dyspepsia, if I go out to dinner at this "festive season"—and be hanged to it? At other times of the year one *can* get something fit to eat at most tables one sits down to—though one is always liable to a run on saddles of mutton and boiled fowls—but at Christmas what man, with a proper respect for his stomach, can accept an invitation without making up his mind to heartburn, nightmare, and all the other horrors of indigestion? And why, I should like to know, am I expected at Christmas time to tip all the dirty-faced impudent chits of children belonging to such of my acquaintance as have been fools enough to marry, and to go about loaded with toys, like a Lowther Arcade porter, and to wish

everybody the compliments of the season, which, as far as I can make out, are bills and chill-blains, and sore throats, and stomach-aches?

And worse than all, Sir, how is flesh and blood to put up with those imbecile Christmas numbers—(I am glad to see *you* don't countenance such rubbish)—of this and that and the 'tother—all maudlin sentimentality and mawkish philanthropy and such like bosh and bunkum, bound in all manner of flimsy wrappers of the gilt-gingerbread order of taste; or the pictures in the illustrated papers of Old Father Christmas, as a red-faced, tipsy, hoary-headed ruffian, roaring over a punch-bowl, with an ivy-wreath instead of a Welsh-wig on his idiotic old head, and staring interiors of cottages, all impossible comfort and unreal family union, and lying scenes of Christmas festivities, with people really enjoying themselves, and all the other stereotyped tarradiddles of the season?

I wish you would join me and a few other right-minded fellows of my own kidney—warm men, with good balances at their bankers, and no wives and families, nor poor relations, nor any incumbrances and nuisances of that sort—in putting down all this kind of Christmas infliction, abomination, and hollow mockery, and in making the season what it ought to be, one of comfort and satisfaction only to those who can pay their bills, and of discomfort, repentance, and sackcloth and ashes generally to those who can't—by far the majority, as far as *my* experience goes.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Yours,
SAUNDERS M'CRUSTISON.

Max Muller to Note.

DIFFERENT nations have different modes of expression. For instance, in China a Mandarin would never think of saying he did not care a button about it.

APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT.

THE other day we observed a dress trimmed with artificial bunches of hops in a draper's window. Of course, the hops were intended for the ball.

LOWER AWAY THERE
LOWER AWAY



THE OFFICIOUS PASSENGER.

LORD JOHN. "EXCUSE ME, FRIEND BRIGHT, BUT DO YOU COMMAND THIS SHIP, OR DO I?"

Punch's Table-Talk.

309.

It is a great comfort to know—he has told us the fact—that *Iago* suffered awfully from toothache.

310.

The physiology of The Advertising Creature is an inexhaustible study. Somebody is always printing "Even the most common-place articles are not beneath the patronage of Her Majesty's Household," and then comes a puff of some black-lead, alleged to be used in the Palaces. The sculions must be proud at being elevated into historical personages.

311.

I have not seen the book, but if it be what I infer from the title, the idea is new and good. It is an Index to the Characters of Fiction. This was wanted. I suppose, my dear BROWN, we shall find this sort of thing. *Matilda Everingham*, a delightful widow in MR. BROWN's charming tale, *The Blue Sash*—and you, my dear JONES, will read that *Bonassus Blunderbore* is a biting satire in your comedy of *The Chiltern Hundreds*—and ROBINSON, your favourite creation, *Mercy Whippington*, will be referred to as the inimitable stepmother in *Rods in Pickle*. Very convenient references, but a large undertaking.

312.

When you go to the theatre in a hired brougham, (which you will always do if you are wise,) be sure that the coachman knows who engaged him, or you may lose dignity in the eyes of the world. Neglecting this precaution the other night, when I took my wife and my sister-in-law to see my admired MISS KATE TERRY, I had the pleasure of hearing "MR. BUGGINS's carriage" bellowed up to the elegant swells. And my heart told me that this was *my* vehicle. BUGGINS is the excellent party from whom I have vehicles, and the driver knew no better way of announcing his arrival. So half the Olympic theatre thought that the graceful gentleman with the beautiful ladies, who appeared on those stairs, was named BUGGINS. I must go and see MISS TERRY again, as I am always glad to do, and disabuse society.

313.

Having a good organ is one thing, and knowing how to sing is another thing. If certain furious puffing goes on, it will be my duty, as head musical critic of the world, to enforce this distinction, with an illustration which at present I omit.

314.

I have been shooting a good deal lately, as you have all known to your advantage. I have come to the conclusion that in a very short time Gun Cotton will be the only projecting article used by sensible sportsmen.

315.

Hans of Iceland has been dramatised, but with a tender hand. Let it be done in sensation style. There is a most delightful scene where a hangman hangs his own brother, after a pathetic recognition and prayers for mercy, and drops him through a trap-door into the sea? A double scene, and the splash of the executed brother, would draw the intelligent British public for a year.

316.

The poems of JAMES HOGG, Ettrick Shepherd, have been too much neglected both here and in the north. Many are full of fancy, and tenderness, many of humour, and he had a fine ear. Of course, a true Scot cannot tell you that the house is on fire, or that dinner is ready, without quoting BURNS—this is a law of nature—but there is much in JAMES that is quite equal to much in ROBERT. I am glad to see a new edition of HOGG, but it is costly.

317.

Another song-maker wants to wear feathers instead of trousers. He sighs, "O would I were a Bird!" With all my heart, only let me have a gun, and let him come within range.

318.

You chaps who always stick in town, except when you go to parade your clothes at Brighton, may not be aware that the Mummerys still go about in some parts. OLIVER CROMWELL, OLD FATHER BEELZEBUB, and DEVIL DOUBT called on me in Oxfordshire just before Christmas, and made themselves agreeable—more or less.

319.

SPENSER's evil brotherhood, *Sans-Loy*, *Sans-Foy*, and *Sans-Joy* would make excellent interlocutors in a satirical debate on the demerits of the age.

320.

A doctor's wife showed me a heap of scarfs, obtained by her spouse in doing his last for various patients. "Scalps," says I. But I would not have said it, but that I knew she could not understand me.

321.

The most dashing Latin pun that I have heard was made by myself

at the house of another gentleman and scholar yesterday. While we talked in the parlour, the Visitors' Bell rang loudly. My friend looked out, so did I. We saw an apparent Swell. "No, by Jove," says my friend, going out, it's only a tax-collector. I'll teach him manners." He returned, stating that he had blown up the man for ringing the aristocratic instead of the area bell. Says I, "Your motto is *de bell arey superbos*."

322.

"Pay The Debt," saith a great financial authority. Some jeer, some calculate, some groan. But as sure as you fellows are sitting here, the nation will one day not only pay it, but proceed to enjoy the splendid income which will then be left unfettered.

323.

The humbler classes are ahead of Us in regard to the principle and practice of Association—it's a dry subject—but you'll have to hear more of it.

324.

There would be another kind of sight which (if we could see in the dark) we might behold from the "Fields near Dover," than that described by *Edgar* in *Lear*.

"Half way o'er

Stands one who drives the *Samphire*, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems resolved to go a-head."

325.

We are solemnly informed that the feeling of the people of America towards England is one of implacable hostility. *Dignus vindice nodus*. I have nearly decided on going over, talking to the American people, and making them our friends for ever. I would, too, if the Atlantic would be pacific—but I have an interior.

326.

You have noticed DR. CUMMING's Greek derivation of the word Church, and how the same has been challenged? I suppose that the excellent Doctor's own name is not derived from *κυρναίω*, *turgeo*, to foam with turgidity.

327.

Do you know what speech of *Othello's* is most often in my mouth? It is "O, fool! fool! fool!" Why? Because I read all the letters of my correspondents!

328.

The EARL OF ROSCOMMON very admirably says,—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

But it is a curious illustration of the change of taste that I should not dare to quote, before ladies, his very next two lines, though meant, of course, to enforce his moral. Pass me those stewed pippins.

329.

I went to see *La Famille Benoiton*, with which M. SARDOU has made such a hit at the Vaudeville. It is a scorching satire upon the heartlessness and worldliness said to prevail in French society. The men think of nothing but money, the women of nothing but spending it. Even the children are speculators and *roués*, there is a child of seven who speculates in postage stamps and gets tipsy. There are two fast young ladies, who dress a dozen times a day, and go to races, one of them is run away with by her cousin, who wishes to compromise her character, and so get a rich wife; the other talks slang, but reforms for the sake of a lover, who at last says, ungratefully, that he must consider whether he will have her or not. The mother of the family is never seen at all—she is always reported as gone out, and at the end you and her husband and all hope to see her, but she has only come in for her parasol and is off again. Then there is a young wife, who has gambled, and whose reputation is saved by a curious device, which I suppose is satisfactory to the party chiefly concerned. The play is a merciless exposure of Parisian life, and I presume it must be a faithful picture, for the theatre is crammed, and French audiences know a good play from a bundle of rubbish.

330.

The *Père la Chaise* of Dissent, Bunhill Fields, is being talked about. Curiously, I visited it the other day, before the articles and correspondence appeared, and because I wanted to see the Ultima Thule of the underground railway. The only remark I have to make is that some scoundrels have mutilated the recumbent statue of JOHN BUNYAN. Does LORD SHAFTESBURY know this? It must have been black-guardism that did it—there is a monument there on which a bit of savage radical politics is inscribed, which might have tempted the blow of some savage and very young Tory—but who would desire to injure BUNYAN's tomb? Perhaps it was Apollyon himself.

331.

DR. ISAAC WATTS is buried in Bunhill Fields. I laid a respectful hand upon his tomb. Now, is that fact safely lodged out of the reach of foolish paragraph-makers? One of the funeral sermons in his honour was CALEB ASHWORTH's, who took for text, "Know ye not, that there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen this day in Israel?" What more could be said even of his late Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT?



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Dr. Smiler. "BY THE BYE, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, LADY JANE. OF COURSE YOU HAVE HEARD THAT YOUR NEPHEW, GEORGE, HAS JUST GOT HIS FIRST——"

Lady Jane. "HIS—FIRST!!! GRACIOUS HEAVENS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE BOY WAS MARRIED!"

Dr. Smiler. "HE! HE! HE! YOUR LADYSHIP MISUNDERSTANDS ME. I ALLUDE TO HIS RECENT SUCCESS AT COLLEGE."

A RISING SAINT AT PARIS.

BIOGRAPHIES of Romish Saints usually contain instances of extraordinary acts of humility performed by those wonderful personages. But the feat of self-abasement, implied in the following extract from the *Star*, beats anything of the kind recorded of any monk, bishop, confessor, martyr, priest, or layman:—

"The gossip of Paris salons is the new De Mouchy ménage. The family colours of the carriages, liveries, &c., have for centuries been red and gold; however, the duke has obtained the EMPEROR'S permission to adopt the Imperial green faced with red; the only difference insisted on is a black edge. This is considered a strange act of subservency on the part of one of the *ancienne noblesse*."

The Duke has obtained the EMPEROR'S permission to adopt the Imperial livery with a difference, discarding that of his ancestors. Of course, under those circumstances, he could no longer feel comfortable in a costume such as that usually worn by dukes and other aristocrats. He must have been sensible of the necessity of attiring himself in a garb suitable to that servility which he was not ashamed to practise, or practised although he was ashamed of it all the while. No doubt, then, he has humbly clothed himself in the Napoleonic green faced with red, with the diversity of a black edge to distinguish his own cloth from his master's. He has gone on his knees for the Imperial plush. Plush, plush, *ancienne noblesse*! The DUKE DE MOUCHY has beplushed himself. He should now implore one more favour; leave to change his family name for that of DE LA PELUCHE. Then, to exhibit a perfect prodigy of humility, he may be pleased to powder his hair, set buckles in his shoes, and dance attendance during dinner behind the Imperial chair at the Tuileries. It is certain that there is now an inchoate, if not a considerably advanced Saint at Paris amongst the *ancienne noblesse* of France. The DUKE DE MOUCHY is evidently on the road to canonisation, where he will probably arrive some 200 years hence, when all the Jesuits, and other ecclesiastics, who are now performing

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

HUNGARIAN wine, Hungarian wine,
('Twas thus mellifluous GLADSTONE sung)
Thy hue is bright, thy tone is fine,
And suited to an English tongue.
And if thy names are slightly hard,
They'll soon be learned by pensive BULL;
When on each vinous merchant's card,
He reads thy titles clear and full.

The Badasconyer's good as needs,
'Tis free from acid, white, and dry;
The Pesther Steinbruch, flowing, pleads
It's just the thing to wet your eye.
The Szamorodny's dry Tokay,
The Ruszke is a rich white flood;
And when the Hock pours bright and gay,
It cools the brain and warms the blood.

Red Adelberger Ofner, thou,
The oftener drunk the more art loved;
To thee, full Menes, let me bow,
For what I mean is, "much approved."
Erlaure, the man who likes not thee,
Gives me small promise of his wits;
Now to my lips, my bright, my free,
My proud, my glowing Carlovitz!

More, many more I call to mind,
Which soon shall household words be made,
Now Austria hath her Treaty signed,
And vowed to something like Free Trade.
The House shall know its Leader's choice
When GLADSTONE'S self with GLADSTONE dines;
And I will bid you all rejoice,
O Thirsty Souls; in Hungary wines.

What Mr. Horsman says it will Come to.

(An old Nursery Rhyme, adapted to BRIGHT'S Electoral Régime.)

Candidate. Who comes here?
Elector. A six-poundere.
Candidate. What's your price?
Elector. A pot of beer.
Candidate. I object to stand a pot.
Elector. Get you gone, you scaly lot!

PEOPLE talk about making a clean sweep. Can they make a sweep clean?

miracles, will be promoted to Saintship by the Pope of the period, if there is one. Such a Saint might be appropriately invoked under the name of St. Jeames.

LINES BY A TROOPER ORDERED ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

AIR—"The Stirrup-Cup."

THE last Sally Lunn has been browned in the hall,
The last muffin buttered by cook who is sleeping,
My cap and my cane are removed from the wall,
Yet still a warm hand in my own I am keeping:
My Sergeant suspects that I'm sweet upon JANE,
The Underground's handy, dear gurl! we must sever;
But pour out the ale, that thy trooper may drain
A last glass of beer to his true housemaid ever!

I cannot ride back—for no ticket appears,
No money to get one unless I can borrow,
I pledge thee my word, but do dry up those tears,
Oh, love! that in stamps I will send it to-morrow;
Here's to thee, JENNY, and if it be willed
That back from the Indies thy trooper come never,
Till death he'll remember, that she who had filled
His last glass of beer was his own housemaid ever!

A STOCK RIDDLE.

WHY is the Cattle Plague a sort of colic?
Because it is a bu-colic complaint.

THE HUNTERIAN ORATION.—A Speech by a M. F. H.

GENUINE SUCCESSES.

In theatrical matters now-a-days there is no such thing as failure. The public has lost its powers of discrimination and appreciation, and newspaper criticism is reduced to a mere quarter of a column of printed words, valuable only on account of the heading to the paragraph which serves the theatre in lieu of an advertisement. "On such and such a day," for instance, we read, under the title of the Royal Dash Theatre, "was produced a new drama, entitled *The Son of the Forest*. What could have induced the management to bring such a piece before the public, we are quite at a loss to imagine. Its situations are hackneyed, and the interest, such as it is, is sustained only up to the third act, to be dropped entirely in the fourth and fifth."

Another Newspaper.—"The name of the piece produced at this house last night, is *The Son of the Forest*. It requires condensation. But even then we fear that it will not prove an attraction. The dialogue is dull, and the *dramatis personæ* are on so dead a level as to awaken no sort of interest in their actions, on the part of the audience. We are bound to say that the piece was well received by a house densely crowded in every part."

Another Newspaper.—"It is not often that we have to record a failure at this admirably-managed theatre. *The Son of the Forest*, however, we must candidly own, is *not* a success. It is certainly the least happy of MR. RESHOFFAY's productions. We must enter our emphatic protest against the immoral character of the play. We are not squeamish, but when an author so far goes out of his way as to notice with laudatory remarks the elopement of his heroine's grandmother with the hero of his story, we feel that silence is no longer consistent with our duty."

Another Newspaper.—"The *Son of the Forest*, MR. RESHOFFAY's new (?) drama, was produced here last night. To what a depth of degradation has our stage fallen! The actors and actresses did their best with the most thankless parts, and saved the piece from the condemnation it richly merited."

After all this out come the advertisements:—

ROYAL DASH THEATRE.—Another Genuine Hit! A Brilliant Success!! The new Drama, *The Son of the Forest*, pronounced by the unanimous voice of the Public Press to be the Greatest Dramatic Triumph ever witnessed on these or any other boards. Three more Rows of Stalls added. Seats can be booked two months in advance.

THE SON OF THE FOREST. The Best Drama of the day. *Vide* Public Press.

Now, says *Mr. Punch*, there's Humbug somewhere, isn't there?

"SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF THIS."

OUR new and spirited contemporary, the *Sunday Gazette*, says that it is very probable that a new decoration will be instituted. At present the marks of distinction given to those who exhibit gallantry in the rescue of life from shipwreck are conferred by private associations only. It is now likely that a national decoration will take the place of these less formal tokens of recognition. It will be given in HER MAJESTY's name, and will be in the form of a medal, under the designation of "The ALBERT Medal."

Mr. Punch's loyalty has been proved too often for question. Without the slightest apology, therefore, he proceeds to say what he would have preferred to leave unsaid, for it is not the part of a true friend to be silent when he should speak. *Mr. Punch* has cordially approved every reasonable effort to preserve the memory of the good Prince whose loss we all deplored. Statues, in far greater number than ever was accorded to an English Worthy, have been reared in honour of the lamented Consort. Though it is now just sixty years since NELSON was laid in St. Paul's, our great sea-captain's monument is unfinished—we hear nothing at all of the national monument to our great land-captain, though it is more than thirteen years since WELLINGTON was laid by the side of NELSON—but the most splendid and costly of memorials is rapidly rising, in the Park, in testimony of our veneration for PRINCE ALBERT. When this shall have been completed, will it not be almost time to leave that good man's fame to take care of itself? Society is at least half inclined to believe that enough has been done in this way, and it will not be well that society should begin to smile at persistent efforts to add tribute to tribute. There is really no fitness in giving the Prince's name to the medal that is to reward the noblest of sea-service. The Prince had no kind of connection with or special regard for sea-achievements, though the irreverent may remark that his own courage was shown when he voyaged, inasmuch as he notoriously suffered on such occasions more than any one else on board. Anything like ridicule should not be permitted to connect itself with an honoured memory. Surely many far more appropriate names might be suggested—for instance, an ALFRED medal would remind its wearers that a very gallant young fellow, of royal blood, was voluntarily and frequently exposing himself to all the perils of sea-life—but even better titles might be suggested. Have we no splendid examples of daring in the cause of

humanity—none in the Book of Golden Deeds? Let us search, and in the meantime let us avoid what history, in her mildest mood, will call a mistake.

ANSWERS TO THE SECOND COLUMN.

"ZETA is in great danger." We apprehend that Zeta must just get out of it the best way he can. His relations are engaged. EATER is in much greater danger because of the Rinderpest. BEATER has his carpets to whack, CAPPER is making caps for the boys returning to school, and PRE has not escaped the devouring jaws of Christmas. Nobody cares an iota for Zeta, and he had better keep his troubles to himself.

"A WELL WISHER." I wish you were down the well.

"MR. SMITH. WRITE TO 'ALF. The sun shines." You mean, send the 'alf note. Shan't. The sun always shines, only you can't see it. Read PINNOCK's *Astronomy*.

"OSMOND O! WIG." Osmond declines to wig. He is proud of his grey hair, which is elegant if not profuse. Besides, he is a Tory.

"S—K—, a Creole, is to send her address." Direct West Indies, care of the Jamaica Commission.

"INFORMATION WANTED. Frank Walker, who left Raleigh 12 years ago, will please send his address." Information is evidently very much wanted, as Raleigh died October 29th, 1618, which is more than 12 years ago.

A PRACTICAL CRITIC.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN sometimes got drunk—never drunk and incapable, for he was always capable of joking. And when he was picked up helplessly drunk by a watchman, and asked what his name was, did not the Author of the *School for Scandal* say, "WILBERFORCE?"

What SHERIDAN used to say was said the other day, virtually by somebody else, who may not have known that he was committing a plagiarism as well as taking a liberty. According to a police-report in the *Times* at—

"MARYLEBONE.—An eccentric man named ROBERT BROWNING was charged with disorderly conduct."

But what could have induced any mad wag charged with disorderly conduct to give his name as ROBERT BROWNING? That great poet is neither a teetotaller nor, apparently, a methodist. To give the name of LAWSON or NEWMAN HALL would be more natural for a tipsy humourist collared by the Police. Some explanation of this eccentric man's motive for representing himself as the author of *Sordello* may be gleaned from the subjoined description of his behaviour:—

"The officer said he saw him on the previous night surrounded by a number of people. He was on his knees howling like a dog, and scratching at the ground with his hands. He asked him to get up and go away. He refused to do so, when he was asked what he meant by such conduct, and his reply was that he was making the underground railway to Hammersmith, and had got to get it finished by morning. He was then locked up."

There are, or were, literary dustmen. Why should there not be literary characters in other equally humble callings? "The prisoner," the report further states, "is a stableman." He may be a literary stableman, who, though principally concerned with "that 'ere oss," yet knows something of that other horse, Pegasus. He has perhaps read MR. BROWNING's poems, and, not having quite understood all of them, may have taken the opportunity, when he was apprehended for inexplicable conduct, to express his sense of their occasional obscurity by calling himself BROWNING.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

OUR American cousins have lately been ascending in a balloon to solemnise their nuptials, and so got up a sensational scene replete with airy gracefulness. We presume, after the ceremony, they came down to earth again, as most lovers do, sooner or later, whatever may have been their state of elevation. Let this fashion become universal, and with what *éclat* a marriage in high life will go off! Beauty's conquest will afford delight to a million eyes, as her captive is borne away in a triumphal basket car. Then a nubile young lady *in nubibus* will be such a nice companion picture for a rain beau; and however much their views may differ, their friends below may rest assured that they will be particularly careful not to fall out.

After all is said and sung, some taint of primitive barbarism still clings to our social system. Look at LUCY fishing for flattery. What is EDWIN but a hunter with that lover's lasso, a nuptial noose, by which EMMA—the little dear—is caught after a short chase and confined, innocently pleased, in a ring fence.

NEWTON theorising in his orchard was satisfied he had law on his side as he bent over his prostrate pippin, but it would be wrong to conclude that no falling body—say that of a bumptious beadle on a slippery pavement—could disturb his gravity.



WHAT HAPPENS AT OUR WEEKLY MEETING, WHEN T. T. EXCEEDS A CERTAIN LIMIT.
(HE ALWAYS DOES.)



REMONSTRANCE IS USELESS, RESISTANCE OUT OF
THE QUESTION.



WE MAKE IT UP NEXT DAY.



BURGLARS. DARING CONDUCT OF MRS. T. T.

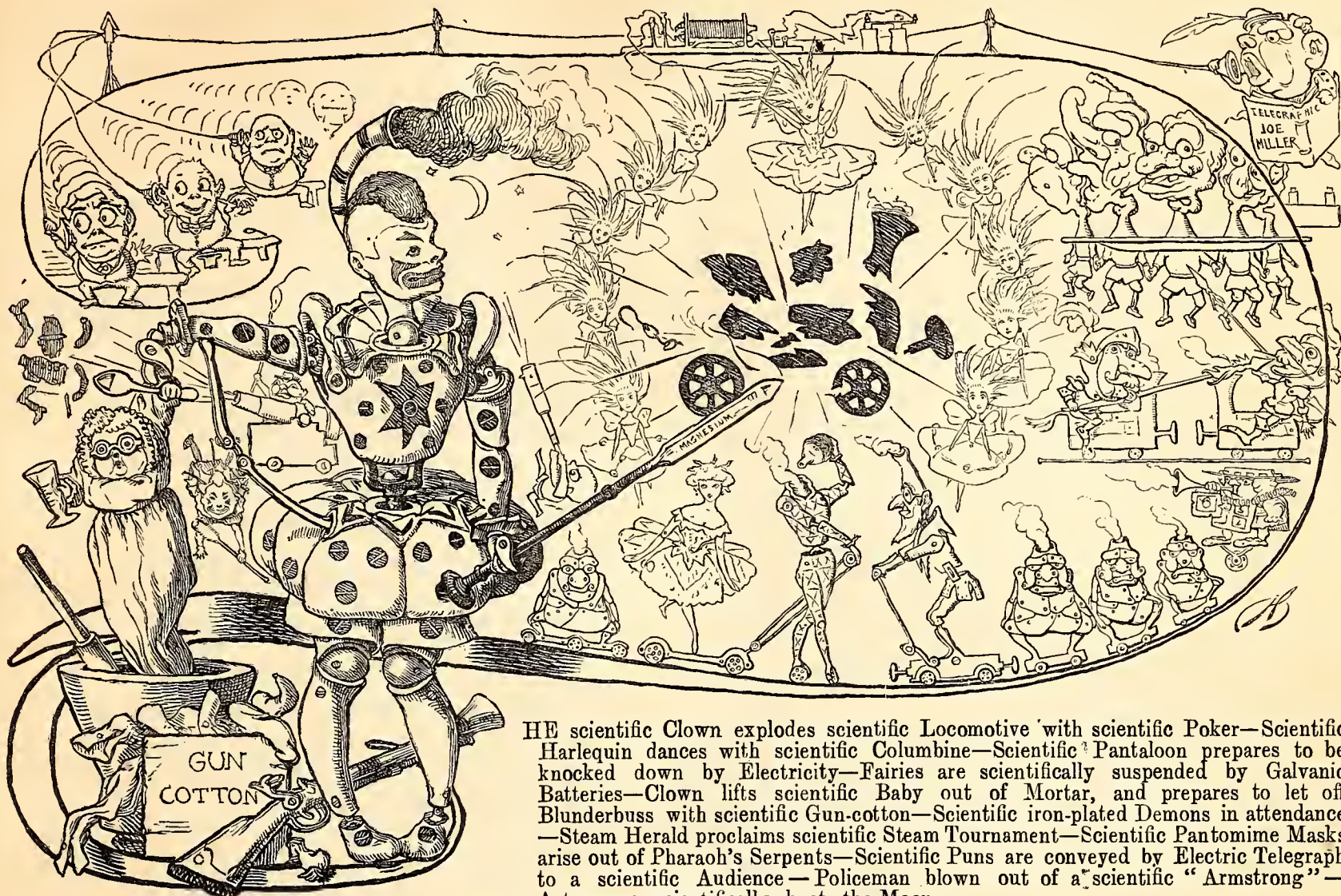


LITTLE CISSY TAKES AFTER DEAR PAPA.



BUT DOMESTIC HAPPINESS ON SO LARGE (AND SO RAPIDLY INCREASING) A SCALE AS T. T.'S IS TOO SACRED FOR THE GAZE OF THE MULTITUDE.
WE DRAW THE VEIL. FAREWELL FOR THE PRESENT TO THE HOUSE OF TIT.

HARLEQUIN ALUMINIUM; OR, JACK AND THE PHARAOH'S SERPENT.



HE scientific Clown explodes scientific Locomotive with scientific Poker—Scientific Harlequin dances with scientific Columbine—Scientific Pantaloon prepares to be knocked down by Electricity—Fairies are scientifically suspended by Galvanic Batteries—Clown lifts scientific Baby out of Mortar, and prepares to let off Blunderbuss with scientific Gun-cotton—Scientific iron-plated Demons in attendance—Steam Herald proclaims scientific Steam Tournament—Scientific Pantomime Masks arise out of Pharaoh's Serpents—Scientific Puns are conveyed by Electric Telegraph to a scientific Audience—Policeman blown out of a scientific "Armstrong"—Astronomer scientifically shoots the Moon.

COMPANIONS OF THE BATH.

At the late inquiry held by MR. FARNALL about the circumstances attendant on the death of a pauper, supposed to have been hastened by maladministration, in Bethnal Green Workhouse, the porter, JAMES CARDWELL, was examined on divers matters, and, amongst them, touching the discipline of the bath as enforced at that place of punishment for poverty. This officer's examination included the question and answer following:—

"THE COMMISSIONER.—This bath has taps for hot and cold water, I know; now how many people do you usually bathe in the same water? About three."

Of course MR. FARNALL was highly disgusted. The honourable gentleman is himself a Companion of the Bath, but if he has ever had companions in bathing it must have been at the sea-side in the open waves. The idea of bathing in the limited body of water that afforded a bath to two other persons was no doubt first presented to his mind by the statement of MR. CARDWELL, of Bethnal Green Workhouse. Unless, indeed, the account of the bath endured by the writer of "A Night in a Workhouse," and described by him as a quantity of fluid resembling mutton broth, had previously impressed the Inspector's mind with the knowledge of a Companionship of the Bath even much more numerous than that constituted of three persons. The misery of paupers acquaints them not only with strange bedfellows, but also with strange Companions of the Bath. There are, it seems, Companions of the Bath who form a very low order of knighthood. The Order of the Bath and Washhouse includes no Companions like that of the Workhouse, but neither has it any Commanders. The Commanders of the Workhouse Bath appear to be the Board of Guardians, and if they command the Bath that is prepared for three companions, or indeed for more than one person, they are simply beasts.

The Order of Merit.

THE plucky fellow who spent the night in the "casual" shed deserves what he immediately got—the Bath. When he passed out of the gates in the morning, his thoughts must have involuntarily turned to MILTON'S *Paradise Regained*.

A ROMANCE OF COLNEY HATCH.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

IN an interesting memoir on "The Insane," given by the *Times*, you are informed that—

"Some years ago there were in Colney Hatch a young man and a young woman who made each other's acquaintance at one of the monthly balls given for the amusement of the inmates. Mad though they were, they carried on an innocent courtship, and, despite the vigilance of the officials, managed a written correspondence. Both recovered, and, after their discharge, having renewed their courtship, married happily."

The conduct of these persons whilst they were mad does not appear to have differed from that which they pursued when they were supposed to have regained their senses. How common it is for young people, imagined to be sane, to fall in love with one another simply in consequence of making each other's acquaintance at a ball! And then a written correspondence generally ensues, despite the vigilance of parents and guardians. Perhaps it is discovered and put a stop to for a time, after which they renew their courtship, and at last are married—how often happily? Not always, Sir, if ever; and there, in comparison with the world in general, I suspect the advantage is at present on the side of Colney Hatch. Ah, Mr. Punch! In one respect most men seem to be mad whether in or out of a lunatic asylum, and most women appear equally mad to your ancient

Abdera Corner.

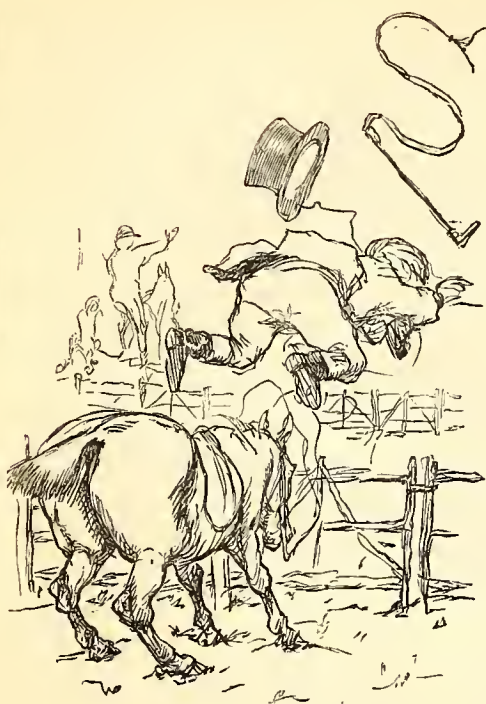
DEMOCRITUS.

Great Virtue in an "If."

GENERAL O'MAHONY, the ex-Head Centre, declares that "If the Senate Faction had not tied his hands, he would, before now, have had an Irish Army on Irish soil, fighting for their independence, and an Irish fleet sweeping English commerce from the ocean." Suppose we put another "if?" If GENERAL MAHONY had attempted anything of the kind, he and his deluded dupes would before now have been picking oakum in Kilmainham gaol, or supping skilley in Dartmoor prison.

THE WORST POSSIBLE NAME FOR AN AUTHOR.—DR. DOZY.

THE CHACE.



PLENDID weather! Glorious sport! Dear *Punch*. Nothing happened to prevent my going out with the hounds, and so I went. TOM REDE mounted me on his bay, and when I had got my stirrups to their proper length, I was ready to cry "Tally-ho!" You know I am never so much at home as when in the saddle. Well, Sir, "we met, 'twas in a crowd," at Hoxley Gorse, and the hounds (they weren't harriers, after all) went to work, in no time, with a low whimper, that gladdened the heart of every true sportsman. With nervous anxiety (I am always dreadfully excited in the hunting-field), I waited for the finding of sly Reynolds. Often as I have been out with the hounds, I have never yet seen a fox; it has always

happened that they haven't found, or if they found I was in another field, or they didn't kill, or if they did kill it was done before I came up; but this time, however, I was in luck. Old Slyboots (that's what we sportsmen call the fox) broke cover just by me. I didn't exactly know what to do. I hardly liked to cry out, "Hi! here's the fox!" in case anybody might have been angry, and sworn at me; and because such conduct might have appeared presumptuous in a visitor. Again, if it hadn't been the fox, I should have looked like a fool. I wouldn't cut at him with my whip, as I don't think that's fair, or sportsmanlike; so I said nothing about it. Presently the hounds got wind of him, and away we all went, gallantly, into the next field. I was just stopping to ask a gentleman if we were in full cry, when everybody set off galloping. I sat myself firmly down in the pig-skin, fixed my hat securely on my head, and followed the lead. At the end of the first field there was a high thick hedge, which we all rode at bravely. Three men in pink went through it, and I was about to follow their example, when the thought struck me, "Will REDE's horse do this?" That's the worst of riding a friend's horse: you're not certain of him; so I turned him a little to the right, and crying, "Yoicks! tally-ho!" away we dashed through the open. "Now," said I to myself, "I'll ride straight, and take my own line." The whole field was streaming away towards a ditch with mud banks on either side. I streamed away with them. This sort of thing wanted a peculiar horse, and I did not feel myself justified in taking my friend's bay at such a place; so, saving my horse as much as possible, with one cut on his flanks, and crying "Over!" I took him over a small sheep bridge.

The hounds were only a field or two ahead, and there was a burning scent, as strong as a pastille. "Now for a burst!" I cried; and lifting my horse over the heavy ground, I urged him forward. There was a magnificent flight of hurdles on the left; I own they were very alluring, but I was determined that nothing should take me out of my straight line, so I kept on. My plucky animal answered the spur, which I had not used till now, and took the next gate in her stride. I was immensely pleased with her: we should have had a rare leap if it had been shut. Here we came up with the hounds, who were "at fault." We found again, and had another burst. REDE told me the mare would take anything. I was delighted to hear this, only I wish I'd known it before, as I'd missed several good things on her account. Now, however, I'd decided that nothing should stop me: and nothing did.

In this meadow was a post and rails; I selected my spot, and firmly gripping my saddle with both knees, I made for it. A stupid idiot of a countryman officiously removed the rails, which were only bars of wood loosely fixed on at each end, and I was obliged to walk through; however, I wouldn't give him sixpence. The pace was telling on the mare, and when we came to the brook, she was considerably pumped. I rode her at it very cautiously, but she refused. I then walked her up to it, but she refused again; thinking that, on the whole, REDE would be better pleased if I didn't push her too hard, I rode for the gate at the side of the field; she would have leapt over this like a kitten, but there was the hard stony road on the other side, which would have shaken her severely. I managed to open it with my hunting crop, but the delay had thrown me out; and though I galloped for two hours more along the roads, in and out of fields, stopping to listen for the horn, or to get information from any countryman, I was

unable to come up with the pack again. Riding homewards, I tried the mare at several little places by way of "larking," as we say; but a mare won't do anything in cold blood. On my return, I told REDE that I didn't think it a *very* difficult country (they all said it was), and that his mare had carried me admirably. My advice to all young sportsmen is, stick to your own line, save your horse, and ride straight.

I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*,
Yours for ever, Tallyho!

MARTIN F. CRUPPER.

THE PLEASANTEST OF THE WORKHOUSES.

An Old Woman's Experience.

["He had gone among the men, and they said that they were perfectly comfortable, as did also the women, in fact one woman, who had been the round of all the workhouses, said she liked to visit Lambeth because it was the most pleasant of them all."—MR. RHODES in Lambeth Vestry on "A Night in a Workhouse."]

FROM Union to Union oft over all London,

I've wandered, and workus with workus compared,
And which I have always found things well at *one* done,

At others nor that owsomedever I fared.
From Poplar to Fulham I've all the way trudged it,

For wot I sez is by experience you learns.
Each one in its turn avin' tried it and judged it,
I arter all fondly to Lambeth returns.

'Tis there they allows yer the stiffest of skilley.

The warmest and thinnest appearance of broth
The water is there for your bath willy-nilly.

Your rug is the thickest and laist fousty cloth.
Your toke there's a little more 'azy to swaller

Than anywheres else are a hunk o' dry bread;
And they gi's yer most ay for to lie in and waller
At Lambeth, when you got to sleep in the shed.

The winter winds elsewhere owls summut more wilder,

And causes wuss draughts to come in through the chinks.
The coughs and colds likewise at Lambeth is milder,

And so is the cussin and swearin, I thinks.
So wen the last drop is sucked out o' the bottle,

And I harn't a copper to buy no more gin,
And got nuffin left for to misen my throttle,
I goes back to Lambeth and there gets took in.

EXPENSIVE BRUTALITY OF A RAILWAY COMPANY.

It is evident that the Directors of the Great Western Railway are men of principle. In a letter written to the *Times* by "OXONIENSIS," it is stated that "Cripsey-meadow (18 acres) is at this moment covered with two feet of water." Yet those gentlemen persist in their intention to establish their factory there. "OXONIENSIS" further says of Cripsey-meadow, that "to make it available, by raising it three feet, for building their carriage-works, will cost them at least £10,000." The considerations, therefore, which have determined them to build those works in that place, are not pecuniary. Their object is to assert the superiority of material interests to those of spirituality and intelligence. They are resolved upon demonstrating that point by the deliberate and contumacious desecration of Oxford. The repose and beauty of that venerable seat of learning they have made up their minds to destroy, though it cost them £10,000 at least. They mean to perpetrate this outrage on refined sentiment in defiance of the educated mind of England. But in thus acting they are prompted by sentiment themselves, only by sentiment of an opposite nature. Do the shareholders share this sentiment? They will share in the expense of its gratification. Are they also willing to lose cash simply for the sake of indulging a snobbish antipathy! As far as they are concerned, might not the parties who propose to lay out £10,000 to make a swamp fit for building purposes when they might save that sum by buying fit land elsewhere, as well take the opportunity afforded them by Cripsey-meadow, now that it is under water, to play at ducks and drakes with the money?

Sensible Magistrate.

MR. DAYMAN advised the S. W. Railway Company to provide Smoking Carriages for their passengers. Let all Railway Companies take the hint; and also provide Lights for *all* the carriages.

BY THE P. AND O. MAIL.

MONDAY, the 25th of December, 1865, is, we regret to say, no more: Christmas Day fell upon it, and after twenty-four hours, poor Monday expired at midnight.

Punch's Table-Talk.

332.

PEOPLE bother me to know why *Punch*, dated Saturday, is published on Wednesday. What the deuce is it to anybody? There are good and sufficient business reasons. Suppose I say that I come out on Wednesday because *Punch* chooses to be beforehand with *Jeudi*.

333.

MR. SALA, in a very delightful letter to the *Daily Telegraph* about Amsterdam, describes the apparition of Saint Nikolaas, at Christmas, with presents for the good children, and birch rods for the naughty ones. He says that in New York similar presents are brought, but no rods, for "in the United States children are never supposed to be naughty." The Americans were BRITANNIA's naughty children, and as they found that her rod did not make them obedient, they learned to laugh at SOLOMON.

334.

Rule Britannia, written, as you all know, by JEMMY THOMSON, in the *Mask of Alfred*, is seldom sung, I think, though one hears the tune sometimes. But there is a mercantile sort of verse which is forgotten, but which in these days of free trade, treaties, and the like, should be revived—

"To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;
All thine shall be the Subject Main,
And Every Shore it circles thine."

335.

I civilly said, "as you all know," though I am blessed if I believe that any of you know anything about it, but I have read my POPE:—

"Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

336.

Many of the shop-signs in Vienna are capitally imagined and brilliantly painted pictures. We have not much of that sort of thing in London, but I saw, the other day, on the side of a miller's covered cart, a large and showy painting of PHARAOH on his throne, and JOSEPH, with two handfuls of wheat, interpreting the King's dream.

337.

Something in QUEVEDO amused me, and may amuse the negrophiles. In his sixth vision, the Don, being Below, sees a merchant whom he had known on earth, and who is roaring. QUEVEDO amiably taunts him, and asks him whether he had not better have been contented with a little, honestly got, than have ruined his soul for a large estate. Illustrating his idea of honesty, the Don adds, "Had you not better have traded in Blacks than in Christians?"

338.

In another vision he sees the Dæmon of Tobacco. "I have," said that devil, "by bringing this Weed into Spain, avenged the Indians for all the Spanish butcheries. Any death is better than for a man to snivel and sneeze himself away, or go off in a meagrim or a spotted fever, which is the ordinary effect of this poisonous weed. It is with tobacco-takers as with demoniacs under exorcism, they fume and vapour, but the Devil sticks to them still." Pass me the cigar-box, please.

339.

One day last winter I lent a man some money, and he gave me his cheque, dated a fortnight in advance. A day or two before it should have gone in, he came to me and said, "Old fellow, I wish you'd keep back that cheque till I give the word *Present*." "If you like, I'll make the word *Fire*," said I, suiting the action to the phrase. Needless to say that he still owes me the money, so I hereby remind him of my epigrammatic generosity.

340.

Touching generosity, if a man simply asks you to be his surety, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, saying that he is your debtor for ever, he most likely speaks the truth. But if he writes you a touching letter, swearing that he will have his right hand burned off before you shall be hurt, you had better lay aside the money at once, as you are sure to be let in.

341.

Another specimen of clerical begging. A new Something is wanted in the poor parish, and a lady has promised to aid the object by buying any good autographs that may be collected. Your autograph is asked. And a card is inclosed, for your signature, opposite to which you find three columns ruled for figures—you *could* not send your name without some little subscription. Well, well.

342.

A talented young Artillery officer writes to me to say that he was laying his gun at Oldshoburnyess the other day, when a sergeant hurried up to tell him that the barometer had fallen half an inch. Thanking the man for the information, my friend proceeded with his

work, when a sergeant-major came up, and said, "Sir, you ought to make allowance for the barometric pressure, and I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you've allowed for the rotation of the earth." He adds that the new pattern sights allow for both. If I were vulgar, there is a new pattern sight which I would take at *him*.

343.

PLINY speaks of some Indians, whom he calls Monosceli. They had only one leg, but so large a foot as to shelter their whole body from the heat of the sun. The description does not convey pleasant ideas of their social life and habits.

344.

But, odd as these Indians were, they were not so odd as the image which the poet in the *Rolliad* offers of an Indian minister, LORD SYDNEY:—

"O had by nature but proportioned been
His strength of genius to his length of chin,
His mighty mind in some prodigious plan
At once with ease had reached to Indostan."

Who said "to China," and muttered "Chin-chin?" Sir, I am ashamed of your levity.

345.

"GRIMM," says PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, "inclined to the opinion that the word Church is derived from Circus." I think that many of our clergy are of the same opinion, for they are always arguing in a circle.

346.

Gallantry in saving lives, in shipwrecks, is to be rewarded, I read, with a national medal. It will be called the Seawater-loo Medal.

347.

St. Cupid will do penance this year of grace, 1866, if saints do works of supererogation. Valentine's day is Ash-Wednesday.

348.

I hope that you have all been to Kensington, where you can see the Seven Cartoons, for the first time. Who knows the subjects of the three lost ones? They are the Stoning of STEPHEN, PAUL's Conversion, and PAUL in prison at Philippi. There is a legend of an eleventh, the Coronation of the Virgin, also lost.

349.

Some fiddler advertises himself in the *Musical World* as "PAGANINI Redivivus." One would not notice his blunder but for his cheek.

350.

My friend the EMPEROR knows—but do you know?—that LOUIS is the same name as CLOVIS. The Celtic *chl* became the aspirated consonant *hl*.

351.

MR. PLANCHÉ. I am addressing you, Sir. I am very much obliged to you for returning to the stage—*Planché redux*. Your Haymarket piece, *Orpheus*, delighted me much, and you have exhibited all your famed skill in dealing with music. I seldom quote BACON & SHAKSPEARE, but in their play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, I find so apt a description of your style that I shall cite it with my own readings. You are "sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without pedantry, and daring without profanity." I drink your health, and your family's, and may they always catch sunbeams in their traps.

352.

Furthermore, MISS NELLY MOORE may, *sine morâ*, take a very high place if she pleases. Among other good gifts, she hath a lady's voice.

353.

My dear fellow, I will not ask a Manager for a box for you. Rich you are, and pay you should. He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together, and it is no longer a friendship but a conspiracy. So says the noble BISHOP TAYLOR, and you would not have me go against a bishop?

354.

It is held by all authorities that there is nothing foppish and effeminate in taking particular care of your beard and moustachio. I like to see the latter elegantly waxed—waxing it by no means implies that your way of life

"Has fallen into the cire and yellow leaf."

355.

COWPER's last biographer maintains that the poet was not rendered insane by his religion, but that on the contrary his ill-ballasted mind received a wholesome impulse from spiritual blasts. The amiable bard could not be angry at this, if he could hear it, for he says—

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not insult me—and no other can."

356.

BACON and I could safely declare All knowledge to be our Province. But smaller men, endeavouring to be cosmical, are apt to be comical.



ARCTIC TRAVELLERS CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF EXPEDITION RECONNOITRING FRIENDLY NATIVE SETTLEMENT WITH A GLASS, IN HOPES OF OBTAINING ASSISTANCE. (Lat. 51° 36' N.; long. 0° 10' W.—Jan. 11th, 1866, 7-15 A.M.)

THE POUNDING OF PORT-HAYTIEN.

(A Fok'sle Ballad by a Bull-dog.)

OF Bull-dog's game we've heered the fame, in the Bull-rings of old,
How though you cut their paws off, they still would keep their hold;
And the British bull-dog breed's the same afloat as 'tis ashore,
Though the bull-ring ain't now the thing, and bull-baits is no more.

The twenty-third of October, at Port-Haytien we lay,
When CAPTAIN WAKE says, "Pipe all hands, the anchor for to weigh;
We'll just put out, and cruize about, at the targets try a round,
'Tain't Bull-dog's sort to lie in port till on beef-bones aground."

As we cleared the bight, we saw a sight set up the Captain's back,
Three craft o' SALNAVE's chasin' one as flew the Union Jack.
"Fire a blank gun to leeward," says CAPTAIN WAKE, says he,
"What's overhauled under that flag, is overhauled by me."

Says CAPTAIN WAKE, "Blacks will be blacks, you can't make 'em true blue;

GEFFRARD calls hisself president, and so does SALNAVE too.
They may cut each other's throats, and welcome too," says he;
"But they must respect the British flag, ashore or on the sea."

The blacks was riled, but drew it mild, for CAPTAIN WAKE they knew,
They saw the Bull-dog had got teeth, and meant to use 'em too:
So we overhauled that British craft, and we convoyed her in;
The blacks they d—d us up in heaps, but we didn't care a pin.

Insulting the QUEEN's uniform, warning our boats from land,
Threatening to cut the Captain's throat, was 'ard enough to stand;
Till it came to taking prisoners from beneath our Consul's flag—
Then, says WAKE, says he, "This must not be—I must take down your brag!"

Then SALNAVE's fleet and forts ran up the red flag to the fore,
And trained each gun till dead upon the Bull-dog's bows it bore:

Long Tom, ten-inch, four thirty-tvos—there in Cape Haytien Bay,
No bark, all bite, decks cleared for fight, the little Bull-dog lay.

We warned the town, for we knew our fire would hot and harmful be:
Took aboard some British subjects as swam under our lee:
Then up steam for Port Acul, put our passengers ashore,
Lay there that night, and with the day back to Cape Haytien bore.

The Voldroque and three schooners lay on our starboard bow,
On our lee, besides Fort Picolet, shore-batteries enow:
Says WAKE, "I'm loth to harm a town, that's done no harm to me,
Lay guns the best that gunners can, shot and shell will make free!"

"And why waste shot? With all we've got we'll have enough to do,
A silencing Fort Picolet, and them shore batteries too.
We've soundings here six fathom clear, as from my charts I learn,
We draws fourteen-ten by the stem, and fourteen by the stern.

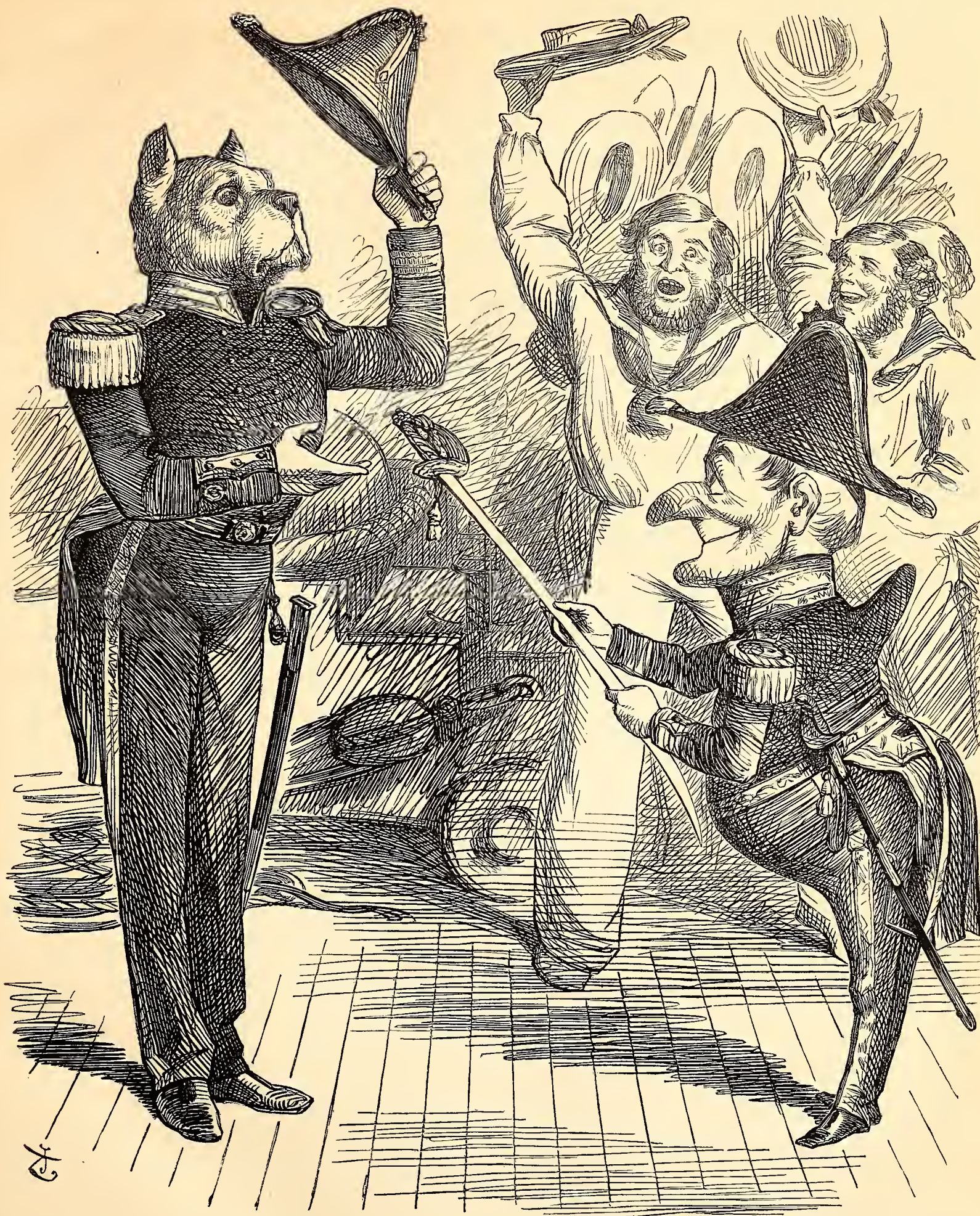
"Stand by the engines, Engineers, give her a head of steam,
Steer, coxswain, at the Voldroque, aim straight at her port beam.
And when she strikes, back engines, clear of the wreck to slue,
And then stand by, to lower the boats and save the floating crew.

"Go half-steam past Fort Picolet, give it 'em hot and hot,
And if they give the same they get, and I should catch a shot,
Here's WAX, my First Lieutenant, has his epaulettes to win;
He knows the chart, he'll con you out, as I have conned you in."

We took shot, grape, and rifle-balls at half-speed and short range:
Our ship was hulled, our men went down, but we gave 'em back their change:

"By the mark, six!" the leadsman sung, but, afore another cast,
'Twas shoal-water at two fathom, and the ship stuck hard and fast.

As far aft as the main rigging we lay in shells and sand,
For the Voldroque, artful varmint, had shifted near the land:
'Twas "Start tanks, blow out fore-boilers, port-guns aft, get on the strain,
Back engines, lay stream-cable out astarn!" but all in vain.



ADMIRAL PUNCH DOES JUSTICE TO CAPTAIN WAKE.

“AND HERE’S THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN WAKE, AND WHILE WE SAIL THE SEA,
MAY BRITISH BULL-DOGS ALWAYS FIND CAPTAINS AS STOUT AS HE,
THAT’S ALL FOR BITING WHEN THEY BITE, AND NONE FOR BARK AND BRAG,
AND THINKS LESS ABOUT COURT-MARTIALS THAN THE HONOUR OF THE FLAG!”

There we lay for to be peppered—Lord, how the darkies cheered! For they saw we couldn't float her, and they thought that we was queered.

"I know a game worth two o' that," says CAPTAIN WAKE, says he. "How Bull-dogs bite, when they can't budge, we'll let these niggers see."

A shell apiece from our Long Tom, and down they went like stones, The *Voldrogue* and her consorts, to the claws o' DAVY JONES. "Now shut up them land-lubbers, their big guns and their small," And hot and hot we sarved it out, till the night began to fall.

We'd three hours' ammunition left, our crew was spent beside, We'd done our best to get her off—no more was to be tried: "Afore I leave the *Bull-dog*, their trophy for to be," Says CAPTAIN WAKE, "I'll sink her to the bottom of the sea."

The Master and Lieutenants for their counsel was called on, He argued it out with 'em, they agreed with him *nem. con.*; We'd powder left to blow her up, though we'd not enough to fight, So the gunner laid his fuses, and we put off in the night.

We'd not pulled off a cable's length, when there came a sudden glare, And then a roar, and when next we looked, the deuce a ship was there; And we said, "God bless the old *Bull-dog*!" and we swallowed down our tears,

And by way of funeral sarvice we guv the old ship three cheers!

And here's three cheers for CAPTAIN WAKE, and while we sail the sea,

May British Bull-dogs always find Captains as stout as he, That's all for biting when they bite, and none for bark and brag, And thinks less about Court-martials than the honour of the flag!

THE THEATRES.

I HAVE, in the popular character of a Theatrical Casual, been to more theatres; and the Christmas month is over. The compositions of M. OFFENBACH are at a premium, and the extracts from his *Ching-chow-hi* (so charmingly done at MR. GERMAN REED'S last year) suit no place better than Covent Garden, with its exhibition of old and young China. But, oh! *Mr. Punch*! those PAYNES! What inimitable pantomimists! PAYNE, the sire, does the Magician, and to see him emptying the contents of the cruets into his drink, and turning his Slave *Kassarac* round with his back to the pie because he has got a sneezing fit, is worth the price of the front row of stalls any night of the week. The comic business, generally so dull, is excellent; there being in it some genuine fun. As a rule, how conventional and unimaginative are these pantomimic artists. They have eight months to prepare, and are obliged in the end to betake themselves to the most venerable practical jokes, and the most pointless kind of fun. Why, a walk through the principal thoroughfares, will give you a heartier laugh, an you be a philosopher of *Master Motley's* school, than the scenes provided by these jesters after the cogitation of months. A little lady from Brighton, Miss RACHEL SANGER, plays *Aladdin* capitally.

In a cab-tandem, with mischievous boy performing a daring act of horsemanship on the leader, (it was after that great snow-storm,) I visited the City of London Theatre, the Standard, and the Victoria. Like the Captain of the gallant *Thunderbomb*, we, that is friends and self, "werry much applauded what they'd done" to please the public; the Vic. being particularly good. But, on the whole, Astley's is the best for children; while the transformation scene is certainly the most effective in London.

As for *Society* at the Prince of Wales's, I am in a small minority: it disappointed me. It is sketchy and crude. The lover has an excellent opportunity for a bit of real acting afforded him, which he loses by such utterly farcical by-play with his watch as may make the thoughtless, indeed, laugh, but the judicious grieve. Miss WILTON is charming. The situation where everyone borrows five shillings from every one else, evinces want of careful stage management. How comes it that the Stage Manager allows *Lord Ptarmigan's* page to pick up the meerscham pipe with the sugar-tongs, and walk off as though he were a marionette on wires? To be honourably mentioned is MR. MONTGOMERY, as an Irishman on the Press. To be eulogised, sky high, is MR. HARE, who plays *Lord Ptarmigan*, a frigid, sleepy member of the Hare-istocracy. MR. HARE having completely identified himself with this character, I was sorry to see him afterwards playing *Zerlina* in the burlesque of *Don Giovanni*, which is one of the lightest, most sparkling, and merriest of MR. BYRON'S productions.

MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, as Clown, amuses the St. James's audience, but I'd rather see a pantomime, thank you.

Rip Van Winkle keeps the Adelphi full, and the folks thoroughly wide awake; the scene where MR. JEFFERSON goes to sleep, ought to be laid in the Land of Nod, with views of yawning chasms; but it isn't.

The *Master of Ravenswood* is a remarkable play for several reasons:

first, because Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ only pouts twice and cries once; secondly, because MR. VEZIN plays without scowling; thirdly, because *Caleb Balderstone* occasionally appears to be in danger of running into the Irish brogue; and fourthly, because of the last scene, at which I shall go to have another look.

Never Too Late to Mend does excellently well without a Christmas attraction, and the Strand, with its capitally acted *L'Africaine*, or the *Queen of the Cannibal Islands*, is nightly crowded. I have not seen *Nelly's Trials*. MR. BROUGHAM is its author, and MR. BROUGHAM has gone, some time since, to America. What an ovation of thanks he will receive from a Drama-loving public on his return. Never let it be forgotten that it is to his genius we owe *Caught in the Toils* and *The Child of the Sun*.

There is another Extravaganza in town, which a young slangy friend of mine told me was "pickles." I did not clearly understand his meaning, but my curiosity has been excited.

Henry Dunbar occupies every seat in the Olympic, and is, on the whole, the best played piece in town.

The public may be a Hass, but it recognises good acting, and applauds with a will *Rip Van Winkle*, *Lord Ptarmigan*, *Hayston of Bucklaw*, *Jacky*, and *Henry Dunbar & Co.* The festive season has nigh passed away: farewell to plum pudding, farewell to turkey, roast beef, twelfth cake, and to Mr. Clown's red-hot poker. I am weary. I will soothe myself with a song from MR. MACCABE, or I will hie me to Exeter Hall for *Judas Maccabæus*. Adieu.

DE ASINIS NIL NISI BONUM.

"MR. GRIMWADE (good name in the circumstances) called attention to the disgraceful state of the City during the late snow, and asked whether any thing would be done to prevent the citizens from having to wade through similar filth in future.

"MR. DEPUTY BONE said that if MR. GRIMWADE would inform the Commissioners when another storm would take place (*oh! and laughter*), preparations would be made."—*Common Council*, Jan. 19.

MR. DEPUTY BONE, MR. DEPUTY BONE,
Till we read your address, Sir, your name was unknown;
But the fact through the trumpet of Fame shall be blown,
That a very great creature is DEPUTY BONE.

So clever, so witty. When London should blush
For her streets ankle-deep in filth, snowbroth, and slush,
And complaint is addressed to her Government's ear,
The answer is BONE's idiotical jeer.

For this, you BONASSUS, next time we have snow,
Down, bang, let us hope, in foul mud you will go:
And rising, bedaubed, mid the laughter of men,
Let us see if you look like a Funny BONE then.

And to make it more pleasant, just then may you view
Some great civic Don who demands your *ko-too*;
And who'll say, as you bob with a grin and a groan,
"Why, you look like a mud-lark, you DEPUTY BONE."

When SAMSON the Strong made a rush on his foes,
We know whence he snatched up the weapon he chose:
Had the scene been the City, all parties must own,
He'd have found what he wanted in DEPUTY BONE.

OPERA FOR THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

THE Correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Paris, writing about the Italian Opera there, says:—

"The Manager has found it necessary to raise the price of admission on the PATTI nights, as that popular *artiste* demands no less than 3000 francs, or £120, for each representation. It seems to be the policy of M. BAGIER, the Manager, to pay the most extravagant prices to a few of the more rare singing birds, while the utmost economy is practised in the general production of an opera as regards subordinate singers, chorus, and *mise en scène*. This mode of conducting the Italian Opera at Paris is a subject of some discussion in society and the Parisian Press."

There is, however, not much to be said about it. The first consideration of every Manager is to make all the money he can. He must, therefore, pay just as much as is necessary, and as little as is sufficient, for that purpose. If his patrons care only for the voices of a few principal singers in an opera, he has to provide them with the voices at any price that will remunerate himself, and to get the rest of the music done at as cheap a rate as will not render it too bad even for them. His audience consists of persons who are sensitive to quality of a PATTI's voice, but obtuse to the meaning of a MOZART's music. The development of their ears is very great, and that of their mental faculties is very small. It is not the fault but the misfortune of a Manager, whether in London or Paris, that he is under the necessity of pandering to asinine perceptions.



A POSER.

Mr. Brown. "THAT WINE, SIR, HAS BEEN IN MY CELLAR FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS COME LAST CHRISTMAS! FOUR-AND-TWENTY—YEARS—SIR!"

Mr. Green (desperately anxious to please). "HAS IT REALLY, SIR? WHAT MUST IT HAVE BEEN WHEN IT WAS NEW?"

HOW BIBER WENT DOWN TO THE REGIONS BELOW.

AT the 'meeting for promoting Reform in Convocation (much wanted—the reform, that is) the REV. DR. BIBER, Vicar of Roehampton, "had no hesitation in saying that if Convocation had been sitting, the Divorce Act, *which had flooded the land with immorality*, would never have been passed."—*Times' Report.*

Punch, the jester and the giber,
Thus remarks to DOCTOR BIBER:—
If a room is very dirty,
'Tis a prudent practice, *certè*,
Not to suffer sun or candle
To intrude and show the scandal.
So black beetles, mice, and vermin,
Doubtless would, if asked, determine:
But a tidy housewife mutters
"Sluts!"—and flings back doors and shutters,
And the sight of floor and rafter
Promises a clean hereafter.
She's the Act our priest abuses,
Who with cause effect confuses,
Till a wit might found a farce on
Muddle like this talk of parson.
Now, as our good-natured nation
Simply laughs at Convocation,
And regards its grunts and grumbles
As the utterances of Bumbles,
Punch, the jester and the giber,
Blandly bonnets bungling BIBER.

ENFORCE RESPONSIBILITY.

CAPTAIN WAKE, late of H. M. S. *Bull-dog*, was called upon to defend the honour of the British flag. He did so, gallantly, skilfully, and successfully. But, in so doing, he met with an accident which nothing but clairvoyance would have enabled him to avoid; he ran aground and had to blow up his ship. Therefore a Court Martial has adjudged him to be dismissed the ship which no longer exists. It is a pity that this part of the sentence cannot well be inflicted. He was also adjudged to be severely reprimanded. This is as it should be. The example thus made will encourage other officers, circumstanced as CAPTAIN WAKE was, to incur responsibility as readily as he did.

A FAST TO BRING DOWN BUTCHERS' MEAT.

A DEPUTATION, headed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, waited yesterday on SIR GEORGE GREY at the Home Office, for the purpose of requesting the Right Hon. Baronet to recommend Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to issue an Order in Council appointing a General Fast Day on account of the high price of butchers' meat.

His Grace, the ARCHBISHOP, having stated the object of the deputation,

SIR GEORGE GREY replied, that whatever might be thought of the propriety or utility of proclaiming a fast on the occasion of some calamities, there could be no doubt that the price of butchers' meat was an evil for which fasting would be a very appropriate remedy, and would indeed prove an effectual cure, if persevered in long enough. The effect of a single fast day, however, would be small unless miraculous, even though it should be strictly observed. But did not the observance of a fast day, by the bulk of the community, consist chiefly in going to the Crystal Palace, or on some other excursion?

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said there was too much reason to fear that such was the case as regarded the inhabitants of the Metropolis. But good ground existed for trusting that, throughout the country, days of fasting and humiliation were religiously observed.

SIR GEORGE GREY was afraid that the observance of both fasting and humiliation was confined to the humbler classes, whose humiliation was chronic and involuntary, and who would not fast if they could help it; but the majority of the agricultural labourers in the rural districts, as far as abstinence from meat went, fasted from necessity nearly all the year round. There was no compelling the richer classes to fast against their inclination. The fourteenth of next month would be Ash Wednesday, when Lent would commence, and people would fast or not as they chose. Even the Clergy were not obliged to fast unless they were Curates with stipends inadequate to beef and mutton. He did not see any good in Government attempting to anticipate the regular

fasting season, especially as they had no power to enforce its observance. But if everybody would rigorously abstain from flesh during the whole of Lent, he thought that would be the likeliest thing to bring the butchers to their senses. Could not the Clergy do their best to persuade their congregations to practise total abstinence from meat throughout the whole period extending between Shrove Tuesday and Easter, unless indeed the price of meat should, as would probably be the case, fall in the meanwhile to a reasonable figure?

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, on the part of the Clergy, thanked the Right Hon. Baronet for his suggestion; which he was sure his reverend brethren would do their utmost by precept if not by example, to persuade their congregations to put in practice.

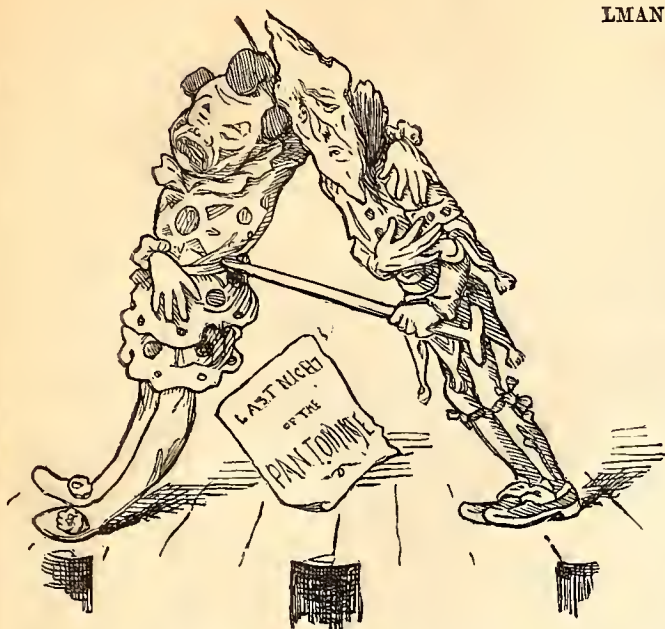
The deputation then withdrew.

LITTLE PLAYS AND LARGE POSTERS.

WE wonder where the mania for big posters will stop. Really they seem to grow bigger every day, and there is scarce a street in London which is not defaced by these hideous monstrosities. The theatres are perhaps the greatest of offenders. No matter how little is the new piece they produce, the largest of large letters are employed to give us notice of it.

Now, are there really many playgoers whom placards can attract? Are plays so unattractive that a good house cannot be got without this broadcast use of paper? The work of advertising a new play is best done by the public. Let your piece be really bad, and it cannot much be helped by puffery and posters. Let your play be really good, and every audience will advertise its merit and attractions. Depend upon it, gentlemen, what you spend upon bad ink might be far more profitably spent upon good writing. If what is wasted on dead walls were paid to living writers, a great eyesore in our streets would be happily removed, and great good would be done to the condition of the drama.

SIXPENNYWORTH OF CHARITY.



ALMANACKS are well nigh as plentiful as partridges; in every field of literature there is a large covey of them. From scavengers to stationers, from chimney-sweeps to churchmen, nearly every profession has its own especial almanack, adapted expressly to its own especial use, while *Punch's Almanack* alone is fitted for the service of the universal world. The stage has its almanack as well as the pulpit; and, lest the sanctified should turn up their noses at the work, all the profits of its sale are given away in charity, which fact surely must suffice for the disarmament of critics. The present is the tenth year of

this little publication; and as its proceeds are devoted to a sick fund for the stage, full many an actor, doubtless, in these ten years they have helped.

Anybody, therefore, with a sixpence he can spare, will do wisely and well to buy with it the new *Dramatic Almanack*. A sixpence one can spare somehow never long remains with one, and this is a much better way of spending this small sum than profligately wasting it in buying a cigar, or a couple of brace of oysters, or

any other quickly evanescent luxury, which is pretty sure to tempt one till the spare sixpence is spent. The reflection that "to-day I have given the sum of sixpence towards a most deserving charity," will be pleasant to record in one's diary or cash-book, and may sweeten one's perusal of the varied information which the Almanack contains. Probably not three men in a thousand are aware that BRIGHAM YOUNG is the proprietor of a theatre in Utah, that somebody in Bedlam once wrote something for the stage, and that *Bombastes Furioso* was first played at the Haymarket in 1810. Plenty of such interesting knowledge he may gain by laying out his sixpence in buying the *Dramatic Almanack*, and by so doing he will usefully invest his hoarded wealth in purchasing a good sixpenny-worth of charity.

Progress in Patent Medicine.

THE following articles are on sale at the Institute of Quackery:—

Antibilious Oyster-sauce.
Cosmetic Brandy.
Digestive Hardbake.
Cough Champagne.
Gout and Rheumatic Burgundy.
Pectoral Jam.
Stomachic Cigars.
Antiscorbutic Yorkshire Pies.

SHAME!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

INDIGNATION MEETING OF GUARDIANS.

IN consequence of the recent disclosures which have been made by an Individual who in the garb of a pauper made his way into one of the workhouses, and detected various malpractices, a meeting of many of the metropolitan Guardians was held, a few nights since, at the well-known Cow and Cheesemonger Tavern, for the purpose of considering the situation. MR. BUMBLE was unanimously voted into the chair.

The CHAIRMAN said that he didn't know as many words was expected from him. They all knew as well as him that an un-English and spy system had been inogurated by a journal he should not bemean hisself by putting a name to, and another journal, whose name he should ekally scorn to mention, had thought proper to copy the same, whereby the Public was made aware of many things that was no business of its. He would leave the matter in the ands of other gentlemen. (Cheers.)

MR. SERBRUS said that if this sort of thing was to go on, nobody would be safe. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (groans) pretended to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and yet it would send a party (he would not call him a gentleman though he did hire a brougham) to steal into a workhouse at the dead of night, and under false pretences spy upon the nakedness of the land. What official could keep his place, if he was liable to be taken unawares in that manner? When real gentlemen, like SIR GEORGE GREY, whose philanthropy extended to officials as well as the rabble, wanted to see an establishment, they sent word beforehand, and the result was most satisfactory. (Cheers.) He only wished that the fellow had come to his, MR. SERBRUS's quarters, and he had had an inkling of his character. He should have had no reason to complain of the water in the bath, so long as the yard pump had a handle to it. (Cheers.)

MR. BANGBEGGAR said that the spy system was hinfamous, and he had heard as every one of the workhouses was to be visited in like manner, and the managements was to be showed up without warrant or warning. (Sensation.) He should advise that a detective, who had been accustomed to West End society should be engaged, on the sly of course, at each workhouse, as he, MR. BANGBEGGAR, was certain that by law a man could be punished for asking relief when he was not in a condition according. It would be turning the tables fine to have the gentleman-spy up before the Beak.

MR. GRINDFACES said that the name of Beak made him sick, they talked such nonsense about the lower classes. Why, even supposing that all that had been said was true, and much more, what right had paupers to anything better? Under wiser law-makers than they had now, a pauper was regarded as a criminal, and if he got feeding he got flogging, and unless something like it was tried, respectable tradesmen who had cheated in the same shop for years (Sensation)—he begged pardon, it was a lapsus lingo, he meant who had resided in the same neighbourhood for years, would find their rates what it would be very unpleasant to pay. (Applause.)

MR. SURLY said that they were met in private, there were no infernal

reporters present, and he should speak his mind. He was chose to keep down the rates, and he knew no other duty. That was his business. As for hard words, they broke no bones. He could give a Beak as good cheek as a Beak could give him, as they knew. They couldn't cheek the papers, no doubt, but what could the papers do to them? The class as chose him and his likes cared no more for newspaper articles than for the squeaking of pigs. He thought the meeting was making a fuss about nothing, and that if anything the revelations, as they were called, did good, as showing to the rate-payers that every saving was made as could be made. (Applause.)

MR. CHEESEPARING said that the least said was the soonest mended, and if they held their noise the public would forget all about the matter in a week. He thought with the preceding speaker, that they were much too afraid of the newspapers. Let them imitate the railway people, and the aldermen, and the scavengers, and the like, and take no notice of scribble. (Applause.)

MR. PINCHER said that the last two gentlemen had spoken good sense. The spying was as mean as mean could be, and he wished he had had the bathing of the gent who went to Lambeth. But it would all blow over—the public liked a bit of sensation, but that was all, and he advised his friends to take things easy. The next murder would drive it all out of people's heads. If respectable prints liked to publish the conversation of the dregs of the earth and the scum of the universe, he did not admire their taste, but he did not care a brass farthing what was said about him.

The last speakers being considered to express the sentiments of the Guardians, and the policy they should adopt, the business terminated, and the reporter, disguised as a waiter, left the room, to order glasses all round.

BURGLARS AND BLACKBIRDS.

A TELEGRAM from Florence actually announces that:—

"The KING OF PRUSSIA has conferred upon KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle."

What are the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle? The jemmy and centrebit? These are the emblems that would most truthfully express the nature and quality of that rapacious bird. How wonderful is the KING OF PRUSSIA's effrontery in assuming to enrol the KING OF ITALY among the Knights of the Black Eagle! He might as well pretend to constitute KING HONESTMAN one of St. Nicholas's Clerks. It is to be hoped that VICTOR-EMMANUEL has had too much respect for himself to accept decorations, which, whatever may be their shape, are the symbols of plunder and bloodshed.

MARITIME LAW.

THE Law of Libel does not apply to a "running down" case. The parties are not in the same boat.



“READY!”

Emily. “WHAT’S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, MAMMA?”

Master Harry. “WHY, BEING LOCKED UP IN THE PANTRY! I SHOULD CONSIDER IT SO!”

EXETER HALL SPITE.

Now, if we were about to speak of a worldly and carnal writer, instead of one who is of Exeter Hall, Hallish, we should describe the following paragraph, which appears, in large print, in MR. BRIGHT’S organ, as a specimen of the smallest spite and impertinence:—

“BRIGADIER GENERAL NELSON.—This officer, respecting whose movements there has been considerable speculation during the last few weeks, sailed for Jamaica yesterday in the *La Plata*. MR. WILLIAM MORGAN, the solicitor retained by the Anti-Slavery Society and the Jamaica Committee, shares the same berth with him. The coincidence is certainly a remarkable one; and if the Brigadier is at all communicative, he may possibly save MR. MORGAN some trouble. At all events it may fairly be assumed that he will feel more surprise than pleasure when he learns who his companion is, and what is the mission which takes him to Jamaica.”

Firstly, from the above charming paragraph the world may learn, if it cares to know, that Exeter Hall and the Baptists have hired an attorney, who goes to Jamaica to do his best or worst against GOVERNOR EYRE. Secondly, that the gentlemanly employers of this attorney would like him to avail himself of the sociality usually created on a voyage, and to “pump” GENERAL NELSON, who was in the confidence of the Governor of Jamaica. Thirdly, that the same gentlemanly set derive pleasure from the idea of the gallant officer’s being annoyed at finding himself shut up with a person who is engaged to do GOVERNOR EYRE and his friends all the mischief possible. By the way, the *he* we have italicised makes it doubtful as to the party who is to be surprised—the pious paragraph-maker was in such a hurry to be spiteful that he forgot his grammar. But we imagine that much of this holy spite will be defeated. We never heard of MR. MORGAN, but many attorneys are the jolliest and best fellows going, and he may be one of the better class, and if so, MR. MORGAN and GENERAL NELSON have by this time become capital friends, and very likely MR. MORGAN has been thoroughly amused with GENERAL NELSON’S anecdotes of black baptists and nigger sermons as ARTEMUS WARD would have been. Finally, the amateur commission may do what it likes, but the real commission will, in all probability, confirm the verdict which society has long since given—as every one knows except a *clique*—namely,

that a house was on fire, and that the firemen who put it out worked with a will and successfully. Englishmen do not, on such occasions, make a riot because some of the water may have broken a few windows, even though they were the windows of a Baptist chapel.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

Is matrimony one of the liberal arts? We ask this having in view two young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose hands are already united as often as they can be conveniently. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to couple with the polite economy of “No cards,” the tender denial of “No company.”

There is something sarcastic and significant in those feminine titles which have been bestowed on Woman by Man—that gorgeous nomenclator. Matrimony, of course, is her perpetual target, and if a lady does not hit it, she continues till domesday a Miss.

The Lambeth Catch.

(Scarcely altered from SHAKESPEARE.)

UNDER the GREENWOOD shed
Who loves to go to bed,
And tune his husky note
To paupers’ coughing throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
Such thin Skillèe
Keep body and soul together.

A THOUGHT IN THE DARK.—The haunted chamber is often hung with tapestry. Gob(e)lins of course.

DREAMS OF THE TWO EMPERORS.



with me. (a most energetic fellow, though now too much given to growling and roaring), not scavenge from the streets, trucks carrying nothing that stopped the way more than—
 “Polisson!” said LOUIS, poking me in the ribs with his forefinger: oddly enough, I feel it now.”

Toby winked: he had no more moved than the unhappy Pompeian sentinel on duty. “The EMPEROR said,” MR. PUNCH, continued—
 “I forbade engines to scream in or within five miles of the Metropolis, and I took away all their powers of building bridges over the streets until they had invented some way of running trains on them without any noise.”

“Or,” I observed, said MR. PUNCH to himself, ‘until the horses should get accustomed to them.’ ‘That’s Irish,’ said LOUIS. I explained that I was not for an age or a place, but for any age and every country. ‘*Je vous crois, mon enfant,*’ said the EMPEROR, quoting PAUL of the Adelphi. I made in one hour, a clear way from the National Gallery to Westminster Abbey; I turned on the water in the Trafalgar Square fountains; I turned off the pepper-casters from the gallery; I, with my own hands, placed the four lions at the base of Nelson’s Column.’ He looked grave at the mention of this hero, but went on quickly, ‘and I beheaded or shot all builders who would not build good substantial houses; I swept with one prodigious mortar all organs, German bands, and wandering minstrels from the streets; I gave *Punch* his safe corners for exhibition out of compliment to—’ ‘Don’t mention it,’ I said. We shook hands. ‘I tied up all who would not tie up or muzzle their dogs; I reorganised all workhouses and prisons, and ordered that all owners and drivers of water-carts should be flogged once a-day until they came out when they were wanted; I trebled the number of police, and told them that LOUIS expected every man to do his duty; I visited prisons for debt, sponging-houses, and found that poor debtors, in for small sums, were obliged to pay eighteen shillings for a dinner, two guineas for a private room, and were at the mercy of their gaolers. These gaolers of sponging-houses, Sir, I whipped and dismissed, and ordered one moderate tariff to be observed; and I discriminated between the honest, but unfortunate man, and the miscalculating

H!” cried MRS. JUDY.

“I’ve dreamt,” said MR. PUNCH, who was by this time (11.30 A.M., being an early riser), in his flowered dressing-gown.

“Dreamt that you dwelt in marble halls?” inquired MRS. JUDY, yawning.

“No, my dear,” returned her husband, seriously, sipping his early chocolate, “I dreamt that I met somebody else, who had also dreamt—in fact, I dreamt,” continued MR. PUNCH, meditatively, “that he dreamt that—” Here he paused, and extricated himself from the meshes of his sentence.

Toby sat up for toast.

“What *did* you dream?” asked MADAME, becoming lazily interested.

“Curiosity thy name is JULIA!” said MR. PUNCH, playfully placing a morsel of *rôtie* on Toby’s nose.

Toby waited for the word “three.”

MR. PUNCH forgot all about him and his toast.

“I dreamt,” said MR. PUNCH, more apparently as a confidence between himself and the fire-irons, than as addressing his fair spouse, “that I was in Paris at the Tile-Kilns; the Tuileries,” MR. PUNCH explained, “having been a place where hats, or tiles, were made, and crowns fitted—”

“Yes,” said JULIA.

MR. PUNCH was pleased with the interruption, and continued without noticing it, while Toby sat on his hind legs, anxiously regarding his master, but by him disregarded.

“At the Tile-Kilns, talking to my dear cousin LOUIS, who told me that he had had a dream.” Here, in memory of his cousin, MR. PUNCH lighted a fragrant Havannah.

Toby winced, but the toast remained undisturbed.

“Said LOUIS to me,” resumed MR. PUNCH, inspecting the lighted end of his cigar, “‘I dreamt I was King of England. Odd, that!’” MR. PUNCH studied the bars of the fire-place for a second, and then went on. “‘Yes,’ said LOUIS to me, ‘I dreamt that I had autocratic metropolitan power for a short time in London.’”

“What did your Majesty do?” I asked.

“What! I found all your municipal authorities talking, and I worked. I began, Sir, by making a clean sweep of such places as Holywell Street; and from Charing Cross to the City there was one grand broad way.” I suggested,” said MR. PUNCH, musingly, “that St. Paul’s was a difficulty. ‘Bah!’ replied the EMPEROR, ‘I knocked Paternoster Row down, and demolished the crannies, the old houses, the nooks, and alleys, while the Dean and Chapter were in bed. I took away the railings that guard the Cathedral, and SIR CHRISTOPHER’S work seemed, with a new lease of life, to rise majestically towards Heaven. Then, Sir, aided by the Unicorn from the Royal Arms, I tunnelled London, diverting the heavy traffic of vans and waggons from the public thoroughfares. Then, Sir, the Lion co-operating lashed with his tail the scavengers who did Lady So-and-So’s carriage,’ I suggested.

swindler. Then, Sir, I took command of the Fire Brigade, and kicked Vestrymen and Beadles into the Thames. I instituted new machinery for water supplies. I compelled theatrical Managers to pay authors according to their success, and I beheaded a dozen picture dealers. I flogged all cab-drivers found loitering, and appointed many new and convenient stands. Then, Sir, I hung most of the Directors of Gas Companies; then, Sir, I re-organised the Gas Companies; and then, Sir, I lighted London. 'Your Majesty has done well; admirably,' I said, 'and I wish that some one would do all you dreamt you did. You have improved Paris; but I can suggest to you something, which, without setting the Seine on fire, might give you a notion for lighting your small streets, if you'd permit'—but it seemed to me that while I was talking, the EMPEROR lighted a fuzee and applied it to a mortar which was to blow all the nuisances to—"

"Where?" asked JULIA, awaking for the second time during her husband's narration.

MR. PUNCH made no reply. Turning to *Toby* he said, "Ah! Cerberus! One, two, three."

Toby tossed the morsel one half-inch up in the air, snapped at, and swallowed it. Patience was rewarded, and MR. PUNCH went to his shower-bath.

A CAUTION TO CRITICS.

OH, be careful, brethren of the goosequill, or the steel pen, how ye criticise great writers! A caution to presumptuous critics is afforded by the censure comprised in the following extract from a dramatic notice of the *Jealous Wife*, in one of our contemporaries:—

"DR. JOHNSON observes of this play, 'that, though not written with much genius, it was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded near twenty nights.' A strangely-constructed sentence, and one which, had it come from any other pen than his own, would undoubtedly have been visited with severe censure by the surly critic of Bolt Court. The only interpretation of which DR. JOHNSON's words are grammatically susceptible is that the comedy (for there is no mention of a theatre) was crowded for near twenty nights—an observation which, if not absolute nonsense, is exceedingly like it."

The mighty HOMER sometimes nods—and so does DR. JOHNSON. The writer of the passage above quoted, however, is mistaken in supposing that he has caught the kindly critic of Bolt Court napping. Let him turn out the verb "To Crowd" in "the great Lexicographer's" folio *Dictionary*. Therein he will find one of its meanings, with an illustrative quotation, stated as follows:—

"3. To incumber by multitudes.
How short is life! Why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?"—*Granville*.

If a monarch can be said to be crowded, so can a play. The possibility of being crowded is not the exclusive attribute of an interior cavity. For the sake of elegance an American young lady may say that she is crowded with a variety of things which she has eaten, but she would speak quite as correctly, at least, in saying that she was crowded by persons thronging about her. A play might be incumbered by too large an audience, and hindered from proceeding, if the people in the pit clambered over the orchestra, and pressed on to the stage. Short of being crowded to this extent, a play may be said to be crowded as it were. DR. JOHNSON was right in saying that *The Jealous Wife* was crowded for nearly twenty nights. We, too, may with equal propriety, say that *Henry Dunbar* is crowded every evening.

PHILOSOPHIC SLEEP.

WE read that a physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely at the age of 109, has left it on record in his will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the N. and his heels to the S., so that the magnetic current passed through him, and increased his vitality.

There is no reason why everybody, who wants to be 109, should not try the means thus recommended, though we see chances of much compensatory irritation in the rows that Materfamilias and other masters of families will make about the disarrangement of bed-room furniture. The idea of sticking a bed across a room, because the couch in its present position stands E. and W. will, under a proper despotism, be simply impossible. But supposing the plan to be adopted, it will be necessary to put one's pocket compass by the bed-side as a companion to one's watch. Then, again, are we to sleep by the true north or the magnetic north? This question would have occurred to *Mr. Shandy's* father, when on the subject of diagonals. Is a sleeping husband to be aroused by a shrill warning, "Now, *Mr. Caudle*, there you lie snoring at N.N.W., and to-morrow you will want the doctor; but don't think I'm going to send for him, to have his orders laughed at." It will be touching to behold the young matron, when at the couch where infant Beauty sleeps, Her pensive watch (and compass) the silent mother keeps. "CHARLIE, dear, do not roll round to the West in that manner!—have not I promised to take you to see CHANG, if you will only sleep North and South?" And the mode of salutation will be improved. "Why,

BRICKS, my boy, how well you look! Where did you buy your compass, I think mine wants rectification, for I get the awfulest nightmares?" The word of command to the juvenile household will no longer be "Go to bed." but "Come, time to box the compass, young folks." How far an iron bedstead, like an iron ship, may affect the needle, will also have to be considered. However, live and learn. Sensible people already isolate their beds, on glass saucers, as they do pianofortes, to be cut off from all electric currents, but the Magdeburg dodge is clearly more philosophical,

"Controlling, by obeying, Nature's powers,"

as the Laureate admirably says. So now, who wants to be 109?

LOYALTY.

WHENEVER the Prince goes to enjoy a day's shooting he meets with "enthusiastic receptions." Surely these demonstrations must rather spoil H.R.H.'s sport. Dramatically considered, our notion of one of these receptions would be something like this:—

[H.R.H. at covert-side, loads; Crowd from Neighbouring Village cheer. H.R.H. bows his acknowledgments, and disappears into the wood.

H.R.H. (re-appearing at a quiet corner, to himself). Now, I shall get a chance of a shot.

[Noise within covert; popping. Pheasant making for H.R.H.'s corner.

H.R.H. (preparing to bag his bird: to himself). I shall have a capital shot now.

Enter suddenly Loyal Peasants from two Neighbouring Villages.

Loyal Peasants. 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. courteously puts his hand to his hat. Enter Pheasant from covert, with a sharp whirring noise. Exit Pheasant out of shot before H.R.H. can get his gun up.

Loyal Peasants (cheering monotonously.) 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. bows as courteously as possible under the circumstances, and disappears into Wood. The shooting party walk across a few fields and try a fresh place.

H.R.H. (well placed, becomes aware of a hare making towards him. Shots within: to himself.) They've missed her. [Prepares.

Enter Loyal Peasants from the Nearest Village, who have up to this time been cheering another of the party by mistake.

Loyal Peasants. 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

[H.R.H. turns to bow his acknowledgments. Enter hare suddenly, and exit sharply. H.R.H. gets his gun to his shoulder as she vanishes.

Loyal Peasants (looking at one another to see who will be tired first.) 'Ooray! 'Ooray! 'Oor—, &c.

The county papers will then probably inform us, that, "the Prince appeared much pleased with the cordial reception he everywhere met with." Of course he must have been delighted, or, at least, have appeared to be.

CANTERBURY BRAWN.

(Composed in front of the Window of PYM'S, in the Poultry.)

CANTERBURY is a town

Noted in a high degree.

It derives no small renown

From its great Archbishop's See.

But what are Canterbury's sleeves of lawn?

They are nothing to compare with Canterbury Brawn:

Canterbury, Canterbury, Canterbury Brawn!

Canterbury, Canterbury, Canterbury Brawn!

Canterbury's mitred Grace

Has much wealth at his command.

His to sit in what a place!

In his shoes how good to stand!

But all in alms and charity his income's gone,

And he isn't half so rich as Canterbury Brawn.

Canterbury, Canterbury, &c.

A Dose for a Doctor.

BUMBLEDOM is in a commotion at having its neglect and blunders exposed, and DR. LANKESTER, who seems determined to do his duty by exposing the filthy condition of some of our parishes, was called by a DR. COLLINS, of Pankers, "that wretch of a Coroner." We have no desire (otherwise than figuratively) to see the Coroner "sit upon" the Doctor, but should he do so, the verdict must be temporarily insanitary.

OLD MRS. B. AND HER MUSEUM.



H! Yes, LORD HENRY LENNOX, you are quite right. This British Museum question must be taken up in earnest. MRS. BRITANNIA'S conduct at present exactly resembles that of an old lady

who goes to all the auctions, and buys bargains, and some of them very good bargains, indeed. But when they come home, she stuffs them into her cellar, and her store-room, and her back attic, and her lumber-closet, and under the chest of drawers on the landing, and over the bookcase, and into the old orange hamper, and neither she nor anybody else knows what there is hidden away, or can by any means get at it. But if you tell her to take a larger house, or even to throw out a couple of new rooms into the back garden, Lor! she talks as if you wanted to rob her, and asks where she is to get the money to hire Westminster Hall, or to build a Crystal Palace, when the taxes are so high, and her two boys—one in the dragoons, and the other at sea—are always coming on her for money. But how we are to bring the old lady into a more rational state of mind, nobody knows; for, mind you, she is not one to be dictated to, and flies at the family attorney, and at her own banker, as if they were pickpockets, when they offer her a hint on this subject. And then she never knows her own mind. One day she declares she will sort out all the cases of stuffed birds and impaled beetles and baskets of spars and moonstones and petrifications, and send them to an empty house she has at Kensington, and another day she won't part with anything, and isn't going trapesing out to Kensington to see her own property. And as to lending any of her curiosities to some friends who want to show them to people at Islington and Walworth, she is like a nursing mother of tigers at the idea. Even *Mr. Punch*, who is thought to have more influence with her than even the parson, or anybody else, can only get a sulky kind of promise that she'll think about the matter, and a supposition that he wants her to be ruined. If you, LORD HENRY, being a member of the Aristocracy (and she likes Lords, in a grumbling way), can do anything to smooth her over, *Mr. Punch* hopes that you will. She has really got, among an awful pack of South Sea rubbish and dirty old birds, a wonderful lot of real curiosities, and it would be a public boon if they could be got out and seen. WILLIAM GLADSTONE is a good deal in her confidence—they confabulate over tea, and he invests her money for her—he might do something, if he would try and be pleasant, but he mustn't scold the old girl. Meantime, *Mr. Punch* recognises your intention to be of service, and wishes you all luck.

Street Drama of Daily Life.

HAVE you seen MR. FECHTER in Ravenswood?

Yes.

Well?

Well, nothing can be finer than his scenery.

Ah!

[Exeunt.]

A NEW CRY.

IN England the question is, "Where are the Police?"
IN Ireland it is "Where's STEPHENS?"

SPIRITS AND WATER AT CHICAGO.

(From the "Reliable Magazine.")

LARN, ye wordlins, as, whenever are a fact's revealed to you,
Ollers only cries "*cui bono?*" never axes "is it true,"
How we, guided by the sperrits, at Chicago pierced the sile,
Down until we struck fresh water, and besides that are struck ile.

'Guess you know Chicago city's Missis of the settin sun.
Go-ahead the West towns all is; she the go-aheadest one.
Wanted water. Would Artesian well the needful thing afford?
"No," Geologists responded, not however deep it's bored.

In our midst there is a Medium Pensylvanian birth who claims.
He was raised from Quaker parents, and his name is ABRAHAM JAMES;
Speaks, whilst normal, but his native tongue and that not proper quite:
When entranced speaks half-a-dozen others, and his native right.

Sketches wondrous plans and picters half asleep and half awake,
Can't, whilst in his simple senses, draw no better than a snake;
Works his pencil either-handed, light and dark as well right through,
Drawin in the dark, if either, somethin better of the two.

Digrams of these parts' formations, draw'd in his superior states,
Airth's top-crust and all the strater underlyin demonstrates;
And besides he drew a picter, with uncommon merits rife,
Of our President, the Martyr, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, large as life.

And there is a lady medium, JORDAN by connubial name.
Through them both a revelation jintely to our circle came,
That, in sitch a named location, water, so far down, would flow,
And Petroleum be diskivered, likewise, that there ground below.

Thereupon the drill was started jest in that partickler spot,
And to work away at borin like Jerusalem we sot.
Through the rock upheaved by Natur down and down the drill we druv;
Drippin ile come drill and drill-rod to the surfus up above.

Down through limestone, Joliet marble, through conglomerate, sand and
flint,
Through galena, shade and sandstone, down, of steel and steam by dint,
Through the rock—when on a sudden right slick up the water bust,
Seven hundred and eleven foot below the upper crust!

Ever since from that air well has that air water gushed away,
At the rate of over twice three thousand gallons every day,
Clear as crystal, pure as dimond stuck in air a despot's crown.
It will sarve for everlastin to supply Chicago town.

All the strater intervenin with Petroleum fatly flows;
Endless ile, eternal water, to our sperrit friends we owes,
Privileged so, the sperrits told us, proof for skeptics to supply:
Now then, come, how many dollars will you bet 'tis all your eye?

A FEW MORE CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

THE best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to anything,
trim a boat and a bonnet too.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks
and the light fails.

Are jury-masts regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then never court inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "maiden sword?" How well one would
match with a single stick!

There is an old book called *The Praise of Folly*. Authors, actors,
and artists who are suffering from the effects of too much literary pastry
in the shape of puffs might compile an instructive work, and name it
The Folly of Praise.

A gin-sling does not suit a broken arm.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest
them.

The Orange River has its correlative, Lake Leman.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be, to go to a tournament in
a tilt-cart!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in a
virtuous square.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an Archdeacon? A cunning priest.

To conclude with an alliteration. "Despotism and dry boots" was
our cry during the three sloppy days.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S MOTTO.

GIVE a dog a good name, and hang him.



THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Draper. "A MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION, INDEED, MUM, AND IT REALLY EXECUTES THE WORK SO EFFICIENTLY AND QUICKLY, THAT, 'PON MY WORD, I THINK THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR THE LADIES TO DO NOW BUT TO IMPROVE THEIR INTELLECTS!"

BUMBLE'S COUNTERBLAST AGAINST CENTRALISATION.

DID you ever! Well I never! Here's a turning topsy-turvy
Of the good old British principles, for the sake o' paupers scurvy:
Paternal Government's put down (now the rule of DADDY ceases)
By despotism and MAYNE-force, which I take it them police is!

What becomes of our self-government, if the coals we're thus hauled
over

By your FARNALLS, and such fellows, as lives on the rates in clover?
Chaps as has their salaries paid 'em out o' *your* pocket, and mine, Sir,
And yet comes to cheek the guardians, all along o' paupers' whine, Sir.

"Mustn't do this," "Mustn't do that," and "Must do as you're
told," 'tis—

Change the water in the casuals' baths, and try how hot and cold 'tis!
Mustn't shut paupers up at night, without bells, gas, or fuel!
Cocker up with beef-tea and wine them that fights shy o' gruel!

Find Union doctors in quinine, cod-liver oil, *et cetera*—

The expensive things we takes ourselves, when we're ill and would be
betterer;

Change sick-ward sheets, and dress bed-sores, not trust to pauper
nurses:

Bless me! Do they think ratepayers has no bottoms to their purses!

And now they're kickin' up a row about the casual wards, Sir;
As if casuals had a right to more than dry bread and bare boards, Sir!
As if Boards had any business to be payin' a night warder,
For the sake of keepin' wagabonds like them in peace and order!

As for them as says misfortin' has druv 'em to sich places,
Boards can't be making rules to meet exceptionable cases:
All casuals is bad 'uns, and them as ain't, to start with,
Is certain, in sich company, to ketch more than they can part with.

Wot's the use o' spendin' money to improve what's past improvin'?
The police have got enough to do to keep sich varmint movin':
As for lettin' 'em inside the House, at VILLIERS's dictation,
It's the small end of that horful wedge—you know—Centralisation!

And where that comes it's all U. P. with the British Constitootion,
Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and our glorious Revolootion:
Our Westries all go to the wall, Police and Press grow stronger:
Englishmen's houses cease to be their castles any longer!

LORDS HIGH MENIAL.

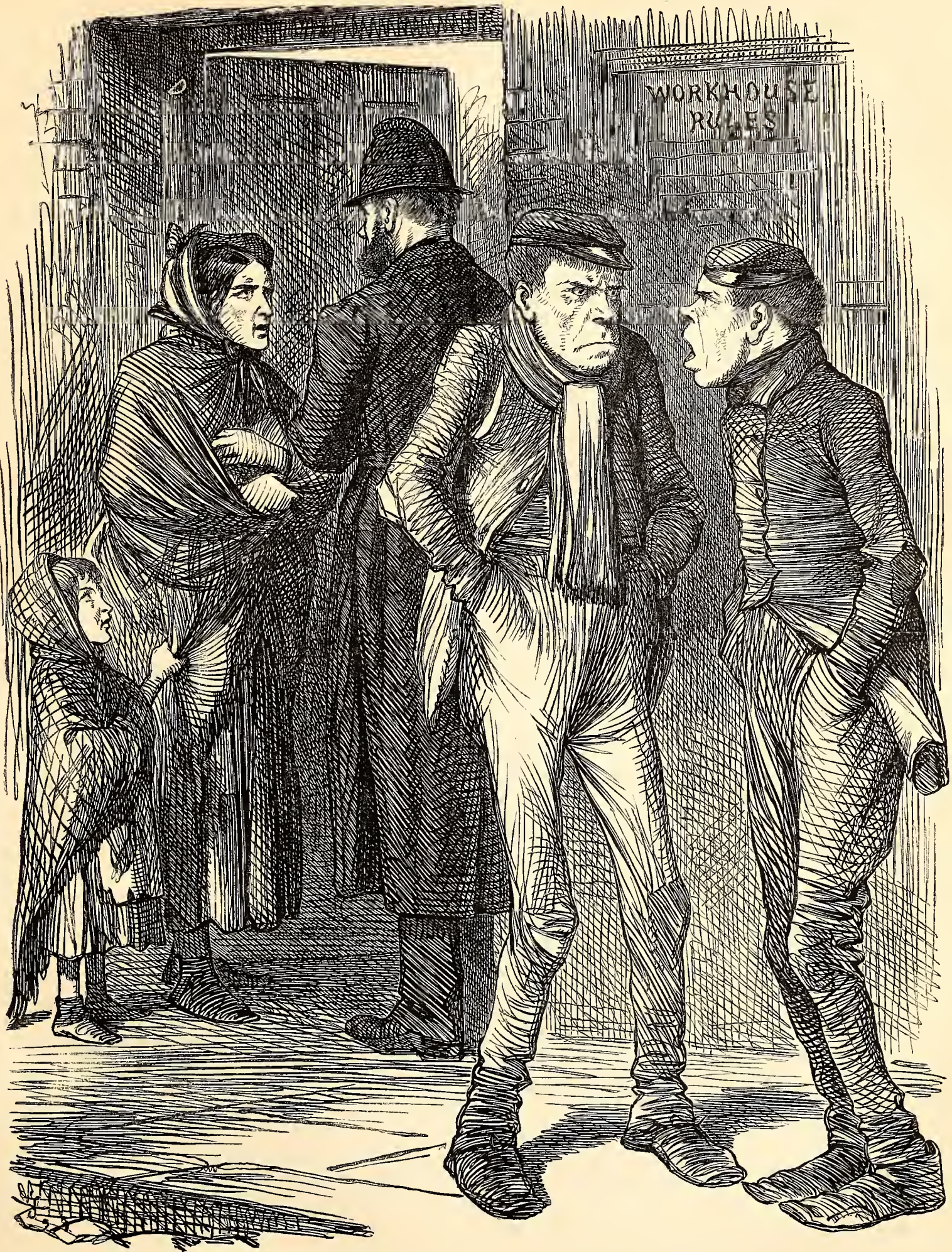
BY one of REUTER's telegrams we are informed that the KING OF PRUSSIA has charged PRINCE BIRON VON COURLAND, Lord High Cupbearer, with the mission of proceeding to Brussels to congratulate LEOPOLD THE SECOND on his accession to the throne. A Lord High Cupbearer is a very proper officer to attend on a monarch who may be described as the Landlord of the Spread Eagle, but, when he is sent out, those to whom he is accredited would rather perhaps be disposed to welcome him as Lord High Potboy, particularly if he came conveying an acceptable plenty of pots from Potsdam. He might be accompanied by the Lord High Post-boy, leaving the Lord High Waiter at home to preside over the Lords in Waiting, whilst the Lord High Ostler directed the affairs of the stalls, and the blacking department was administered by the Lord High Boots. Employment suitable for such High Lords as these might be found at the new grand English joint-stock hotels whose landlords are among the chiefs of the landed aristocracy.

A Pilgrim in Progress.

THE significant intimation following appears in the *Morning Post*:—

"DR. PUSEY.—The French clerical journals announce that DR. PUSEY, on leaving Bordeaux, proceeded to Orleans on a visit to BISHOP DUPANLOUP."

It is expected that DR. PUSEY will proceed from Orleans to Rome.



THE NEW WORKHOUSE PORTER.

MASTER PRIG. "BLEST IF THEY HASN'T PUT ON A BOBBY! PRETTY STATE WE'RE COMIN' TO, WITH THEIR CENTRALISATION! LET'S CUT TO LAMBETH."

Punch's Table-Talk.

357.

THE *New York Herald* says that England is completely prepared to become Republican, but that the undoubted personal popularity of the QUEEN will probably sustain the effete monarchy until the time arrives for transmission of the Crown. But as for an EDWARD THE SEVENTH, that is out of the question. Are there twenty republicans in England, deducting Bedlam?

358.

I wonder the Irish have not made it a grievance, and a bit of British tyranny, that only five miles and a half of theirs make seven miles of ours. Why don't they form an Anti-Saxon Mile League?

359.

Some people are always in extremes. We have long been used to the absence of even Propriety in the rulers of Spain—now it is sought to make the ruler Prim.

360.

If the story is not a legend, like the Maelstrom, and the watch in front of Somerset House, there is an awful abyss in the West of England, and it is called Pen Park Hole. I read, in youth, that it was unfathomable, also that a clergyman was trying to sound it when the earth gave way, and he disappeared for ever. Is there such a hole, and has it been sounded? Years ago I put a letter into the local papers, asking these questions civilly, but the ill-mannered ignorant bumpkins of the region never wrote to the obliging editors in reply to me.

361.

The operation for strabismus would be hateful to a Brahmin, because he would lose his cast. I wonder whether SIR CHARLES WOOD knows this.

362.

That was very well put in the *London Review*—an excellent paper, by the way. Talking of invitations which you don't want to accept, it said that you had a right to argue thus. My friend who asks me should have but one object—the giving me pleasure. If I feel that it would give me more pleasure to stay away, I promote his views by refusing his invitation. *Argal*, I am justified in regretting a previous engagement, or having to be in the country, or whatever occurs to me as least likely to be an undetected whacker.

363.

Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle, are now stated to be articles that no well appointed church can be without. I shall turn Quaker.

364.

PÈRE HYACINTHE's last sermons proved, it seems, *inter alia*, that nobody in any age had ever been truly pure who had not been also within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. "Well done, well done, HYACINTHUS, my son," as THACKERAY wrote. But the fact is that since, thanks to Zephyrus, you got that awkward knock on the head from the quoit, you have talked nothing but nonsense. Come, my fable is as good as yours.

365.

Shooting Folly as it flies is, of course, a sportsman's work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at Wisdom as it struts.

366.

LONGINUS has a chapter in which he shows that Interrogations conduce to the sublime. Not, I think, when they are addressed, on behalf of a criminal, to the Mad-Doctor.

367.

There is a good dinner-table story, and it was told me by my friend MR. LAYARD. In the East, I forget exactly where, there is a tax called I forget exactly what. But it was imposed by a travelling Oriental magnate upon the inhabitants of a village, who brought him everything he wanted to eat. He then laid on this tax as compensation for the wear and tear of his teeth.

368.

Scratching instead of knocking at the door of the royal apartment was said to be "a French refinement." I should have thought that it had been introduced by KING JAMES THE FIRST of England, and SIXTH of Scotland, only he declared that scratching was too great a luxury for a Subject.

369.

I liked that dismal Coliseum in the Regent's Park, and all its dreary shows. I have been nobly pensive (like BOLINGBROKE) *vis-à-vis* to the dirty old eagle beside the Swiss lake. The Lisbon earthquake exhibition was excessively good. There was another, in London, soon after 1692, representing that year's earthquake in Jamaica, and the show was suppressed by QUEEN MARY, as profane.

370.

So our dear old Dodo's fame is vindicated at last. He will never know it, being extinct—such is life. But PROFESSOR OWEN has obtained

bones which enable him to say that the picture in the Museum was in all probability taken from a living specimen. This will rejoice the heart of a bard who pathetically sang, some years ago, touching the Twice Killed bird—

"But don't deny the Dodo;
That wounds my very heart."

371.

I may agree with NOVALIS that not the worst criticism of true philosophy is its communicability, but I hope that you will all agree with me that the truest philosopher communicates least of his philosophy—and talks about the last novel, and its stupidity. I don't mean yours, BROWN.

372.

On the Swedish railways the guards, I read, are compelled to have surgical knowledge enough to be of some use in case of an accident. This may prevent some Viaticide, as the Yankees call it. But why should not a train carry a medical man, as a ship does? There are heaps of clever young fellows who would jump at the position—and what chances they would have of fascinating heiresses in frights.

373.

You will do no good at the theatres, until the right to hiss is as much recognised as the right to clap. Abstractedly, these rights are equal, but just hiss, and you'll have a dozen snobs crying "shame," a fool next you will remark to his friend that it is "illiberal," and a policeman will probably say that you "had better be quiet." And though a claque may be sent in to applaud, it is called a conspiracy if a group agree to condemn.

374.

Here is an odd bit from a provincial obituary—I'll read it to you. "Died on the 21st instant, at so and so, MRS. SUSANNAH something, aged fifty-five. She was the mother of the three children born about fifteen years ago." There is something awful in this. Who were the Three Children? I know no more than NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

375.

Poet READE has—so will not be—Read.

376.

Some recent verdicts seem to prove that the real derivation of "Jury" is "something to swear at."

377.

A heavy dessert of raw fruit is a barbarism. You never see anything of that sort on my table—only trillibubs, as folks who talked slang said in MASSINGER's time.

378.

What to drink, the very last thing before the slips go, is a question which much troubles the wise and good. I impart to you the deliberate sentence of several of the great Epicureans of London, myself included, when I say that the right thing has not yet been discovered, but that a glass of the driest Champagne is the least wrong. Therefore, let it go round.

379.

Fortified Water is a good name for Grog.

380.

A young friend of mine, home from a very classical school, correctly informed me the other day that onyx was so called from its likeness in colour to the human nail. Glancing at his paws I said, with my kindly smile, "Surely not onyx; jet?" He blushed, and went to his bedroom, returning a cleaner youth. That is the way to improve without annoying the young.

381.

What do you mean by saying that you heard what you have been telling, from "lots of fellows" at the Club to-day? You heard it from three, and no more. It is rather from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world—a remark made by the late SAMUEL JOHNSON.

382.

An Italian proverb says, Beware of a reconciled enemy. The warning does not concern me, as when I offend, I make a point of going past any possible reconciliation, but some of you may be less candid. They should put such mottoes into kisses, instead of the idiotic inventions of the confectioner's clerk.

383.

Do you know that women were Impressed, in the time of WILLIAM THE THIRD? I do not mean impressed by the excellence of his character or the bigness of his nose, but to serve on board his ships as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses, ten to a ship. I spex they could be got now without the formality.

384.

A fiend has given me two bad half-crowns, and I do not know in the least how to bestow them. They would have been useful at Christmas-box time, but that is, happily, over. The coin is too large to hand to a pew-opener or a box-keeper. I will sell them to any of you for four shillings.



'IT'S THE PACE THAT KILLS.'

Miss Rattleton (who means Waltzing). "OH, I DID NOT SAY 'STOP,' MR. PLUMPLEY."

Mr. Plumpley (utterly blown, in gasps). "'MSURE YOU—MUSTBETIRED—"

[And joins the Card-players.]

THE LOST LIQUOR.

(A Poem for the Public.)

ALAS! where is the good old ale,
The brave strong beer of yore?
That famous liquor is on sale,
At any tap no more.
A few old farmers, here and there,
May brew right stingo still;
But you scarce meet it anywhere,
Go wheresoe'er you will.

That ale, the "jolly good and old,"
The good old Bishop sung;
'Twould warm the heart, as down it rolled,
And tingle on the tongue.
That mighty ale cheered copper nose,
And, nearly as might be,
Rejoiced the soul like some grand close
Of some old English glee.

'Twas never merry world since first
The beer-engine began.
Beer is a creature to be nursed,
As tenderly as Man.
Whatever makes it vapid flow,
Doth good stuff grievous wrong.
Man wants a little beer below,
And wants that little strong.

Nothing from Spain.

THE following pithy announcement appeared the other morning in the Paris Correspondence of the *Post* :—

"We get nothing from Spain to-day."

This would be a safe stereotype for a City article. It might be otherwise worded as "Nothing to-day of interest from Spanish capital." In commercial circles there is a confident expectation that the Spanish dividends will be paid on the Greek Calends.

CONUNDRUM.

(From Colwell Hatchney.)

If a vegetable went out hunting what would it wear?
Turnip-tops.

MRS. SAWPIT'S POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

My husband, SAMPSON SAWPIT, will, I suppose from what I read in our Weekly paper, soon become an elector. As I tell him he ought to be much obliged to those Kind gentlemen who take as much interest in him, as if he was A baby. Indeed, more so than many of them Do who are batchelors. I wish now that every thing is being reformed, that somebody would endeavour to reform SAMPSON'S Habits, for tho' he is a 6-pound house-holder, I can't prevail on him to wear Shakespeare's Collars. I mean to buy him a Pink sattin tye and make him very smart, when he goes up to the hustings to Vote for the Pop'lar candidate, and I should like him, if it was possible, to put on Lemon Kid gloves and take his Hands out of his pockets. I do Know what is Etiquette having been for upards of 5 years upper house maid at SIR LOFTUS STARCHINGTON'S, where we had All the Fashionable Romances, and neither cook nor me ever went To church without a Scented pockethandkerchief. My young lady gave me for a Wedding Present LORD CHESTERFIELD'S Advice to his sons, and now and then when SAMPSON is at Tea, I begin to read portions Aloud to him, but you should see what a Scowl disfigures his Forehead, and how he snatches his Fiddle from the Wall, and Plays till 1 of his Strings snap, *Rule britanna.*

I believe that SAMPSON is a Great orator at his club, but he never talks on politics to me. I am so afraid that they'll be making him A m : p : It's no use attempting to Reason with him—he won't listen to Argument. None of 'em ever Do I believe that have a Voice in the house, but tho' he is Such a Party man, they can't say of him as of Some I could name, that he's not Over Bright. I'm almost certain if he Gets into Power, that he'll lay a Tax on crinoline and take it off tobacco, simply because one is of no use to him, and tother is. As I tell him, if he was a Blind man, he'd be for laying a heavy Duty on light. He acknowledges that he'd like to Tax the lord mayor's Coach, which is Cruel and Selfish considering how it Amuses the children and don't cost us Any thing. It's my firm Opinion that

men ought to have nothing to do with "ways and means." As for their much Talked-about "budgets" I suppose (tho' I never saw One) that they're little better than Bags of O's and ends or what we call snippets. I always read the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXTRA'S speech, and seeing what a large Family he has to provide for, and how he must be bothered by one boy pulling his Coat this way, and another boy pulling his sleeve that, I think it Does him credit. Still there are many items which don't Figure there as they would if I had to dispense the Extras. For instance, there's Gunpowder (not for blowing up our enemies but for clearing the copper) and stone blue. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXTRAS never puts them into his budgets though I'll be bound they bear an Awful duty Because no one complains but us who do clear-starching at home. I'm not an alarmist but I shouldn't be surprised if there's a gunpowder Explosion when we ladies have set Things a little To rights and got a Mill of our own. So no more at Present from

SARAH SAWPIT.

Twig Folly.

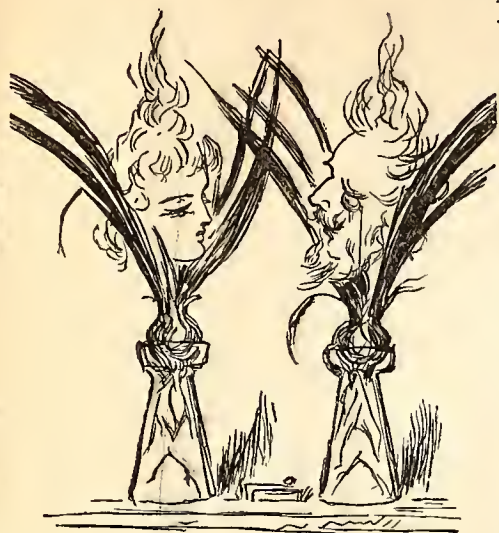
Flunkeyism in the Nursery.

THE Telegrams informed us the other day that "the QUEEN OF SPAIN gave birth to a Prince." We suppose "a Prince" means "a Son." But this style of announcement might be copied in high life; thus: "The Countess of Highbury gave birth to a Viscount," or in the case of a younger son, "The Countess of Shybury gave birth to an Honourable," and so forth. The idea is good, and would keep the middle-class well posted up in the Peerage. We hope that Queen and Prince are doing well.

FROM OUR OWN "LANCET."

IF, as is asserted, the Cattle Disease is only the Small-pox, we have but to modify the Golden Rule, and do unto the Cow what we make the Cow do unto us.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.



E' hear there is to be a new Club, called The One o'Clock Club. In order to get it up, the promoters and secretary are working like—well, say, "like one o'clock!" What do the MRS. CAUDLES say to this? The One o'Clock Club, ladies, is to be open at all hours; during the large hours, and during the small hours. The qualifications will be a power of consuming not less than a certain quantity of stimulants; of puffing an uncertain amount of tobacco; of being able to tell one good story, guaranteeing a new one every other month. Each member must know the words (at least) of

one song, and the tune as well, if possible. No one admitted who holds the unsound opinion that supper is unwholesome, or that every one ought to be in bed by twelve o'clock at the latest. The DUKE OF BEDFORD will not be asked to be Chairman of the Committee. Supposing this Club able to get any life into it, we are afraid that, as it must consist only of *late* members, it will soon be defunct.

A SEASONABLE BEAR-STORY.

AUTHENTICITY is the striking attribute of the following story, told in the *Post* :—

"A BEAR ON FIRE.—The guardians of the Garden of Plants, Paris, were lately surprised by hearing extraordinary howlings proceed from the bear-pit. On going to the spot they found that one of the bears was on fire; and, after vainly attempting to extinguish the flames by rolling the poor animal on the ground, they at last succeeded in plunging him into the large basin of water intended as a bath for him and his fellows. It appears that the bear's fur was set on fire by one of the new fire-work playthings, which a mischievous person had lighted and thrown into the pit."

The foregoing statement affords decisive proof of the extraordinary sagacity of the bear, which people in general are not aware of. Under ordinary circumstances the attendants of wild beasts do not trust themselves with bears. Who has ever seen one of the keepers at the Zoological Gardens venture into the bear-pit? Some time ago, somewhere in Switzerland—was it not at Berne?—a man tumbled into one, and the bears instantly ate him up. But when a bear is on fire, which does not happen every day, he then becomes the most tractable of animals, insomuch that, as is related in the foregoing anecdote, he will suffer himself to be rolled on the ground in order to be put out, and submit to be plunged into the basin of water provided as a bath for him and his fellows. They, too, with a sagacity even greater than his own, and with a fellow-feeling which bears have never had credit for, abstain from all interference with the exertions of the men who are trying to rescue their companion. Of course it took several men to roll the bear on the ground, unless the bear was a very little bear. One hardly knows which most to admire, the intelligence of the burning bear, and his companions, or the gallantry of the guardians who entered the bear-pit in reliance on the knowledge of a peculiarity in the nature of bears which MR. TIMBS may, or may not, insert in the next edition of his entertaining and instructive work, *Things not Generally Known*.

Private Theatricals.

AN amateur performance came off the other evening at the house of LADY PAINTER, and achieved, the gossips say, a most remarkable success. The play that was performed was a fashionable version of the piece called *Masks and Faces*. Nearly all the ladies present took a part in the performance; for, though they were invited simply to a dance, they had their faces covered with such masks of rouge and pearl powder, that scarcely a square inch of their complexion was left visible.

FENIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE Fenians wanted a good cry. Those of them that have been sentenced to penal servitude would want that no longer if their warders only let them howl. As to the rest that remain at large, the most suitable cry for them would be, "The Autonomy of the Lunatic Asylum!"

CARDS IN THE CASUAL WARD.—Amongst the vagabonds who fill the casual wards some pass the night in card-playing. Of course, knaves are trumps.

THE FIX OF THE FORTY.

(SIR EDWIN LANDSEER chosen President of the Academy, January 24th, SIR EDWIN refuses: the Meeting is adjourned for a week.)

UNDER the punch-bowl and the pepper-boxes,
In conclave the Academicians sat;
Æsop had figured them as dogs or foxes,
Lion or mouse, eagle or blinking bat.
Some whose intrusion there keeps out their betters;
Some who bring thither honours bravely won:
As far as R. A. go, all "men of letters,"
Though other title to that rank be none.

The men, to whose hands English Art is given
To hold high, but who, *some times*, let it drop;
Those who think *their* receipts prove Art has thriven,
And claim to keep school, when they but keep shop.
The few who feel Art has great work to do,
And that the Academicians ought to do it;
The many who all strain and stir eschew,
Knowing what's rotten will be first to rue it.

The small men who on R.A. stilts look smaller,
The big men who'd show bigger, seen apart
From this crowd, where the pigmies hold them taller,
—As they are, gauged by measure of the mart,—
Than e'en Art's Anakim, beyond their border:
Those who like sword or sceptre wield the brush,
And those who work, like journeymen, to order,
And from their studios bar one colour—blush.

The conclave's task, to choose a man for bearing
Their President's red robe and golden chain—
Both articles that seem the worse for wearing,
Judging by those who've worn them, reign by reign:
The stately shade of REYNOLDS frowned about them,
WEST's Quaker ghost stared emptily around,
E'en LAWRENCE's smooth spectre seemed to doubt them,
And SHEE's small shadow brooded near the ground.

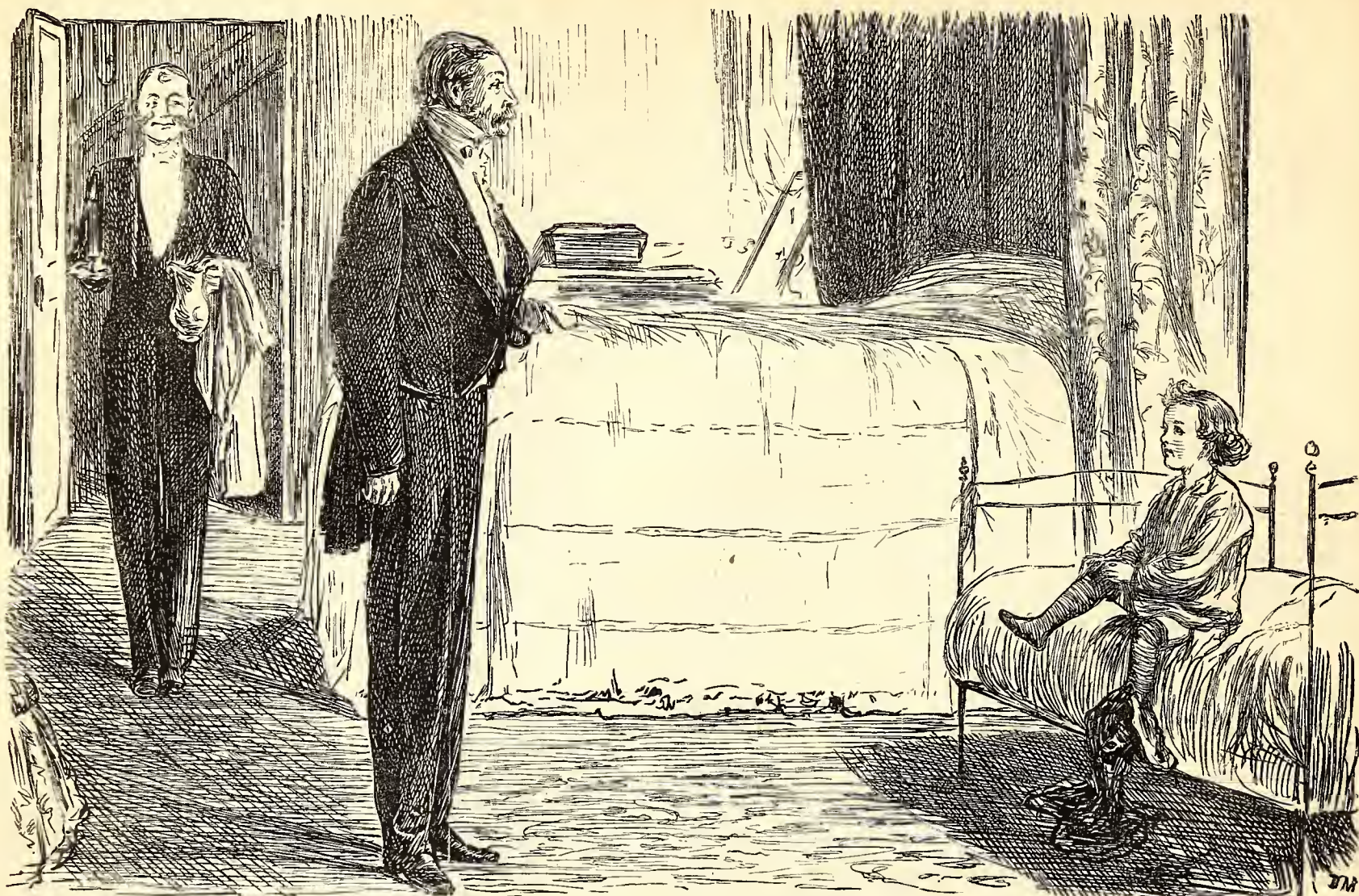
REYNOLDS, whose well-spent life in struggle ended
With petty plots, small quarrels, scorns undue,
Who lived to spurn the tree that he had tended,
And from its withering shade his age withdrew.
How had he wondered, in the transformation
Art's craft, means, patrons, all have undergone,
To find his Forty scorning all mutation,
No new lights owned, and no new blood laid on.

The same close-guarded pale, the same aversion
Young power to welcome or to honour old:
The same worn ruts as guarded from incursion;
Practice as petty, theory as cold,
No recognition of the growth within,
No satisfaction of the needs without,
The laurel of performance still to win,
The buds of promise still a case of doubt.

The conclave's met, with closed doors, as beseemeth
Cardinals or Academies in throe;
In choosing Popes or Presidents who deemeth
Laymen have wills to speak, or wits to know?
At length the vote is cast; attendant Muses
Of art and history, wondering, record,
A great man's chosen; but the man refuses—
And they who hoped and feared alike are floored!

Was 't that SIR EDWIN thought the place above him,
Or that he thought himself above the place?
Was 't that he better loved the crowds that love him?
Would rather live for great work than for base?
Was 't that the Academy would less be winners,
Than he a loser, by that chain oppress?
Was 't that he shirked the speeches at the dinners,
Or that the Lions sat upon his chest?

Whate'er the cause, the Academy is baffled,
And cannot boast a LANDSEER on its throne;
What if the robe and chain were to be raffled,
And trust the hazard of the die alone?
Methinks that were as wise mode of selection,
As this by ballot, with closed doors, eyes, ears;
Or choose the worst, and to the world's objection,
Reply, "Was he not chosen by his Peers!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(THE HOUSE IS FULL OF VISITORS.—REGINALD SLEEPS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.)

Papa. "WHY, HOW'S THIS, REGINALD? NOT IN BED YET? IT'S NEARLY FOUR O'CLOCK! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP HOURS AGO!"

Reginald. "HAW! AND PRAY, WHY ME IN PARTICULAR, PAPA?"

THE MEXICAN DUET.

Arranged for MR. SEWARD and H.I.M. the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Mr. Seward. Now, LOUIS N., I want to know,
When you'll get out of Mexico?
Your stopping there is quite a blow
At our great doctrine called MONROE.

Louis Nap. France takes no bidding from a foe,
I know what to her name I owe,
No threats from BUNKUM, BOSH, & Co.,
Shall have the power to make me go.

Mr. Seward. Now, really, if you answer so,
We must commence to pick the crow.

Louis Nap. The crow, indeed—your notion's low,
The eagle's form my banners show.

Mr. Seward. And we ain't got no eagle, no?
As good a bird as yours, *mon beau*.

Louis Nap. The sovereign whom I took in tow,
I mean to keep *in statu quo*.

Mr. Seward. Be off, and rest content to sow
New kingdoms on the banks of Po.

Louis Nap. Such chaff as that be pleased to stow,
And in one boat let's try to row.

Mr. Seward. Acknowledge MAXIMILIAN. O!

Louis Nap. And then my word is "Eastward, ho!"

Mr. Seward. Persuade me not. Our people, slow
To wrath, begin with rage to glow.

Louis Nap. The guns of France, in thundering row,
Will act upon that heat like *l'eau*.

Mr. Seward. Now, each has drawn his longest bow.

Louis Nap. We will not let the quarrel grow.
Mr. Seward. But will you go your home untoe?
Louis Nap. Untoe a goose one answers "Bo."

Both. { Your swagger } is not worth a JOE.
 { Your puppet }
 { You shall } get out of Mexico.
 { I shan't }

COMPETITION IN THE TEMPLE.

ACCORDING to a contemporary "a sort of competitive examination for the Readership of the Temple," now vacant, is going on at the Temple Church. There were 136 candidates for this office, but the Benchers of the Inner Temple, with whom the appointment for this time rests, have reduced their numbers by 130, leaving half-a-dozen to compete for it by celebrating divine service each in his turn. So two of these reverend gentlemen did duty last Sunday week, two last Sunday, and the last two will have their innings in the reading desk and the pulpit on Sunday, Feb. 4. This certainly seems all fair enough, but is not the sense of justice, rather than that of reverence, gratified by the exhibition of six parsons reading, praying, and preaching against each other for a situation? Does not this competition in surplices look a little too much like jumping in sacks?

Balance of Evils.

"It is a painful thing," said JONES, who had been deceived, "to have pretended friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said BROWN, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

NUTS FOR HIPPOPHAGISTS.—The Chestnut and the Cob.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The Leading Members of the British Senate
Behold portrayed by Mr. C. H. Bennett!

SEE the proud SPEAKER, re-elected, stand,
The great Crown Lawyers upon either hand—
PALMER, who edited the *Book of Praise*,
And COLLIER, who the painter's skill displays.
Above them LORD LLANOVER points doth moot
With CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, smoking a cheroot.
Then see a splendid ring, its centre, BRIGHT,
Grimly preparing for Reform to fight,
'Twere a good omen should his stubborn will
Yield to the chain of intellectual MILL,
O'er whom TOM HUGHES, a man of brains and wit,
Still praises Yankeeedom, nor heeds its split.
The blind, clear-sighted FAWCETT means hard knocks,
And so does TORRENS, he who ousted COX.
There fiery ROEBUCK wields his ready lance,
And veteran BROUGHAM hurries home from France.
Then mark LORD CRANWORTH with his awful mace,
And CLARENDON with discontented face,
ARGYLL's bright hair, the gallant GRANVILLE's form,
And REDCLIFFE, peering for a coming storm.

Majora nunc canamus, Public. Lo!
The great Reform Bill stands, a thing of snow.
Assistance RUSSELL, GLADSTONE, GOSCHEN, bring,
While DERBY, DIZZY, WALPOLE, missiles fling.
The pipe may hint of smoke—the broom may mean
That something's coming to make all things clean.
PEEL, who "resigned" (are you avized of that?)
To FORTESCUE hands over howling Pat.
Marches the gentle, rogue-reprieving GREY,
And STAFFORD NORTHCOTE various things doth say.
In tranquil slumber MILNER GIBSON lies,
Regardless of F. KELLY's beer-boy cries,
And CHARLEY WOOD serene contempt displays
For Naval Lords who tug in different ways,
One, CLARENCE PAGET, of the frank replies,
The other, PAKINGTON, who—seems—so wise.

Outside, and to the left, LORD NORTHBROOK's tact
Instructs the younger GLADSTONE how to act.

Two fiery pigs you see enrich the show,
This pulls at CARDWELL, and that tugs at LOWE.
The CARDWELL pig, *Beau-séant*, who madly squeaks,
Hints at Jamaican niggers and their freaks.
The gallant HARTINGTON with pride displays
The British soldier to the British gaze,
While KINGLAKE taunts, in words best left unsaid,
A libellous doll he'd better put to bed.
BULWER and LAYARD in one chariot ride,
'Tis a great inkstand, each great author's pride.
While VILLIERS drops the sentimental tear,
And STANLEY states what all are glad to hear.

High on the right SIR MORTON PETO wheels
COWPER, who shows the astonishment he feels.
A hint that bold Contractors soon push through
Things which the Board of Works finds hard to do.
HORSMAN, the orator, near them clings,
Rehearsing paragraphs with pointed stings,
While vocal WHALLEY (since the House insists)
Obeys "sing, sing"—and HARVEY LEWIS lists.

The noble ELCHO on an Armstrong speeds,
DE GREY and DUFFERIN are his toiling steeds,
"Fiery, the fiery DUKE," (*King Lear's* the phrase)
Hastes, a brave fireman, to his favourite blaze,
While STANSFELD, by his friends unfairly sold,
Sits, a dejected party, in the cold.

Tantæne animis? See mitres twain.
Two theologians meet with huge disdain.
The POPE's tiara bold GEORGE BOWYER crowns
Beneath the British bishop's WHITESIDE frowns.
Last man of all, CLANRICARDE, virtuous swell,
Who does not look particularly well.

Such are the leading Members of the Senate;
Herein portrayed by Mr. C. H. Bennett.

THE ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Thursday, February 1, 1866. The new Parliament met. MR. DENISON was for the third time elected Speaker. MR. DISRAELI complained that a Conservative had not been allowed to second the nomination of a gentleman unanimously approved. MR. GLADSTONE intimated that he had assumed the leadership of the House, and hoped for support. He gracefully alluded to the difficulty any one must feel who succeeded LORD PALMERSTON. "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" MR. BRIGHT complained that Members who dined with the SPEAKER were obliged to wear Court dress, or uniform. Swearing then commenced, and was heard, at intervals, until the following Tuesday, when the Session was inaugurated in the usual manner. *Mr. Punch* has no particular remark to make upon the preliminary proceedings, except to note that about a fourth of the new House consists of new men, and that the old ones seem awfully afraid lest the *novi homines* should not behave themselves properly. We trust that such anticipations are unfounded, and that the various hints given by the SPEAKER, and others, on the day of meeting, will produce the desired effect of enforcing tolerable conduct in such persons as STUART MILL, FAWCETT, THOMAS HUGHES, and other thoughtless youths. *Mr. Punch's* co-operation, for the purpose of preserving order, may be relied upon throughout a Session which promises to afford him much matter for pensive contemplation.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(With some genuine criticism.)



IF any one wants to see *Lady Teazle* well played let him go to the St. James's, and see MISS HERBERT in that character. I do not say an admirer of SHERIDAN will be pleased with the performance as a whole: if he expects nothing from the rest of the company engaged in the representation of this model comedy, verily he will not be disappointed. The *School for Scandal* has proved a hit, and to several people it is, absolutely, an entire novelty. Gallery and pit crowd to see it, and have a general idea that it is by DION BOUCICAULT or

SHAKSPEARE; the gallery inclining to SHAKSPEARE. They thoroughly enjoy every touch of nature, and not a point escapes them.

The dress circle have seen it somewhere else, and tell one another confidentially that it isn't a new piece. Somebody better informed than his neighbours observes out loud for their information, "New piece! I should think not. Why I recollect its being played"—here he becomes vague, and after attempting to recall various theatrical recollections of his childhood, wherein Pantomime is strongest, he winds up with a general date—"Oh, many years ago." A minority have come to see it because it is SHERIDAN'S.

In one or two private boxes the ladies, if suddenly questioned as to the authorship will venture upon SIR E. LYTTON BULWER. The holders of stalls are there because MISS HERBERT appears in a new character, and care nothing as to authorship.

During the screen scene they speculate upon the plot in this fashion.

1st Young Lady (to Gentleman.) That old fellow (meaning SIR PETER) will tell the secret.

Young Gentleman (pretending superior knowledge.) No, he won't.

2nd Young Lady (to elderly Gentleman.) Does Sir Oliver (meaning SIR PETER) tell (refers to bill) Joseph who is behind the screen?

Elderly Gentleman (probably Uncle.) No, no (correcting himself by the dim light of memory.) Yes; but that's Sir Peter, not Sir Oliver (feels a little uncertain after this statement and refers to bill; satisfied and becomes authoritative.) Yes, that's Sir Peter and the other's not Joseph, it's Charles—(faltering) Sir Charles (refers to bill again and picks himself up)—no Charles Surface.

At the end of the Act the comment upon the Scene is "that was very good, wasn't it?"

The curtain has fallen, MISS HERBERT has re-appeared, and the stalls talk about what they've seen.

1st Young Lady (enthusiastically.) Oh, I have enjoyed that very much.

Her Papa (impressively.) Yes, it does one good to see one of the old Comedies on the stage.

2nd Young Lady (surprised.) Is it an old piece?

Her Papa (amused by the question.) Old? It was written—ah!—(not being quite clear upon this point, he deprecates her youth)—it was written (jocosely) before you were born or thought of.

1st Young Lady. Wasn't it by SHERIDAN KNOWLES?

Her Papa (not liking to appear puzzled.) Yes: that is—(dubiously as if SHERIDAN KNOWLES had not written the whole of it.) Yes—yes. (Changes the subject.)

Another Young Lady (to her friend.) How did you like that dress of Lady Teazle's? (This difficult subject occupies several minutes.)

Young Gentleman (from Oxford, who is going to a fancy ball in a few days.) Did they wear moustachios with powder?

His Friend (rather annoyed at being asked.) They? Who?

Oxford Man. Why, the fellows in this reign. (Looks at his playbill.)

His Friend (determining upon a course of engaging half-candour.) Well, I don't know exactly what reign it is in. (Refers to bill and is disappointed.)

Oxford Man (in an offhand manner, meant to convey that he is really very well up in history.) Oh, one of the GEORGES.

His Friend. I don't think they wore powder; let me see when did—(thinks of a word that will pose his friend pretty considerably)—periwigs come in?

Oxford Man (who has hitherto carelessly associated the name with periwinkles and earwigs.) Well, the periwig, (advances very cautiously)—the periwig, was,—er—after the curls—(gets into deep water) in the JAMESES' period—(wonders what he means, and repeats to see if he can find out)—Yes, in (slowly) the JAMESES' time—(flounders hopelessly).

His Friend (has half a mind to say, "Ah, but there were four Jameses", but substitutes.) Which JAMES?

Oxford Man (getting out of the mess cleverly.) Oh, it's all much the same thing. (Determines to read up GIBBON or somebody, and changes the conversation.)

1st Swell to 2nd Swell (lounging with their backs to the Orchestra.) HERBERT's doosid good in it.

2nd Swell. Oh, doosid. (Uses his opera-glasses vaguely.)

1st Swell (critically.) It's a doosid good piece, too.

2nd Swell (not to be outdone in criticism.) Yas: not bad: but—ar—nothing without the acting.

1st Swell (who finds it too much trouble to think any more.) Yas; p'raps so: yas.

What do you think of that, *Mr. Punch*? If I say that these are sketched from life, will you believe,

Yours honestly, LITTLE TOM EAVES.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A Smart young Articled Clerk, hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a Suing machine."

THE WANTS OF DAILY-PAPER LIFE.



PUNCH.—Having been informed by a friend who was reading the paper, which he subsequently kept all to himself for exactly one hour and a half, that there was “nothing in it,” I was obliged to put up with the advertisement-sheet. Becoming interested in the wants and necessities of my fellow-creatures, I rummaged among the contents of a waste-paper drawer, and from the dead leaves of the last few weeks I made the following extracts:

BOY WANTED to wait at table and be generally useful; about 5 feet 1. Upper Livery found.

“Now,” said I to myself, “what cause produces this effect?” Evidently the Boy was wanted by a family that had already employed one, because they were possessed of an “upper livery.” The height of the former youth was, when he first came, under five feet, or exactly five feet one; and the boy having,

with the startling rapidity of fungus growth, shot up to five feet three while the livery was yet new, the necessity for his dismissal became obvious. Hence the advertisement.

Let me present you with another:—

TO YOUNG NOBLEMEN or GENTLEMEN.—A young man of good address, age 23, would like an **ENGAGEMENT** as **HUMBLE COMPANION**. Has a practical knowledge of photography, understands carpentering, turning, or bookbinding, cleaning guns or rifles; can ride or drive, and make himself useful in any capacity. To travel or otherwise.

This strikes me as emanating from *Uriah Heep, Junior*. *Uriah*, you recollect, was so very ‘umble. I try to picture to myself a humble companion, and find that I must begin by imagining a proud young nobleman or a haughty young gentleman. I see the humble companion crawling in on all-fours into his patron’s room in the morning, carrying the hot-water can in his mouth, as the blind man’s dog does the tray. I seem to see him sneaking off, still on all-fours, with the proud young nobleman’s boots, fawning on him when he comes down to breakfast, and begging for bits of toast to be placed on the tip of his nose until at the word of command given by the proud young nobleman, he shall toss it up in the air, catch it in his mouth, and be satisfied with his morning’s meal. His morning’s occupation will be to photograph the proud or haughty nobleman or gentleman in various attitudes. I don’t quite see the “carpentering,” unless a pigstye or fowl-house has to be built, or any little repairs are needed in the house. “Turning” applies to lathe-turning, in wood or ivory, organ turning, or turning round and round when, in obedience to the haughty one’s wish, he dances a saraband to amuse his master. Turning should also include turning white, or red, or green, when put before the fire, like the chemically-prepared pictures of the chameleon. But picturing all this to myself, I can’t fancy *Uriah Heep, Junior*.

Next:—

TO ARTISTS.—A gentleman, having a large house, in the best part of Islington, is desirous of meeting with a brother **ARTIST** to **JOIN** him, and to **SHARE** his **STUDIO**, use of lay figure, if agreeable.

“Now,” said I to myself, “here’s an effect: what’s the cause?” Why was this advertisement inserted? The reason is patent: he has a “large house in the best part of Islington.” There’s a picture of dreariness for you! In it is a bare, dismal-looking, cold, draughty studio, untenanted save by the lay figure. The lonely artist and the lay figure together, face to face, in front of the wretched little unwholesome stove that makes a faint pretence of warming the cheerless apartment. He enters into conversation with this lay figure: he and the lay figure together decide upon this advertisement: he hopes the lay figure will make himself agreeable to any companion who may offer himself; and he makes the willingness of the lay figure to join in the suggested arrangement a condition of its joint use. The solitary of Islington has, in fact, become thoroughly unhinged, and requires some genial spirit to join him. What a sensational legend might be written on the subject of the artist and the lay figure! The genial brother might attempt to dispel these vapours by proceeding to dress the figure up as a clergyman, call it clerical and lay rolled into one, poke his melancholy friend in the ribs, dance round the studio, and sing of Merry Islington once more.

In the next I find the subject for a cartoon and several smaller pictures:—

A GENTLEMAN who is dispensing with his second **COACHMAN** wishes to **RECOMMEND** him. He is honest sober, and trustworthy, and without possessing any showy qualities, is well qualified to drive young ladies or an old lady or gentleman.

The Cartoon would be “A Gentleman dispensing with his Second Coachman.” Isn’t that grand? What an impressive ceremony! The Gentleman, in flowered dressing-gown and Turkish smoking-cap, with bright slippers upon his gentlemanly feet, blessing with one hand the kneeling figure of the Second Coachman (in powdered wig), while in the other he raises aloft the illuminated parchment whereon is written the terms of the dispensation. I need not dwell on the accessories; but if any of your admirable artists feel inclined to take the hint, let them not overlook the form of the *First Coachman* in the background. He has been already dispensed with, and should, I think, be weeping bitterly, or, from another point of view of his character, smiling serenely, from cherubic heights, upon the figure of the Second Coachman.

The Second Coachman is not showy, but he *drives young ladies*. There’s a subject for one of your young men, *Mr. Punch*! What a lovely team, with Cupid as postilion on the leaders of an eight-in-hand! He drives an old lady, or an old gentleman. I see him saying, “Gently, gently!” to some frisky old dowager, or breathing a stout old gentleman up a hill.

That will do for the present, my dear *Punch*.

Receive the assurance, &c.,

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

A SHORT WAY WITH MUSSULMAN PILGRIMS.

At the instance of the **EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH**, a Sanitary Conference of delegates from the Great European Powers is about to meet at Constantinople with the view of taking measures to prevent the generation of cholera, occasioned by the accumulations of filth which attend the periodical pilgrimages to Mecca, and other sites of the shrines of **MAHOMET**.

Some obstacle to the operations necessary for the enforcement of cleanliness is expected to arise from the fanaticism of the dirty pilgrims.

Fanaticism originates the evil, dirt, whence cholera springs. The Conference will have to strike at the root of that evil.

Their proper course will be to remove the Kaaba Stone from Mecca, and **MAHOMET’S Coffin** from Medina.

MAHOMET’S Coffin can be deposited in the British Museum.

The Kaaba Stone can be set up in the Louvre.

Or:—

The Kaaba Stone could be placed in the British Museum, and the Louvre could receive **MAHOMET’S Coffin**.

For the choice between the Kaaba Stone and the Coffin of **MAHOMET**, **M. DROUYN DE LHUYS** and **EARL RUSSELL** might, on the part of their respective Governments, toss up.

WASHING PUT OUT.

It has been suggested that the fellows who not only avail themselves of workhouse shelter and fare, but who destroy their clothes in order to be re-clad at the rate-payers’ expense, should be rendered all the fitter for new garments by means of ten minutes’ lavation. The spout of a fire-engine is to supply the *douche*. In the case of the worst class this might not be improper treatment, and it would enable the officials to add a line to the triumphant chant in which the offenders proclaim their character:—

Sturdy Beggar.

Here we are, and here we goes,
We are the beggars that tears up our clothes!

Officials.

And we are the beades that turns on the hose!



THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

MRS. FRED DOESN'T CARE HOW LONG SHE SITS FOR HER "DEAR FRED," SO LONG AS HER "DARLING FREDDY" IS IN SOME SAFE PLACE WHERE HE CAN'T GET INTO MISCHIEF.

GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE.

THE SPEAKER 's re-elected,
The Session has begun,
For QUEEN'S Speech, long expected,
The old yarns have been spun.
The Address (of yarns no newer)
Moved and seconded as well—
As *ill*, perhaps, were truer,
Were truth a thing to tell.

Now *quidnuncs* and *gobemouches*,
May watch along Whitehall,
Collective Wisdom's douches,
Descend in frequent fall.
Alone, in pairs and trios,
Housewards the Members stroll;
Some, names for cautious Clio's
Recording on her roll,

And some which now bawled shrilly,
As yon old clothesman's cry,
The world (therein not silly)
Would willingly let die.
Names whose Dutch-metal glory
Already's on the go;
And whose echo in our story,
Will be e'en as that "Old Clo'!"

HER MAJESTY's patrician
And plebeian servants all;
Ministers, Opposition,
Who give or take the wall;
The Treasury-bench *in esse*,
Or *in posse*; grave and gay;
Men whose fathers fought at Cressy,
And mushrooms of a day;

Whippers-in, gently petting
The new hounds of their packs;
Railway directors, sweating
'Neath the jobs piled on their backs;
Squires great on bovine races;
Lawyers, like cabs, "at call;"
Some great men of small places,
In a large place feeling small.

'Tis strange how Lords and Commons,
Snob and swell, squire and clown,
Proclaim themselves, on summons,
To the House "going down."
If our wise ones, who thus gather,
The highest places crown,
The answer should be rather,
"Going up" than "going down."

But alas, to judge by quality
Of measures and of votes;
By the jobbery and venality,
The turn of talk and coats;
By the House's odds and evens,
Its rebuke and its renown,
Most members to St. Stephens
Too truly *do* "go down."

For thee, my stout EARL RUSSELL,
Who prepar'st to face the storm,
And re-test thine ancient muscle
'Gainst the hard knot of Reform.
Thy least consideration place,
On JOHN BRIGHT's smile or frown,
Let's hope that thine will prove a case
Of going *up*, not "*down*."



GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE.

LORD RUSSELL. "WELL, BRIGHT, WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?"

JOHNNY BRIGHT. "ANYTHING YOUR HONOUR IS WILLING TO GIVE ME *NOW*."

Punch's Table-Talk.

385.

I HOPE to see all the Water Companies swept away, and London supplied, on the non-intermission principle, from the Bala Lake, or better, from the head waters of the Severn, by Plinlimmon. It is disgraceful that the metropolis of the world should be worse off than Glasgow, and half a dozen obscure cities in the north of England. Every house in it could have water up to the garret, and the natural fall would send up a fountain in Smithfield to the height of St. Paul's.

386.

In St. Kilda all the inhabitants catch cold when a stranger arrives. I usually catch one, which confines me to my room, when a stranger proposes to arrive, and I don't want him.

387.

Grammar is thought to have improved. Yet many rich but honest people are not cured of writing that they will have much pleasure in accepting your invitation.

388.

You are aware that the Beaver is not a beast, or at least that the Catholic Church permits its being devoured during fasts. Hence, I suspect, came the old vow, "If I don't do it, I'll eat my Hat."

389.

Don't you know what the Black Ball line of packets is? These are the boats in which men bolt from society when they have been pilled at the Clubs.

390.

The nucleus of our planet is supposed to consist of unoxidised masses, the metalloids of the alkalis, and the earths. Volcanic activity is excited in the nucleus by the access of water and air. But the difficulty, as I told HUMBOLDT, that I feel as to the penetration of water into the volcanic focus arises from consideration of the opposing pressure of the external column of water and the internal lava, and the deficiency of burning hydrogen gas during the explosion. Perhaps some of you may like to go into the next room and meditate on the subject, while I finish my wine.

391.

Who would not have flowers on his tomb for ever and ever, when he can secure that ornament for a payment of ten guineas to a Cemetery Company? Flowers for ever for the price of four pounds of Weeds.

392.

Many attempts have been made to define the Height of Assurance. I should, were I interested in the profits, say that it had been reached by the Assurance Society that has just given £1000 to the new school scheme. Not being interested, I rejoice that an excellent fund is so much the richer.

393.

Greenock—the most detestable place extant—has been suddenly covered with glory. A gentleman from that place, DNS. MORTON, has won the blue ribbon of Cambridge. I put it, in a friendly way, to Greenock, that as it is now illustrious for ever, it would be a noble thing to burn itself down in honour of the Senior Wrangler.

394.

I don't bother boys with books in the holidays. But this Christmas the weather was detestable, and when my boys had tumbled over the banisters about forty times, and done all the mischief that was conceivable, they wearied for something to do. So I thought that they might as well read a little French. To this end, I had an interview with a young gentleman who stated that he had lived many years in France, and was quite up to the language. By way of test I respectfully handed him the *Tartuffe*, and begged him to write me a translation of the first few lines. *Elmire*, you know, asks *Madame Pernelle* why she is leaving the house. She answers—

"C'est que je ne puis vois tout ce ménage-ci,
Et que de me complaire on ne prend nul souci."

Having smoked half a weed, I returned to the study, and the proposed tutor smilingly handed me a *traduction*, in which the above lines were thus rendered:—

"It is because I do not see all the family here,
And because to compliment me you take no care."

This he explained to be not only a faithful translation, but also English poetry. I did not engage that party.

395.

I will name to you five truly great men who cared nothing for music. BURKE, FOX, DR. JOHNSON, PITT, MACINTOSH.

396.

When SHELLEY's most glorious poem appeared, CHARLES LAMB wrote to his bookseller to send him *Prometheus Unbound*. He duly received the Greek play—in boards.

397.

Now then, owl. Is that the way to blow out a wax candle? If you don't want it to smoulder, and all the wick to waste away, serve it as I serve you—blow it *up*.

398.

In 1831—it was on a Wednesday in the November—I was in the pit of the Adelphi. A man rose up, during the play, and complained to MR. FREDERICK YATES, who was then on the stage, that a lady in front would not take off her big blue bonnet, which prevented the complainant from seeing what was going on. "Sir," said MR. YATES, severely, "you ought to have too much of the gallantry of an Englishman to desire anything that could be inconvenient to a lady." The house cheered the Manager, and the grumbler bolted. Nevertheless, I thought and think, that he had grounds for growls, and if he is alive, it may comfort him to know my opinion.

399.

I like the enthusiastic old Herald who pitied ADAM because he had no opportunity of studying genealogy.

400.

A man who goes out to breakfast (if he have a breakfast at home) is an idiot whom it were gross flattery to call a fool.

401.

The love of evil is the root of all money. Consider this well, for I see you don't understand it.

402.

I will give this last salmon cutlet to the first who tells me who COCKUS was. I pause for a reply. All dumb? Then I eat it myself, informing your ignorances that one Cock, translated into COCKUS by CAMDEN, was the only English officer killed when we smashed up the Armada. Wine to the memory of the gallant COCKUS.

403.

My friends the Academicians have no such advantages as painters in former days had. For instance, MAHOMET the Second, wishing to convince BELLINI, the artist, that he had made some little mistake in a picture of the beheading of JOHN THE BAPTIST, called a slave to him, and cut off his head, there and then, in order to illustrate the criticism.

404.

Pass the Burgundy. Do you know that AUSTRIGILDA, a beautiful queen of that country, being about to die, ordered her two doctors to be killed and buried with her? I think there was a sense of humour in this lady.

405.

When the next ruffian who has received his sentence from the Beak declares that "he can do that lot on his head," make him try the first half hour in that attitude, aided by a rope and a beam. I don't think we should hear the vaunt repeated, after the result had been made known in Scoundrelia.

406.

I retract my abuse of the West. A courteous Bristolian, to whom I tender my best thanks, has sent me documents giving a capital account of Pen Park Hole. I fear that it is not quite so awful as could be wished, but it is a place to see, and I intend to descend into it. The poor clergyman was lost there on the 27th March, 1775.

407.

The only railway scheme in which we are very much interested is the Mid London. Mad London wants it. So does Mud London.

408.

It is to run underground, five miles and a half, from Shepherd's Bush to Farringdon Street. By the Marble Arch, Bond Street, Hanover Square, Soho Square, Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn, Middle Row, and Hatton Garden. Cost, two millions and a half. If the stations are put in the right places (which they seldom are) this line will be a blessing, and we shall never go into the streets at all. The shopkeepers will be frantic, but it will serve the whole commercial world just right, for its insolent and selfish neglect to keep the thoroughfares reasonably clear and clean. I hope the bill will pass.

409.

As for the railway people, of all sorts, we owe them no consideration. If any existing lines hinder the laying of good new ones, Parliament must remember that what it gave, it can take away. Cut through railways as unceremoniously as the railways cut through our houses, churches, and estates.

410.

Gentlemen. *Potaturus vos saluto*. The Session having now commenced, it will be necessary for me to talk in Parliament. Averse to double trouble, I shall, for the present, favour you with no more of

Punch's Table-Talk.



JONES,

AS HE APPEARED WHEN BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO DREADFULLY SATIRICAL."

FRENCH CANARDS AND ENGLISH GEESE.

REALLY we grow more and more astonished every day to find how perfectly the French are acquainted with the social habits of the English. "Our lively neighbours," as we call them, are alive to every change in our customs or costumes, and nothing can escape their vigilant attention. When one reflects how widely distant their shores are from our own: when one considers that it takes no less than ninety minutes to cross over the Channel; and that a man may dine in Paris, and breakfast the next morning with his friends in Leicester Square: one is astonished by the knowledge which the French have somehow managed to acquire about our ways of life and private goings on. Everything we do, or say, or think, seems to be known to them, and all our little eccentricities of etiquette and fashion are patent to their eye, and most minutely understood.

As the press is now acknowledged as the centre of intelligence, we are not surprised to notice that the journalists of France are eminently conversant with our peculiarities, and singularly accurate in their description of whatever may concern our English life. Remotely distant as they are from us in geographical position, French writers somehow manage to pick up an amazing knowledge of our habits, and were they born and bred among us they could hardly be more perfectly acquainted with our ways. For instance, see how truthfully a writer in the *Univers* describes a social practice which at Christmastide in England, we all know, is widely prevalent:—

"It is customary in that country of spleen for every gentleman who is admitted into Society to send a fat goose at Christmas to the lady of the house he is in the habit of visiting. Beautiful women receive a whole magazine of eatables in their drawing-rooms; and are thus enabled by an ingenious calculation to ascertain the number of their friends or their suitors by that of the fat geese sent them. So many geese, so many lovers. In England a goose is sent instead of a love letter. It is very original, like everything that is English."

If our French friend had but thought of it, he might with equal truth have stated that this curious English custom, of presenting a fat goose to the lady one loves best, has been lately ascertained to be of ancient Roman origin, and to have been practised since the days of SQUINTUS CURTIUS, who, through obliquity of vision, fell into a sawpit

A SPIRITUAL APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

(BY NICHOLAS BRADY AND NAHUM TATE.)

LET Parliament of them beware
That would, with specious aim,
Revise the Book of Common Prayer,
And would abridge the same.
A measure to effect that end
Is forward to be brought,
As we are told that some intend,
But may it come to naught!

For they that would that book amend
We feel, with boding qualms,
Would first of all excise the end,
Our version of the Psalms.
Some say we have, the truth to tell,
And they are not a few,
Turned Holy Writ to doggerel,
Which they would fain eschew.

The text of DAVID'S Psalms, alone,
All sacred and sublime,
We have corrupted with our own,
'Tis said, to make it rhyme.
Our lines are set, they further carp,
To tunes grotesque and queer,
Composed, unmeet for DAVID'S harp,
To suit a Beadle's ear.

O let not innovation rash
Our psalter e'er discard,
As though by name imputing trash
To Royal Hebrew Bard;
But let it evermore remain
As pointed to be sung
In churches, to parochial strain,
By parish children young.

Devout Churchwardens do suppose
The cherub-choir so sings,
With chubby face and small snub nose,
And else all head and wings;
Such cherubs as are carved on pews,
And tombstones do adorn.
Consent not BRADY to disuse,
Nor cast off TATE in scorn.

and was smothered in dust. The custom is referred to by the poet VIRGIL, in the famous line beginning, "*Quot anseres, tot amantes*," which is one of the most splendid specimens now extant of hexameter Greek verse. Geese were always revered as sacred birds in ancient Rome, from the fact that in a certain monetary crisis which occurred during the Second Consulship of PLANCUS, large flocks of them succeeded in laying golden eggs, and thus saved the Roman capitalists from having to shell out.

Through the labours of the British Antiquarian Society, some interesting documents have lately been discovered, which prove very completely that the practice of presenting a fat goose, as a love-token, was introduced to England in the reign of JULIUS SNEEZAR, who came over for the purpose of buying some Scotch snuff. That the custom soon took root, and became extremely popular, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to its costliness which occur in CHAUCER, CONGREVE, COLLEY, CIBBA, and BEN THOMPSON, and other needy poets of the præ-Shakspearian age. Thus, SPENSER in his ballad of "*The Done Brown Maid*," makes *Daphne* rail against the stinginess of *Damon* for giving her a lean duckling in lieu of a fat goose, which, owing to the poultry plague (a forerunner of our Rinderpest), and consequent extraordinary dearth of provisions, he could not well afford. So DRYDEN, too, bewails his pitiable plight, on the occasion of his having prepared the usual love-gift when, as the old black-letter chronicle relates;

"De Fay dyd jumpe o'er ye gardenne gate,
And intoe ye Pantrie he pokyd his pate;
A good fatte goose he there dyd se,
Oho, quoth Syr Renard, here's dinnere for me!"

The poet SMOLLETT, also, alludes to this quaint custom in a sonnet which is likewise extant in black letter, and which for the benefit of our French friends we may cite:—

"I gabe my Love a fatte, fatte goose,
'Twas hatchyd eke in June:

About its head shere put a noose,
And hangyd it ful soone :
Sir pennies good I thus dyd loose ;
So Love gets out of tune."

Expensive as the custom was, however, it was not permitted to fall into disuse. Thrifty parents probably insisted on their daughters keeping up the practice, and young ladies were paternally encouraged in flirtation, for the sake of the fat geese which thus might be obtained. Girls, doubtless, were forbidden to dance with a young gentleman whose income seemed uncertain, lest at Christmas he might fail to send the tributary goose.

But, be this as it may, the custom somehow has been handed down from the dark ages, and never was more popular than in our own enlightened times. As our French friends are aware, the course of true love here in England never can run smoothly, unless a goose be yearly presented as a love-gift. Half the breach of promise cases reported in our newspapers, arise from some neglect of this universal practice. Perhaps from being viewed as a good emblem of a lover, a goose is thought to be the fittest tribute of affection; and young ladies never dream of simpering their "Ask Mamma!" until they have assurance that Christmas-tide will bring them the usual Christmas gift. Everybody knows that in genteel society it is usual for *fiancées* to wear the beaks and head plumes of the geese their lovers send them, *pour encourager les autres*; and flirts may frequently be seen with a score or so of goose-necks dangling round their waists, like the scalps which Indian warriors wear to show how many enemies their tomahawk has slain. In fact, the goose is worshipped here as the bird sacred to Venus, just as with Minerva is identified the owl. The first step to success with a young suitor is the goose-step; and when he is accepted, it is usual for his friends to tell him that his goose is cooked.

THE FENIAN CENTRE.

TUNE—"The Sprig of Shillelagh."



CH, love is the soul of a 'cute
Fenian!

What he loves is the swag,
and he grabs all he can,
With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.
His heart is malignant, his
head is unsound,
But in it an eye to the main-
chance is found.
He plots, and conspires, and
he howls, and he fights,
For swag, all for swag, for in
that he delights,
With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.

Who has e'er to New York
had of late to repair?
A Fenian all in his glory is
there,
With his Office of Centre,
and Circle so green.
His course all so clear, with-
out hindrance or check,
No fear of a halter slipped
round his nate neck.
He goes to his Lodge, raves
against England's Crown,

And there they fall out and he knocks his friends down,
With his Office of Centre, and Circle so green.

To business returning, when homeward he goes,
Subscriptions pour in, and he pockets all those,
With his Office of Centre, and Circle so green.
He meets with a Yankee, who, grinning a smile,
Cries, "Wal, I say, PAT, I conclude you've struck ile,"
To the bar then they go, liquor up after that,
And you next in his carriage reclining see PAT,
With his Office of Centre and Circle so green.

Clear the country, I say, that gave PATRICK his birth,
Clear the land of the oak and the neighbouring earth,
From the Office of Centre, and Circle so green.
Sweep the Fenians clean off the banks of the Shannon;
They may plant in New York or Chicago their cannon.
Distracted and dished, at Disloyalty's shrine,
May the Irish Republic in vapour decline,
With its Office of Centre, and Circle so green!

ACCOMMODATION FOR IRELAND.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,

At a numerous and influential meeting of noblemen, merchants, and capitalists, the other day in Dublin, it was unanimously resolved that Government ought to aid the development of Railway enterprise in Ireland, by lending Irish railway companies money at a low rate of interest in order to relieve them from the load of debt which they are at present burdened with.

This proposal excites the ridicule of the selfish and cold-hearted Saxon. Sir, the expectation of poor old Ireland, when every now and then pecuniary difficulties come about her, to be lifted out of her embarrassments and liberated from her obligations by a little advance out of the pockets of her wealthier sister, what is it, after all, more than any gentleman, that wants to maintain himself as such, naturally expects at the hands of his rich relations? Whenever he gets into trouble he applies to them for assistance, and, if they are of the right sort, they give it him, without hesitation, and without superfluous remonstrance.

Good and generous relations are those that encourage you in all your speculations, and, as often as your schemes miscarry, pay the expenses of your misadventures, take your losses on themselves, and supply you with the means of making a fresh start.

Shabby, mean, ungenerous relations are they that, when you tell them of any undertaking that you mean to attempt, offer you advice, which you don't want, and don't lend you money, which you do. They advise you to give up your project instead of supplying you with the means of executing it, because they foresee (and be hanged to them) that you will fail. In case of your attempting it, and not succeeding, they remind you that they told you so, and when you have recourse to them for relief from the liabilities you have contracted, make your disregard of the warning they gave you their paltry excuse for refusing to bear the consequences of your failure, and declining, with redoubled stinginess, to give you a chance of retrieving your prospects at their own contemptible expense.

Sir, the devil fly away with such dirty calculating creatures! Give me the relations that will behave like buffers when I tumble back upon them, presenting cushions to break my fall, and acting as with springs to set me up again, tacitly acknowledging their simple duty to render me those necessary services as a matter of course.

Sir, a nation is made up of individuals, and nothing short of what will satisfy the latter will satisfy the former. You would not think, now, that the ingenuous remarks foregoing were addressed to you by a Scotchman and not

AN IRISHMAN.

P.S. You may talk, in your cold-blooded way, of legislating for poor old Ireland, but the only Bill that she wants is one which you must accept yourselves, and renew as often as it becomes payable.

A HAIR'S BREADTH ESCAPE.

Dialogue * said to have been overheard at a French watering-place, and which might have been overheard at some English ones.

Anxious Mamma (as she sees her Duck of a Daughter take the water). My darling child! You are going in with your back-hair on!

Duck of a Daughter (who combines a regard to appearances with a prudent eye to the hair-dresser's bill). No, Mamma, it's last Season's hair.

* *Madame*. Malheureuse! Tu te baignes dans tes cheveux!
Mademoiselle. Non, Maman—ce sont les cheveux de l'année passée.

Putting Up and Putting Down.

AILMENTS are bad, but worse, too oft, are cures.
We raised a Board of Works to put down sewers;
The sewers they have put down, THWAITES and his Turks—
And now 'tis who'll put down the Board of Works?

Self-Complacency in Plush.

"HA!" exclaimed MR. JOHN THOMAS, standing with his coat-tails drawn forwards and his back to the kitchen-fire, "I've heer'd a good deal about the cattle complaint, but am appy to say it aven't yet attacked my calves."

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE CHURCH.

WHAT! The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK to be no longer Trustees of the British Museum!
This is what comes of *Essays and Reviews*, Rationalism, and COLENSO!

THE Allies of Spain in her war against her South-American Ex-dependencies.—Block-ade and Rhodomont-ade.



MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

Captain Havanner (to Old Gent, who looks as if he would object to Smoking). "BEG PARDON, WOULD YOU OBJECT TO CHANGE YOUR CARRIAGE? LADY HERE—LARGE FAMILY—LOTS OF LUGGAGE—YOUNG CHILDREN—ELDEST BOY JUST THROUGH THE MEASLES—BABY TEETHING—"

Old Gent (with alacrity). "OH, CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY!"

[Has the satisfaction of seeing the Lady still on the Platform when the Train starts, while the Captain has the Carriage to himself.]

THE BOLD GOVERNOR EYRE AND THE BULLS OF EXETER HALL.

(A Song for the Streets.)

ON the right of the Strand, as you walk to the West,
The street of all London the finest and best,
You'll see a Greek word on a portico tall:
The building behind it is Exeter Hall.

There people resort to hear spouters abuse
Mahomedans, Catholics, Pagans, and Jews,
Ex-drunkards talk cant, Irish clergymen brawl,
And fanatics howl nonsense in Exeter Hall.

The victim, just now, of its blather and blare,
Is a brave British gentleman, GOVERNOR EYRE,
Who, for saving Jamaica with powder and ball,
Has roused all the malice of Exeter Hall.

The Hall has its Pets, whom you must not attack,
And chiefly it pets QUASHI-BUNGO the black:
And if QUASHI-BUNGO quotes words from ST. PAUL,
It's ready to kiss him, is Exeter Hall.

At times QUASHI-BUNGO from Scripture refrains,
And chops up white people, and scoops out their brains:
Uprises at once the philanthropist squall,
"Of course you provoked him," says Exeter Hall.

For some horrible murders performed by the Pet,
EYRE gave him a lesson he'll never forget,
"You monster, you wretch! QUASHI-BUNGO to maul;
"We'll hang you at Newgate," cries Exeter Hall.

"We'll hear," says JOHN BULL, "hold your jabber and row,
I've known my old friend, MR. EYRE, before now."
"He's a NERO, a JEFFREYS, a GOVERNOR WALL,"
Cries, screaming with passion, mad Exeter Hall.

Now JOHN stops his ears to fanatical spite,
And suspects QUASHI-BUNGO was served very right,
But he'll hear the whole story, not told in the drawl
And spasmodic bewailings of Exeter Hall.

But if, when the tale of Jamaica is told,
The QUEEN gives her thanks to the Governor bold,
What a bellow will burst from the favourite stall
Of the big bulls of Bashan in Exeter Hall!

GOOD NEWS.

THERE is some hope for an end of the Rinderpest at last. The cows have taken up the subject. We rejoice to find, from a Bristol paper, that they have called a meeting. Here is the advertisement, and we hope that many influential cows will attend:—

"NOTICE.—A MEETING OF THE MILK-PRODUCERS in and around the City of Bristol will be holden in the Large Room at the BUNCH OF GRAPES, Nicholas Street, on THURSDAY Next, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon."

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

WE have our usual authority to announce that in the contemplated revision of the Prayer Book, it is proposed to substitute for the Psalter of NICHOLAS BRADY and NAHUM TATE a new version of the Psalms by ALFRED TENNYSON and ROBERT BROWNING.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UCH to the gratification of Her subjects, HER MAJESTY, in person, opened Parliament on Tuesday the Sixth of February. The QUEEN has not performed this ceremony during the last five years, and the reason for the Sovereign's seclusion would render it unbecoming for *Mr. Punch* to say any word upon the subject of Her re-appearance, except that it greatly rejoiced the nation and himself.

LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH read the Speech. As *Mr. Punch* could not hear many words of it, he occupied himself with considering whether it was likely to be true that when a certain Chancellor reassumed office, he was congratulated by a very great personage with

the remark, "See how much better it is to be good than clever." *Mr. Punch* decided in the negative just as LORD CRANWORTH left off.

The Speech was of enormous length, which the summary of it certainly will not be. These were the points:—

1. Our HELENA here has accepted PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein there.
2. Regret at the demise of KING LEOPOLD.
3. All right with foreign powers.
4. Meeting of French and English fleets promoted amity.
5. Happy that the American war is over.
6. Very happy that American Slavery is over.
7. We have nearly annihilated the West African slave trade.
8. You shall see the Alabama correspondence.
9. Portugal has made it up between us and Brazil.
10. France and we are trying to make it up between Spain and Chili.
11. Excellent treaty with the MIKADO, and revision of tariff.
12. Commercial treaty with Austria.
13. QUASHI-BUNGO, the Commission, and the new Jamaican Government.
14. Nearly all our soldiers are to come back from New Zealand.
15. Union of the British North American provinces.
16. The Rinderpest. A law to be made.
17. Estimates, Economy, Efficiency.
18. The condition of trade is satisfactory.
19. The Fenians have caught it.
20. A law about Capital Punishment.
21. A new Bankruptcy law.
22. Improvement of the Public Audit.
23. And of the law as to certain pensions.
24. A uniform Parliamentary Oath for all religionists.
25. Parliamentary Reform. LORD RUSSELL is making inquiries, and when they are made, and he knows his own intentions, the attention of Parliament shall be called to the result, with a view to such improvements as may tend to strengthen our free institutions, and conduce to the public welfare.
26. The accustomed prayer.

The QUEEN kissed the PRINCESS OF WALES, to *Mr. Punch's* great delight, and the inaugural ceremonial ended.

Probably during the many centuries through which *Mr. Punch* intends to chronicle the proceedings of the Legislature, he will never have an opportunity of tying up the first night's Debates on the Addresses in so very small a parcel as in this year of grace, 1866.

In the House of Hereditary Wisdom, LORD NORMANBY and LORD MORLEY moved and seconded the Address. The second Lord is hereby consigned to a happy immortality by *Mr. Punch's* record of the fact that his Lordship spoke so well as to receive a splendid compliment from LORD DERBY, who, as translator of the speeches of ULYSSES, NESTOR, and THERSITES, should be a good judge of oratorical eloquence.

DUKES RUTLAND and RICHMOND talked Rinderpest. So did LORDS FEVERSHAM, ESSEX, and WINCHESEA. All united in abusing the Government for doing too much and too little.

EARL GRANVILLE defended his colleagues. They had given the subject every attention, but Napoleonic action was impossible in England. The Lords had been told in the Speech that a Bill was to be introduced.

LORD CARNARVON scoffed at the defence, and said that unless we put down the Rinderpest by Lady Day, landlords would be bankrupts and tenants would be ruined.

LORD ABERCORN praised the Government for having at last dealt with the Fenians, but he obligingly added that the repression had been postponed until after the elections, in order to catch Fenian votes. The work should have been done long ago.

EARL GREY severely blamed Government both about the Rinderpest and about Reform.

On the latter question, EARL RUSSELL was obeying MR. BRIGHT. A Bill for merely extending the franchise would be a sham and a delusion. Delay was of no consequence—let us have a comprehensive and satisfactory measure. There were much more pressing matters, such as Ireland, Canada, Emigration, Factory-Children, Labour and Capital. The speech was a good one, but it may without disrespect be said that the politician who has ever devised anything entirely satisfactory to LORD GREY has not the honour of being among the acquaintances of *Mr. Punch*.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL having assured the Lords that Government had done all that was right in regard to the cattle,

LORD DERBY went through the points in the Speech, banteringly observing upon the extreme pleasure with which he assented to its commonplaces. On the Jamaican question he reserved judgment, but thought the Government had behaved exceedingly ill to GOVERNOR EYRE, and in a way that LORD PALMERSTON would never have behaved to a valuable public officer in a difficult position. He cited LORD PALMERSTON's declaration that if you did not stand by your officers, you would not get high-minded English gentlemen to serve you. A triumph had been given to QUASHI-BUNGO, and a roving commission, which could not examine on oath, had been sent out to pick up evidence against MR. EYRE. The Earl stated that his own Government had convicted Fenians, who were instantly released by his successors. He made some hits at the course taken as to reform, on which he believed that the Ministers had not made up their minds. If the Bill should be a good one, it should have the cordial support of the Conservatives, and if not, they would do their best to throw it out.

EARL RUSSELL, who was pleased instantly to drop into his best mumbletonian oratory, was understood to say that such a number of blacks had been executed that it was necessary to inquire into the subject, and that the displacing MR. EYRE was necessary to a full investigation. The Jamaicans were to be convoked to give the Commission the power of imposing an oath. [Suppose that they will not, having already voted that MR. EYRE had been a great public benefactor?] He added a defence of his own opposition to the Derby Reform Bill.

EARL MELVILLE told the Government that MR. CARDWELL had behaved most properly to MR. EYRE, but that LORD RUSSELL had ill-treated him to gain the political support of a fanatical party.

After these pleasing exchanges, the Lords unanimously voted the Address.

In the Commons the "talk was of bullocks," and nothing else, until adjournment at midnight.

Wednesday. Swearing.

Thursday. LORD CARNARVON complained that SIR GEORGE GREY (Head, we presume, of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church) had declined to order a day of fasting and humiliation because of the Rinderpest. The Home-Office Hierarchy's reason was, that such demonstrations should be made only in cases of national, not local, affliction. EARL RUSSELL reminded the pious CARNARVON that a prayer had already been constructed to meet the case. If it continue to be ineffectual, involuntary fasting will be the rule with large numbers of persons.

An Irish debate in the Commons elicited a vote, by 25 Members against 346, that Fenianism was the result of grievances which Government ought to redress. A few English Members were in the minority, and among them was MR. STUART MILL, who gave his support to a proposition which MR. GLADSTONE, admitting the necessity of progressive legislation for Ireland, eloquently condemned. When such men differ, who shall blame boobies for bewilderment?

Friday. LORD CHELMSFORD demanded information as to the condition and chances of the Abyssinian captives. LORD CLARENDON said that MR. RASSAM had been sent on a mission to KING THEODORE, and that there were some hopes of his success. This affair is being horribly bungled, and English *prestige* is being frittered away. In all probability the result will be, we fear, an unpleasant one for the captives, and, we hope, a still more unpleasant one for the Abyssinian king.

On the report on the Commons address, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON severely reproved MR. BRIGHT for language he used, at a meeting, in reference to GOVERNOR EYRE, whom MR. BRIGHT had prejudged. The Member for Birmingham was impenitent, and said what would have

been legitimately effective had it been reasonably just. MR. BOUVERIE, following MR. POTTER, said that there had been "too much Pottering with the Reform question," and intimated, as the representative of a strong party among the Liberals, that a mere lowering of franchise would not be acceptable, and that the subject ought to be settled for the present century. So said other Liberals. MR. GLADSTONE, who, as EARL RUSSELL told a deputation, will have to expound the Reform Bill, must be in a state of justifiable irritability, as he is at present debarred from making preparations for an oration, which no doubt will be regarded as one of the events of his life. It is disheartening work to air splendid decorations which may have to be put away again.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.



SUPPOSING FARMER WAPSHOT HAD RUN UP TO TOWN ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, TO CONSULT HIS MEMBER ABOUT A NATIONAL CATTLE INSURANCE,



WHEN HE WENT DOWN TO THE HOUSE,



HE WOULD SURELY—



HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN—



FOR A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.



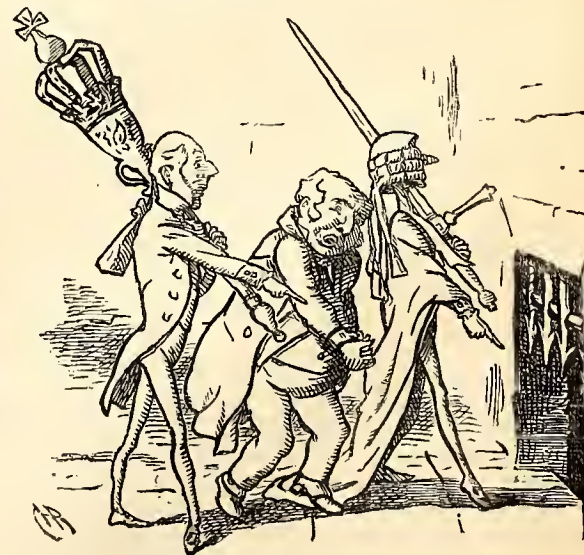
ALTHOUGH HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN ELECTED SPEAKER,



HE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE TAKEN THE OATHS



AND HIS SEAT.



Then, WHAT WOULD HAVE BECOME OF HIM.

A Handy Excuse.

A Most elegant lady was taken up for kleptomania, when a gentleman present said, "It was all owing to her taper hand." "And pray, what has that to do with it?" inquired the unsuspecting Magistrate. "Why, Sir, you see it accounts naturally for her being light-fingered."

Ornithology.

THE Dodo is not extinct. This bird's name, when written in full, is known to all Ornithologists as the Ditto-ditto; epistolary necessities have reduced the title to Do-do.

Yours truly, A. V. AIRY.



BAD CUSTOMER.

Landlady. "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM?"

Ancient Waiter. "GET'LEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M! 'OR' BLESHYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S ARTIS'S TRAPS, THAT IS. THEY'LL 'AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY'LL BE A LOAFIN' ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOIN' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"

SUBURBS OF EASE.

ACCORDING to the *South London Chronicle*, two distinct projects, to be worked out by as many joint-stock companies (limited), are on foot in philanthropic and commercial circles, with a view to the creation, in the neighbourhood of London, of suburban villages. That is to say, one of these projects is contemplated in a philanthropic circle; the other in a commercial circle. The former, aiming to provide suitable houses for the working-classes, relies on the principle that a gift to the poor is a loan on the safest possible security; the latter, intending simply to make money, "is based on the assumption that capitalists may obtain good dividends."

These two projects, both the one designed by Benevolence, and the other devised by Acquisitiveness, would, under conditions, deserve to be encouraged by the Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces. Let the proposed suburban villages be created in neighbourhoods sufficiently remote from London to keep the villages distinct, and sufficiently uninteresting to render their creation an improvement. The new suburban villages will then preserve the old from suffocation by housing the increase of population that threatens to fuse them together into a mere expansion of London. Dreary wastes will give place to lively dwellings, and pleasant wilds will be spared.

Good name in man or woman, we all know, is the immediate jewel of their souls; and the character of our old villages about London and elsewhere, is precious too. Suffer it not to be destroyed by speculative builders! Regulate the extension of large towns. Make them spread in patches. A grove of chimneys is not better than a grove of trees. DR. JOHNSON never would have said it was, if he had not been purblind. Both groves are good in their way, however. Let groves of trees intervene between groves of chimneys. There are, not too far from London, plenty of wastes neither useful nor ornamental, which, excepted from the wholesome prohibitions of an Anti-Inclosures Bill, would afford ample scope to both Benevolence and Acquisitiveness for the creation of suburban villages.

A CARD.

MADAME RAFFAEL begs to inform her friends and patronesses, and the *beau monde* generally, that she has succeeded to the business of cheek-painter and plasterer, in the *atelier* lately occupied by MAD'LE CANIDIA, who, having realised a handsome fortune, has retired from the trade.

Having had great practice in the art of facial decoration, MADAME RAFFAEL feels great confidence in offering her services to ladies whose fair charms show symptoms of decay. By the use of her restoratives, the ravages of time and dissipation are concealed, and a youthful bloom diffused upon an old and wrinkled cheek. Crowsfeet, spots and freckles are carefully effaced, and premature grey hairs are, at the wearer's pleasure, either reddened or removed. Lips are freshened up for purposes of flirting, and made suitable for public use beneath the mistletoe. Complexions are made capable of the semblance of a blush, while a pearly hue is given to the yellowest of teeth.

It being now the *mode* for ladies every other day or so to change the colour of their hair, MADAME RAFFAEL has on hand a vast variety of dyes, ready to be used at any moment's notice, and warranted to wear well in the very warmest room. Chignons supplied of the fashionable hue, as well as raven ringlets which may be worn for mourning, and glossy nut-brown tresses to be made up into watch-chains for sentimental friends.

N.B. Cracked Complexions made as good as new. Repairs neatly executed, and with prompt despatch.

ON THE FASHIONABLE COLOURED HAIR.

"DEARY me," said old MRS. GUY, "why now-a-days all the young gals is light headed."

MEDICAL.—The lights of the Metropolis are very bad indeed, and no wonder when they have been suffering so long from a gas-trick fever.

LAYS OF LAMBETH.

Lambeth Union House, Old Men's Ward, No. 6.

HONOR MR. PUNCH, SIR,—
Last week as ever vos I discharged myself from the 'ouse 'oping to pick up a livin' outside, through being foter-graffed, along of the public interest excited about me by that Casual Gent as rote me up in the *Pell Mell Gazette*, but 'ave been treated, I consider, very scaly, and come back, wich I 'ave now turned my 'and to heppigrams, and accordingly enclose a specimen, and shall be glad of a trifel to drink your 'elth,

Your humble Servant,
DADDY.

N.B. Not bein' much of an 'and at the pen, the above, and below also, 'as been copied for me by parties in

the 'ouse (wich you will excuse, names being agin' orders) as have knowed better days, the heppigrams in partickler, wich I giv the idears, but the rimes and touchin' up is by a poet as is now in the 'ouse (No. 4, Men's ward) all along o' lick and conwiwial 'abits.

A LARGE ORDER.

Of Life's extremes each towards other stretches,
Till houseless wretchedness this comfort hath;
That our C.P.'s (or casual pauper wretches)
Are all C.B.'s, Companions of the Bath.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

That dirty water won't wash clean is bosh,
So in one bath let twice five casuals wash.
But the ten casuals washed (asks our reporter)
What earthly process is to wash the water?

Dear Mr. Punch, I enclose poor DADDY's playful efforts. Of course, the poetic garb is your humble servant's, as is also the following *jeu d'esprit*, which I call—

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW; OR, "SIC TRANSIT GLORIA DAD-DI."

The Pen has its heroes as well as the Sword;
One such hero at least this our time doth afford:
Him, who truth of the workhouse determined to tell,
Went in among Lambeth's foul casuals, pell-mell.

How little old DADDY suspected his cloth,
When he helped him to *toke*, after "weak mutton broth;"
How little the Master e'er dreamed that the shed
'Mong its hay-bags, that night, held at least one *press-bed*.

Well—this hero his daring adventure achieved,
And next day London read, shuddered, blushed, and believed:
And a modern prosaic Inferno we knew,
With as black horrors hinted, as e'er DANTE drew.

But who *was* this new DANTE? To Leonine name
He preferred the sly sweets of anonymous fame.
Not so his life-models, his Belial, KAY,
And his Virgil, old DADDY, who showed him the way.

Like their painter, who braved Lambeth crank-shed to shame us,
They awakened next morning, to find themselves famous:
Their names, thank the Press penny trumpets, loud rung
In the popular ear, on the popular tongue.

We know not how KAY has discounted renown—
But that blue-eyed youth has not yet blazed on town,
As an old or new wonder of Exeter Hall,
Id est, Lion or saint, at prayer-meeting or ball.

In the school of the back slums hard study like KAY's
Makes us know guilt from gingerbread, pudding from praise:
He can rate nine days' wonder at what it is worth,
As sudden and swift in its death as its birth.

Not so poor old DADDY: of insight less large,
From the House and his functions he claimed his discharge;

By photographers' arts done, in every sense, brown,
Thought his face was his fortune, and went on the town.

A crown was the glittering bait that came o'er
Poor DADDY, as crowns have lured others before.
"Your negative give, and five shillings we'll pay!"
To such price for one's negative who could say nay?

Two half-crowns in his pocket, rich, famous, and free,
Two brief happy days DADDY spent on the spree.
But his two half-crowns gone, and his two-days' dream o'er,
DADDY found that his fame wouldn't bring him in more.

Two negatives equal to one "yes," we know,
But here to *two* negatives Business said "no."
Photography, lately all smiles, now looked black,
And (his mug in her *carte*) on his face turned her back.

So, with tail 'twixt his legs, back poor DADDY must crawl,
To the House, diet, uniform, ward-work and all,
To supply a fresh answer to "What's in a name?"
And add one to thy shooting-stars, Popular Fame!

If you can find room for the above, and send a *quid pro quo*, please seal up my *honorarium* separate from poor old DADDY's, as mistakes might occur in this as in other Houses, and so oblige yours,

X. BROWN,

(*Servant of the Muses, in the Lambeth Union Livery.*)

COMIC COURT COSTUME.

PERHAPS thinking that fine feathers do not constitute fine birds, plain JOHN BRIGHT has an objection to attend the SPEAKER's parties in "decorated apparel." Probably he would like to wear a broadbrim on these festive State occasions, and would think it seemly if the guests all dressed in drab. But he contents himself with simply begging that in future those bidden to such feasts may come in any clothes they like, and need not air their calves by putting off their trousers, and donning a Court suit.

Plain JOHN forgets, however, that without rules for their guidance men are liable to error in the matter of costume. If men followed their own liking when dining with the SPEAKER, perhaps some of them might like to come in loose old shooting jackets, while others might appear in pink coats and top-boots. No doubt, a Member is a Member for a' that, and a' that; still there seems a certain fitness in wearing for State visits a set fashion of State dress.

As servants of the State, the Ministers are properly costumed in a fine livery, and it is surely meet that other guests who sit at meat with them should alike be somewhat gorgeously arrayed. Were the SPEAKER's rule relaxed, and his visitors allowed to come in any dress they liked, who knows but some mad wag might wear the comic fancy costume, in which, later in the evening, he meant to cut a dash at some dramatic fancy ball? Peradventure, too, when chimney-sweeps obtain a seat in Parliament (thanks to the projected extension of the franchise), some honourable gentlemen might enter without washing, and sit down with the SPEAKER in their usual workday soot. To guard against such antics, it might be needful for the SPEAKER to announce in his State-party cards of invitation—

"N.B. Clowns and pantaloons and Court fools not admitted."

GETTING UP HIS A.B.C.

WE are credibly informed that MR. WHALLEY is so enamoured of the Association that was in full play at Oscott College, under the title of "The Anti-Bunker Confederation," that he is about to start a similar one himself, and to install himself President of it. The Association, however, is not to be established, like its glorious predecessor, for "mere nonsense," but will be carried on, like everything its honoured founder does, in perfect seriousness, waging war at all times against all clerical errors, and members also, of the Romish Church. There is a strong look of probability about the rumour, though we must say at the same time that it hardly seems consistent, in so thoroughly orthodox a gentleman as the Member for Peterborough, putting himself at the head of an institution like an *abbacy*. (A.B.C.)

Epigram by an Agriculturist.

THEY talks of hosses and o' wine,
In some parts chiefly. We don't, here.
We drinks malt liquor; deals in swine:
Converses most on pigs and beer.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Sub-mission.

GOOD STYLE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL.

MR. PUNCH,

IT is too probable that the disclosures afforded by "FITZGERALD v. NORTHCOTE and Another," will induce MR. WHALLEY to ask for a Committee of Inquiry into the state of the discipline of Roman Catholic Schools.

Thereupon, of course, MR. WHALLEY will be requested, by a triumphant majority of the House of Commons, to sing. He will also be duly ridiculed by that excellent portion of the Press which, while it occasionally controverts certain points in what the ungenteel British Public calls Popery, perseveringly snubs all those vulgar and ill-informed people who presume to make any attempt whatever at preventing that same Popery from having entirely its own way.

It is, nevertheless, perhaps, a pity that MR. WHALLEY has no chance of getting Parliament to institute the investigation which he may be expected to demand. The truth which the Member for Peterborough seeks to ascertain, would, no doubt, if elicited, put him to confusion.

I apprehend that a Committee of Inquiry touching the method of education pursued at St. Mary's, Oscott, would discover that the manliness so characteristic of such of its features as were revealed on the trial of the above-named case, pervades all its details.

The penance into which the scholars of that establishment are subject to be put for their misdeeds, would probably turn out to be far from the dreadful thing which it is of course suspected to be by MR. WHALLEY.

I imagine that, when the young gentlemen at Oscott are naughty, they are usually put for a certain time in a corner, and with their faces to the wall. The student who will not learn his book—get up his *Euripides*, for instance—is, I suppose, made to stand on a stool, with a conical cap on his head labelled "Dunce," and a *fasciculus* of twigs from the *Betula alba* in his right hand. If he has been guilty of telling stories, he is, perhaps, posted in the same conspicuous situation for a certain time, and obliged to hold a scarlet rag, or something of that sort, between his lips. In saying his *Horace*, if he makes a false quantity, for example, I dare say a mark is suspended to his neck, and he has to wear it until he catches a fellow-collegian making a blunder, when he passes it on to him. And the general government of the College, I take it, is managed on a principle of mutual information; the good scholars being instructed to tell upon the naughty, and the naughty on each other. How much better it is to be bred up in the practice of a chastening self-humiliation, which Pride calls sneaking, than to be educated in the observance of that opposite conduct which is accounted honourable at a genuinely English Public School? The glimpse we have had of the arrangements that prevail at St. Mary's, Oscott, will, surely, Mr. Punch, make you redouble your exertions to bring about that union desired by the Reverend Author of

EIRENICON.

Feast of St. Hamulus Ambulator, 1866.

LIGHT FROM LLANGOLLEN.

THE question is settled at last. Science may take herself off to the Zambesi River, or to Natal, or to some place where she has not been found out to be a humbug. A simple Welsh squire has discovered what all the learned philosophers have failed to divine. With noble frankness, he has instantly divulged the secret, without making selfish stipulations for patents or rewards. We, in the same spirit, extract the squire's letter, *verbatim, et literatim*, from the *Llangollen Advertiser*:—

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—My opinion of the Cattle Plague is Volcanic Effluvia rising out of the earth, and incurable by man, as a punishment for the extravagance of great people, and many of the lower orders—foxhounds, prize running, greyhounds, race horses, and hunters, consuming the food of men, and leading their owners to wickedness and ruin—the great feeding their servants three or four times a day on flesh meat, and their women servants cream twice a day, stewing down a quarter of beef for gravy, and throwing the waste away, with scores of children within a few yards of their gates sucking orange peel, and eating dirty crusts to save themselves from starving. In three months, the lords and ladies will be obliged to part with two-thirds of their servants; and perhaps, cannot find beef for the rest.—I am, &c.,

A LANDOWNER.

An Authority on Art.

JONES, who is a second RUSKIN in a small way, was asked if he would like being the President of the Royal Academy, and this is the solemn dictum he gave:—"Why, you see, it's plaguy difficult! It requires such a combination of so many different qualities rarely met with in the same individual; that is to say, to make a good President. Now, for instance, I could do the *suaviter in modo* easily enough, but I doubt if I could manage the *forty-ter in R.A.*"

FROM THE ROYAL MEWS.

HER MAJESTY'S state horses consider themselves the *crème de la crème* of equine aristocracy.

FAREWELL TO CRINOLINE.

If there were any doubts about the fact that crinoline is doomed, they would surely be dispelled by the following account of how the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH was attired at the opening of the legislative session. We take it from the Paris news of the *Court Circular*, which is always well informed in foreign, as well as English fashionable affairs:—

"She was dressed with extreme simplicity—a mauve silk robe, with train, the graceful folds of which indicated the absence of all crinoline, and over her shoulders an elegant shawl of *dentelle bise*, fastened behind to the waist, and floating even on the train."

Whether an elegant lace shawl be compatible precisely with what is called "extreme simplicity" in dress, is a question which we leave *Le Follet* to discuss. We are too pleased with the statement that the EMPRESS wears no crinoline, to be critical about the wording of the news. If the EMPRESS gives it up, clearly crinoline must die. It was she who first inspired the breath of life into air-tubing for petticoat expansion, and bade the sharp-edged steel hoops chafe the shins of men. It was she by whose fell countenance (scarce redeemed by her fair face) wide skirts became the fashion here in filthy London, and the knees of long-legged gentlemen seated in an omnibus were plastered with their dirt. She it was who brought extensive dresses into vogue, and made so many a poor husband sigh at seeing the extensive bills he had to pay for them. For the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is Empress of the Fashions; and, though Britons never will be slaves, yet Britonesses slavishly obey whatever mandates the French Empress of the Fashions may see fit to put forth.

Now, therefore, that the EMPRESS has left off wearing crinoline, we may be sure that her example will be generally followed, and our drawing-rooms and pavements will no longer be blocked up by women with wide skirts. What great folks do the less will imitate; and now that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE has laid aside her crinoline, Miss BROWN and Mrs. ROBINSON, of course, will do the same. As we are old enough to value comfort and convenience, we rejoice that ladies' dresses are about to be diminished. The Eastern phrase of "May your shadow never be less!" is the last thing we should ever think of saying to a lady, while she persists in wearing an exuberance of skirt.

UNITED ACTION.

My case, State Doctors, right and left,
Must give no scope to Faction,
Unless of Beef you'd be bereft;
It needs united action.
You better had forthwith agree,
By temporary paction,
To do the best you can for me,
With your united action.

If you're unable to fulfil
Your curative intention
In my behalf, make haste and kill
Your patient, for prevention.
Bar, by the surest means you can,
Sound herds from all contaition
With tainted kine, as though one man,
In your united action.

Don't make the murrain-stricken Bull,
A stalking-horse for Party,
But pull away, together pull
With effort strong and hearty,
To bring him, if you can about,
By simultaneous traction
Or else the cattle-plague stamp out,
With your united action.

The Most Wonderful Trick of all.

COLONEL STODARE keeps advertising his "CELEBRATED INDIAN BASKET FEAT." We have heard of cork soles and wooden legs, and even wooden heads, but "basket feet" certainly run far in advance of every other mechanical invention as yet applied to the human frame. We shall have the frame itself made of wicker-work next, we suppose? By the way, do the basket elephants and horses we see on the stage have feet to match?

THIS IS FRANK.

A NEW M.P. writes to us to say that the Royal Academy have done wisely in voting a GRANT for themselves, for they will never get another out of Parliament.

SHAKSPEARE ON FENIANISM.—"Rebellion flat Rebellion."—King John.

GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE ROLLING SKATE.



LIVELY APPEARANCE OF REGENT STREET IN JUNE.



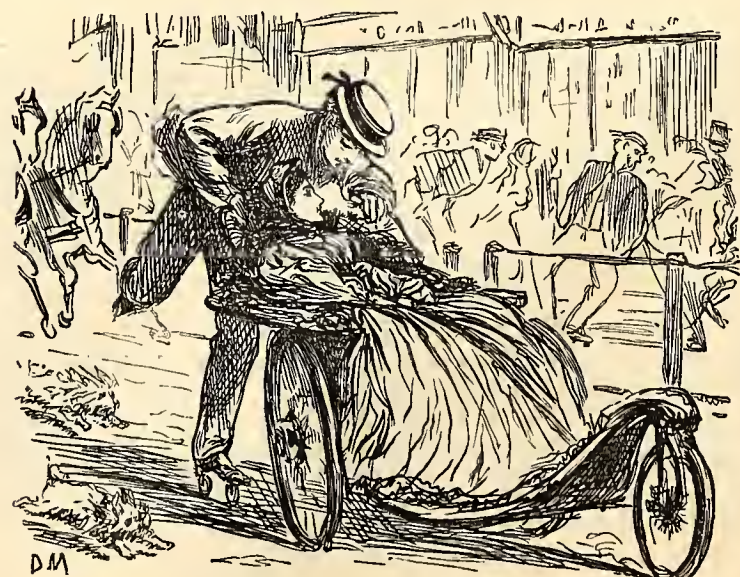
PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO THE SEA-SIDE CHEAPLY.



OLD LADY CAUGHT BY THE WEST WIND AND BLOWN CITYWARDS.



CHARLES LIKES A NICE TROT BY THE SIDE OF LUCY.



FRED AND EMILY PREFER A MORE RAPID MODE OF PROGRESSION.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 17, 1866.



THE POLITICAL COW-DOCTORS.

THE PATIENT. "OH, IF THEY'D ONLY LEAVE OFF QUARRELLING, AND JUST TRY 'UNITED ACTION,' IT MIGHT BE THE SAVING OF ME!"

TAX-GATHERERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION SOCIETY.

(From the Alarmist.)

At a crisis like this, when vested rights are being remorselessly trampled on, it behoves every man to stand by his Order. We therefore congratulate the Gatherers of Great Britain on having formed themselves into a defensive association with a firm resolution not to be ridden over roughshod by a pitiful parsimonious policy. For what with fiscal remissions and reductions, year after year, things are beginning to assume a serious aspect. The "great per-centage interest" is in peril, and all who are concerned in upholding taxation at its normal standard should combine and conquer without delay.

But if individuals were alone affected by these financial vagaries, many would suffer in Spartan silence, however acute, might be their pangs. The Gatherers of England bleed inwardly for their beloved country. Our national debt, they with patriotic spirit have always recognised as the badge of our national honour, while from our enemies it has wrung the complimentary exclamation, "Sure never was nation so trusted before!" Doubtless we owe much to posterity, and with proud tenderness, as of a parent taking largess from a child, we acknowledge it. How inconsistent then, and melancholy is that ignorant impatience of taxation, which unhappily we find among all classes from the bishop to the builder downwards, and ascending from the dairyman to the dean. Their clouded vision cannot perceive that a single penny in the pound, like mercy, "falls as the gentle dew from heaven," refreshing alike to those that gather and those that pay. How men can renounce their duties and retain their self-respect is most marvellous! Must not all virtues fade, when the highest virtue—that exhibited in paying our taxes on the first application, is ignored? If we lived in heathen lands, we might expect the payer's pocket to be fiercely buttoned up, but in this golden realm, where the Gatherer's expressive knock should have a humanising sound, such savagery is unpardonable.

Once for all, let us repeat that H.M.S. *Britannia* must pursue her proper course—"her march is o'er the mountain wave,"—and we must have no pitching or rolling. Our national burthens serve as ballast, holding her down but keeping her erect. Without some steadying power a ship is but a shell, and under similar conditions (which DERBY forbid) the state vessel would be made a butt of. Our Pilot, whose life has been a chequered one, can see nothing satisfactory looming in the future, and is apt to indulge in mournful reflections, doubtless very much out of place, especially when a party from mere opposition, taunts him with his views not being clear, and goes so far as to account for it—by his being dizzy.

TO MR. SPEAKER.

THRICE-SPEAKER DENISON,
Think of BRIGHT's benison,
Sharing your venison,
Sipping your hock;
His frame—no puny form—
Safe from Court uniform,
Old-world, as cuneiform
Scrawls on a rock.

Press not the coat of plum,
Leave lace to sword and drum,
Bid him unruffled come,
Calm and at ease;
GRENVILLE and ONSLOW's name,
Fade shall before your fame—
First to whose dinners came
Black-robed M.Ps.

ECCLESIASTICAL OMNIBUS.

As member of a deputation, which, the other day, presented to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY a memorial against any alteration of the Common Prayer Book, the Inevitable ARCHDEACON DENISON made a speech concluding with the subjoined observation touching the Ritualists and their opponents, in the Established Church, with relation to certain principles whereby, he thought, their common action ought to be regulated:—

"If both parties guided themselves by those rules, they might look forward to the day when the Church of England would become what by its name and inheritance, and divine gift it was, the Church of the great English people."

Very good. But the great English people, the Nobility and Gentry, do already for the most part, belong to the Established Church. The majority of Dissenters are small tradesmen. What the Established Church wants is to become the Church of the little English people as well as that of the great.

OPEN SPACES.

MR. PUNCH,

A NEW Society has been formed which I am sure you will be prompt to support. It is called the "Commons Preservation Society." It is not political, as the first word of its title might lead some blazing Reformers to suppose. It has nothing to do with the hopes and fears, the perils and prospects of the six-hundred and fifty odd gentlemen who are trooping down to Westminster to-day. It is careless about close boroughs, but zealous for open spaces. It leaves to politicians the redistribution of seats, but is not indifferent to the restoration of benches. It is not concerned with the representation, but with the recreation of the people. Too wise to meddle with the Constitution of England, it attends to the constitution of England's artisans. Its constituency are the working people of London, its members some of the best hearts and heads that London contains.

The "Commons Preservation Society" seeks to save for the white faces drifting all over London, for the men, women, and children engaged in the thousand and one trades—many of them breeding disease and shortening life—that the wants and whims of the world have established in the courts and alleys, the lanes and yards of the Metropolis, the heaths and commons, the fields and forests, with their green turf and gold gorse, their May blossom and wild rose-bush, which are still unspoiled by the builder, the railway contractor and the Lord of the Manor, or, if invaded, have as yet the enemy only at the outposts. It longs to reduce that standing army of victims to lung-disease alone, which death raises every year from the ranks of labour and poverty; and to make sure, if but for one summer holiday, the enjoyment of air and light and sunshine, green trees stirred by the breeze, and shadows flying over the grass, to those pent-up workers whose monotonous existence in this big bulging city we dignify with the name of life.

A Society with such an excellent object should be helped both by purse and pen. On public grounds, you, *Mr. Punch*, will not, I think, refuse to devote one of your open spaces to this brief notice of its institution.

Yours, &c.,

SHERWOOD FORRESTER.

February 6, 1866.

ETHNOLOGY AND HAGIOLOGY.

THE skulls of St. Mansuy and St. Gérard, bishops of Toul, had been, says *Galignani*, preserved in the same reliquary, with a label affixed to each. But, the labels having fallen off, the question arose, which was St. Gérard and which was St. Mansuy? For the solution of this difficulty, the Bishop of Nancy, MGR. LAVIGERIE, requested M. GODRON, known as an ethnologist, to examine the two canonised crania. The ethnological *savant* immediately recognised one of them as that of a Gaul, and the other as having belonged to a man of a different nation. Conformably with this distinction, in point of fact, St. Gérard was of Gallic race, and St. Mansuy a Scotchman. The presence of four teeth in the skull of the latter, afterwards found mentioned on one of the labels, further attested his identity. Such is the story that *Galignani* would have us believe. But what BISHOP OF NANCY, or other such bishop, would dream of invoking the perilous aid of ethnology, and that, too, for the purpose of discriminating between the skulls of two saints? Surely, any thorough prelate, who devoutly acknowledges the miraculous agency of relics, would invite the skulls to speak for themselves, which they, if the skulls of genuine saints, would of course immediately do, to the edification of the faithful, and the astonishment and confutation of heretical outsiders. No doubt that was what the skulls of SS. Gérard and Mansuy really did; only it suited *Galignani's* purpose, instead of relating the marvel that actually occurred, to tell another story calculated to impose on the credulity of his scientific readers.

TENNYSON IN THE COLONIES.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I WRITE to you from a colony of which you may have heard, called New Zealand. To show you that we are making great progress in civilisation, will you allow me to append a little dialogue which took place at a public auction the other day. The auctioneer is, I am happy to say, a member of the House of Representatives.

Auctioneer of the Country. Here is, gentlemen, a superbly bound edition of the *Idols of the King*.

Anxious Bidder. What idols?

Auctioneer. Egyptian, I believe; but that doesn't matter. Who bids?

Yours, antipodically,

TATTOO.

CONUNDRUM. (BY OUR OLD ARM CHAIR.)

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong? Mac-Assur.



THE ACME OF BEAUTY AND UTILITY

HAVING AT LAST BEEN EFFECTED, NO SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER ALTERATIONS IN THE DRESS OF THE GUARDS WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

BY ORDER, PUNCH, ADJ.-GEN.

A BAPTIST IN CONVOCATION!

IN Convocation, making a speech against the law which requires the insertion of a conscience clause in the trust-deed of a Church of England school as a condition of assistance out of the public money, a venerable divine is reported to have said that—

"In his own school he had, in consequence of the injustice of the system, turned HER MAJESTY'S inspector out of the school, and had told the boys that if he came again to put him into the pond. (*Laughter.*) He did not come again, although it was now eleven years ago."

From the foregoing statement we may derive assurance that the reverse of truth would be suggested by anybody who ventured to intimate the opinion that ARCHDEACON DENISON is a controvertist prepared to invoke fire and faggot against his theological adversaries. Water, and not fire, appears to be the element which the Venerable Archdeacon prefers to employ as a polemical agent. Water, under certain conditions, has a name for being useful in spiritual warfare. The great enemy of man is alleged to entertain a peculiar antipathy to the sanctified protoxide of hydrogen. Aspersions with holy water is, by believers in holy water, said to suffice for putting him to flight. Does not DR. DENISON think that a copious discharge of water from a syringe, or a hose, or a mop, or even a good vigorous sprinkling from the end of a plasterer's

brush, would as effectually rout HER MAJESTY'S Inspector of Schools? Would not a ducking in a pond have been more than enough for the purpose of making him keep away? And, in the opinion of ARCHDEACON DENISON, would not that summary immersion combine too much of the practice of the Baptists with the theory of the Anglo-Catholic School?

BEER v. BOSH.

IN a recently tried case, which every one is talking of, the REV. DR. NORTHCOTE, giving evidence as the Principal of Oscott College, said he thought it was a "sin" for lads to go into a public-house to get a glass of beer. If DR. NORTHCOTE be justified by the creed which he professes in holding this opinion, DR. PUNCH, for his soul's sake, and for his body's also, is heartily rejoiced that he is not a Roman Catholic. When a schoolboy, DR. PUNCH had an amazing thirst for beer, and does not mind confessing that he sometimes condescended to drink it at a "public." Verily, if it be sin for boys to take a glass of beer, we ought to place the beverage beyond their means if possible: and for their soul's sake should quadruple, and not reduce, the Malt-Tax.

DR. PUNCH sincerely trusts that the lads at Oscott College will not be rude enough to serenade their Principal some evening, with some such song as this:—

Solo.

Says DOCTOR N. "For you, young men,
A terrible end is near:
'Tis a mortal sin, at a roadside inn,
To drink e'en a glassful of beer."

Chorus.

But we like a drop of good beer,
And of Purgatorée we've no fear.
So give three groans
For the Master who owns
That he'd rob a poor boy of his beer!

THE SATURDAY POPS.

SATURDAY pops with riflemen are generally popular; for, being a half-holiday, the day is pretty often used by them for target practice. But other "Pops" are audible than those made by an Enfield. There are the "Monday Pops" for instance; and who, possessing ears and brains, hath not heard their pleasant music? So popular are these "Pops" that the room where they are listened to will often hardly hold the audience; and their director therefore wisely has determined upon letting off some extra Monday Pops on Saturdays. There may seem to be some smack of Irish Bullism in this; but MR. BULL, when he is pleased, cares little if an Irish Bull be found in that which pleases him. If he were asked by any chance—

"Which is the properest day for Pops? Saturday? eh? or Monday?"

MR. BULL, if he be musical, would probably reply—

"Each is the properest day for Pops. So better have two than one day."

"We are Seven," the child said, and, like the bullets in *Der Freischütz*, the Saturday Pops this year are Seven. "Six, will achieve" success, there is small doubt; and "the seventh" will not "deceive," or we are very much mistaken. With such a company to fire away as HALLÉ, JOACHIM & Co., we may expect a good report of the forthcoming Saturday Pops. Doubtless every piece fired off will hit the JOHN BULL'S-eye of public favour.

AMBIGUOUS WORK.

AMONG sundry books lately advertised we find one bearing the remarkable title of—

"THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION."

Personality in religion is very objectionable. Disputants on theology are sometimes too apt to interchange personalities in religious controversy. When religion becomes thus personal, its professors, of whatever denomination, must all be considered as being what may with truth be called "decidedly Low Church."

A Howl from a Hotel.

HIRE a Cab-horse to Charing its Cross,
And see a smart lady who'll give you her sauce.
With rings on her fingers, which proudly she shows,
At you and your luggage she'll turn up her nose.

TO IDLE VAGABONDS, &c.—Proposed substitute for "Toke," at Lambeth workhouse:—Tokos.



MR. JACOB POPLIN TRIES A DAY IN THE BIG WOODS,

DESIROUS OF AVOIDING THE (TO HIM) WORRYING CONTINGENCIES AND OBSTACLES OF THE VALE. HE HAS BEEN QUIETLY RIDING IN THE REAR, BUT THE FOX HAVING DOUBLED AND GONE AWAY, BRINGS DOWN THE CAVALRY, WHICH HE IS NOT PREPARED TO RECEIVE.

THE WANTS OF AN AGE.

WHAT are the requirements that generate advertisements? Manifestly, the contrary of the thing required. I haven't a servant: I advertise for one. My butler is fat: I advertise for a lean one. My housemaid is careless: I advertise for one who is careful. What sad domestic pictures arise out of this consideration! Thus:—

SEVERAL SERVANTS WANTED—First, a thorough In-door Servant;—

Let us pause for a minute. The advertiser wants several servants. Evidently, there has been a regular turn-out of the entire establishment: the domestics have all been turned out of doors; hence the want of a thorough in-door servant. No gad-about, no desire to walk out and get half a yard of ribbon in the evening, or a pining for a Sunday out, as the other servant, who has left, was accustomed to do. Let us continue:—

Wife as Professed Cook: no assistance given, as there are but two in family;—

One of the two in family was obliged to assist in the kitchen occasionally in former times, "But," says he to himself, or she to herself, "I don't do that again," and hence the terms of the advertisement.

Secondly, a thoroughly good active Gardener, he must milk one cow well, he must be married, with no encumbrance.

What a state of things must have existed before! Let us suppose what the former gardener was like; of course the opposite of the above description. He must have been "a thoroughly bad slothful gardener, he milked two cows badly, and one not at all; he wasn't married, but he had seven children." I pity the master, and am not surprised at the advertisement.

Here's another that makes one grieve for the suffering family:—

FOOTMAN WANTED, not under 20, in a small quiet family, to wear livery, and make himself useful. He must be Church of England, have a year's character, and not smoke.

Their last footman was, you may gather from this, nineteen years of age, was dirty and slovenly in his dress, and regarded himself as simply ornamental. He was of no fixed principles, inclining secretly to Mormonism, had a vague six months' character, and appreciated his master's cigars and tobacco to a pretty considerable extent.

Lastly, my eye has been caught by an eccentric advertisement, from which any future antiquarian may obtain some slight information as to the manners and customs of a small middle-class family in the nineteenth century:—

GOOD COOK WANTED.—Wages £18, and everything found. No boots, knives, or windows.]

The advertiser has in him the poetic fire when writing of wages,

"18 pound,
And everything found."

and therefore we are not surprised at the queerness of the domestic arrangements. What good cook, for eighteen pounds a-year, would go to live where there were no boots, no knives, and no windows? Where consequently they use either their bare feet, or slippers, eat with their fingers and a fork, live by candlelight, and are obliged to go out of doors whenever they require a breath of fresh air. You may get a dying, but no living, in such a household as that.

Receive my assurance, &c.,

Lozenge Cottage, Chestshire.

RUSTICUS EXPECTORANS.

Answers to Correspondents.

Dramatic Cuss.—There is no play of SHAKESPEARE's called *Mustard and Cressida*.

Baron Meter asks us will it be fine the day after to-morrow? We never divulge a secret: we regret that we really can not tell him.

One who's been bitten, complains that he can't get crocusses to grow in his back-garden. Consult a Solicitor.

OUR COUNTRY LETTER.

* * Our Correspondent, who writes a town letter for a Provincial Newspaper, has sent it to us by mistake. We were too late to prevent its appearance. His information is varied, and will please those who have not had sufficient time to peruse the daily papers.



DELICIOUS day—indeed, the weather is lovely; the beautiful trees in our parks are radiant with their brightest green; the wild fowl skim the Serpentine, and the little deer canter up and down the lady's mile, occasionally stopping to take buns from the hand of one of our brave defenders of the soil—by which I mean the park-keepers. The plashing fountains of Trafalgar gladden the eye and heart of the beaming City man as he trips towards the Royal Exchange, and the carol of the 'busman is heard on his perch. How bright is the Metropolis! Town very full; Parliament has met, and the Queen has sat in her robes of state. The Members of Convocation have addressed the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY on the subject of the Cattle Plague, and com-

plained that His Grace had not been vaccinated ever since he was seven years old. MISS AVONIA JONES has decided upon accepting the Banda and Kirwee Booty. But protests against the revision of the Prayer-book by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is as a contemporary informs us, "unauthorised." The Miss Manager of the Charing Cross Hotel is reported to have entered a convent. There have been several interesting trials this week. The libel case of FITZGERALD *versus* RYAN was tried before DR. NORTHCOTE and a common jury, in which MR. SIMS REEVES and MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY assisted. It was ultimately decided in favour of MR. BRIGHT, who, however, objected to appear in costume, saying, that he thought the only court suit necessary on any, even the most solemn occasion, was an eye-glass. Two new pieces have been produced at two theatres—one is *Never too Late to Mend*, and the other *Rip Van Winkle*: in the latter MR. BUCKSTONE is admirable; but if any country cousins want a treat, let them come up to town and hear MR. JEFFERSON, as *King Pippin*, in Astley's pantomime. PROFESSOR GAMGEE inveighs against the present mode which the Commons have, of rushing to the Bar of the House of Lords. I dare say you have heard a rumour of the Fenian deputation to LORD RUSSELL. It was said that the leading members of the Fenians called on his Lordship in town, to ask him if the pikes and other weapons might be returned to them. The noble earl treated the whole matter as a jest, and said, that they have done away with all the pikes about London, and he thought that the same plan might advantageously be carried out in and about Dublin. The deputation then withdrew: among them was the celebrated Head Centre STEPHENS, whose disguise attracted considerable attention. The whole story is a *canard*, trumped up, they say, by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. In the House of Lords, the other evening, LORD BATEMAN offered to recite the history of his ancestor, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK; but this has not appeared in the public journals. Take it for what it is worth. SIR EDWIN LANDSEER has had an interview with the lion on the top of Marlborough House: the result has not transpired. It is unlikely that GRISI and MARIO will open a new music hall next winter: where are they to get a site? Besides, the Magistrates won't give another licence.

A Tremendous Blow.

THE wind has been so strong lately that not even artillery has been able to stand against it, as verified by the following:—

"The *Journal du Havre* states that during the recent violent hurricane forty cannon planted on the pier of Cherbourg were thrown into the sea."

By Boreas! it must have been blowing "great guns" at the time.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE SEEDS OF REBELLION were sown by the Printing Press of *The Irish People*, the notorious Fenian Sewing-machine. The entire plant to be disposed of. Apply at the Police Barracks, Dublin.

A FETICH AVENGED.

LET us leave off boasting that we are not as other nations are. It is not true that there are no such Magistrates in the world as our Great Unpaid. Witness the following scrap of foreign intelligence:—

"THE HOLY COAT AT TRÈVES. — The writer of an article published by the *Morgenblatt* of Silesia and charged with 'having ridiculed the relic known as the Holy Coat of Trèves,' appeared a few days ago before the tribunal of that city, and was condemned to a week's imprisonment. The director of the journal was also sentenced to a fine of twenty thalers."

Fining and imprisoning people for ridiculing an old coat, certainly beats, by some length, imposing penalties on persons for not going to church. The tribunal of Trèves must be admitted to have surpassed anything wonderful that has been done by a British County or Borough Bench for some time. It evidently, if not composed altogether of ecclesiastics, comprises a very strong sacerdotal element. So do some of our own rural Benches; and the REVEREND MR. MIDAS, J.P., must envy the foreign priests who can send anybody to gaol for turning an old coat into ridicule, whilst it is not in the power of the strongest clerical *quorum* at home to commit the scoffer who has even dared to make fun of a shovel-hat.

We are not told how the "relic known as the Holy Coat of Trèves" was ridiculed in the *Morgenblatt*. Perhaps the writer of the offending article in that journal, borrowing a jest from an old English repertory of witticisms, went so far as to say the Holy Coat was more holy than righteous. The joke is threadbare, but, for that very reason, all the more appropriate to a coat which, very likely, if less than eighteen centuries old, is, nevertheless, quite as old as itself.

PAROCHIAL PERSPICUITY.

"PROVIDENCE has blessed you with talents and opportunities, instead of which you go stealing geese off a common." This celebrated passage in the sentence pronounced by a venerable Magistrate is not unparalleled. Subjoined is a copy of a certain handbill lately exhibited in the windows of divers shops in the suburban village of Deadpool:—

VESTRY NOTICE.

PARISH OF DEADPOOL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Vestry will be held at the Vestry Room, in and for this Parish, on Thursday the 8 February at 7 o'clock in the afternoon, the particulars of which are stated on the Church and Chapel doors.

LINE HYPHEN, Printer.

BLANK DASH, } Churchwardens.
DOT STARS, }

If the conclusion of the foregoing announcement is the expression of a fact, the particulars of last Thursday afternoon had been stated on the Church and Chapel doors. That is what the authors of the bill above quoted say. What they meant to say appears to have been, that the particulars of the Vestry had been stated on the doors of the Church and Chapels. What they would have meant to say if they had understood their own meaning, and would have said had they also known the meaning of words, probably was that, on the day and at the place named, there would be held a Vestry to transact certain business, the particulars of which, &c. And then the world would have lost a fine example of Ellipsis.

AN AUSTRIAN COURT CARD.

THERE are minds to which the following announcement, taken from the *Post*, may afford some satisfaction:—

"DIAMONDS AND FLOWERS.—The EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has recently introduced a new fashion. It is to have a diamond, representing a dew-drop, fixed to a real flower. A few evenings ago her Majesty had in her hand a bouquet of white camellias, and on each, in the centre, was a large diamond."

The example of the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, as above related, will of course add a fresh weight to the load of expense, which husbands, who have already to pay more than they can afford for finery and trinkets, are saddled with. This may be that last ounce which will break many a donkey's back. Thus considering, men in the enjoyment of single blessedness will see new reason for contentment with their blessed lot, and, unless they are immensely rich, for preference of their own bliss to domestic happiness. Ladies, because they take to carrying diamonds in nosegays, cannot, of course, be therefore expected to wear one jewel the less on their heads, or in their ears, or their noses, should it become "the fashion to wear them" in that situation, as of course it will if any civilised Empress should begin doing so. To any one who considers the state of Austrian finance, the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA's display of diamonds must appear peculiarly becoming. Now that her Imperial Majesty has taken to dance about carrying bunches of flowers, with a diamond stuck in every one of them, it may not perhaps be deemed improper to call her the EMPRESS OF DIAMONDS.

WHY is PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein like BONEY the elder?—Because he's the captive of (St.) HELENA.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTY.

DEAR PUNCH,

COUSIN ADAM prophesied t' weather for this present severe winter. I send you a few of his best forecasts,
The Fens, Lincolnshire.

And remain, yours, ESAU WAFSHOT.



1865. Dec. 1st.—SEVERE FROST AND SLEET.



1866. Jan. 1st.—COLD WINDS AND HARD FROST.



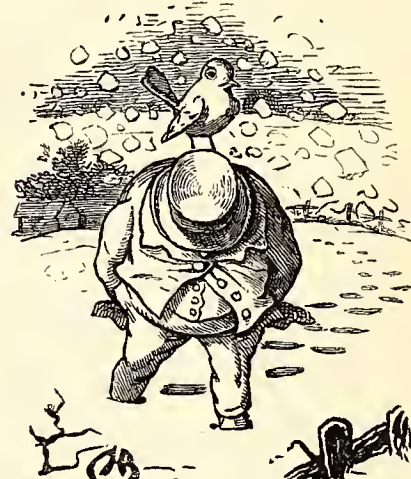
Jan. 20th.—FROST AND SNOW.



Jan. 31st.—PARTIAL FROST.



Feb. 12th.—HARD FROST.



March 1st WILL PROBABLY BE REPRESENTED AS ABOVE, FOR ADAM MAKES IT OUT SULTRY.

GREAT LITERARY SALE.

THOUGH not disposed to go all lengths with MR. BRIGHT, and to declare that America is Paradise, inhabited only by angels, we have no objection to take a hint from our smart Transatlantic relations. It seems that they sell the Dead Letters which lie at their Post Offices. A great sale of this kind has just taken place at New York, and all kinds of articles, found in the unclaimed despatches, have been got rid of by auction.

It has occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that in these days of dear meat and outrageous millinery, he may as well turn an honest penny by the sale of his Dead Letters; that is, the effusions of ninety-eight per cent. of his Correspondents.

He hereby gives notice, therefore, that the first Dead Letter Sale will take place at a date to be announced in future bills.

Among the Letters will be found the following interesting lots:—

Five hundred and ninety-seven bad jokes upon the name of GOVERNOR EYRE, recommending Jamaica to try "change of EYRE," congratulating him on "cutting the GORDON knot," &c. &c.

Nearly a thousand intimations (warranted original) that the Pope's Bull has got the Rinderpest.

Fifty-three attempts at pathetic poetry on a subject which needs no bad verse to ensure its being remembered, the loss of the *London*.

Eighty-six caricatures of DR. PUSEY, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Pussy.

Ninety-seven caricatures of MR. SPURGEON, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Sturgeon.

Forty-three protests against LORD RUSSELL's trying to increase the respectability of his Ministry by taking a Duffer in.

Heaps of Nights in Something or other, bad imitations of the Casual Gent. A Night in the Charing Cross Hotel, a Night in the House of Lords, a Night in a Night-cellar, and similar rubbish, are among these.

Several thousand obvious attempts on the part of auctioneers, hotel keepers, local nobodies, quack doctors, and the like, to obtain the awful

puff which a paragraph in *Punch* would give them. The usual dodge is to send a letter, purporting to come from somebody who is surprised, or offended, at the proceedings of the fellow who wants the puff, begging that *Mr. Punch* will "show up" such a character.

Many hundreds of old jokes, (sworn to have been heard on the date of the letters) with requests for the smallest remuneration, as the senders are "hard up."

A Cart-full of letters with pamphlets, into not one of which, of course, *Mr. Punch* ever thinks of looking.

Jokes carefully transcribed from early volumes of *Mr. Punch*. He may as well mention that he keeps a Memory Boy, who knows every line in *The Volumes*, and who has never been at fault except twice, on both of which occasions he was immediately put to death.

Two thousand letters enclosing things which the writers admit to be under the mark, but which they beg may be inserted as encouragement to young beginners, who may do better hereafter.

Several hundred letters from snobs who have not even yet discovered that *Mr. Punch* arose to smite down the scandalous press, not to imitate it. The names of persons libelled by such writers are carefully expunged by *Mr. Punch*, but those of the scoundrels who send the letters remain for exposure.

Hitherto *Mr. Punch* has been burning the rubbish above described, but in future he intends to sell it. Purchasers must remove the lots at their own risk of mental demoralisation.

Justice Shallow and Justice Silence.

PUNCH hears that the success of an actor who brought an action against a critic for mentioning him unkindly, has induced another actor to menace an action against another critic for not mentioning him at all.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.

(By a Cockney.) *What to do with Cold Mutton.*—Heat it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 12. The "men of business" who manage Railway Companies and other speculations have invented a clever dodge for borrowing money which they have no moral right to borrow, to the detriment of their legitimate creditors. Complaint is made, but the railwaymen, like their predecessors the highwaymen, have strong friends.

LORD RUSSELL declines to do anything towards reforming the British Museum, because the Trustees rejected some suggestions made to them by his

Lordship. The present state of that collection is simply preposterous, and we always avoid, if possible, the disagreeable duty of taking a foreigner to see dusty straddling stuffed giraffes, South Sea monstrosities, and pickled fishes, in the splendid chambers above, and to hear that priceless classical relics, of exquisite beauty, are crowded into the damp vaults below. *Punch* is opposed, as a rule, to capital punishment, but if the execution of a Trustee or two in the court-yard would induce the others to expel the beasts and expose the beauties, a slight example like that would be a small matter in comparison with the result.

SIR GEORGE GREY promises a Committee on the subject of the Theatrical Licence. We need hardly tell a playgoer of education that this has nothing to do with the Poetical Licence—poetry having long since been scouted from the boards. *Mr. Punch* himself intends to appear, and give some evidence that will astonish a good many people considerably more than it will please them. And no Manager need write him an insolent letter abusing him for swearing to the truth.

More Saxon tyranny. Certain Irish returning officers suppose themselves to have cast up the votes, at the last King's County election, wrongly. So MR. AYRTON coolly requested the House to take the correction for granted, turn out SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN, and seat MR. POPE HENNESSY. As soon as the astounded ATTORNEY-GENERAL could reduce his eyes to their natural size and close his mouth, he re-opened the latter to inform MR. AYRTON that there was such a thing as an Election Committee for any gentleman who fancied that he ought to be in any other gentleman's place. But really, before much further expense is incurred, would it not be wise to send over the poll-books to some Englishman—we dare say that one of the younger clerks of MESSRS. HARDING, PULLEN AND GIBBONS, or some other eminent accountants, would at after-hours, and for a small gratuity, set the High Sheriff and all the officials of King's County right in their arithmetic.

Then did SIR GEORGE GREY, in an elaborate speech, introduce the Government Bill for dealing with the Rinderpest. As those who are interested in the details of the proposed law will study them in all their legal amplitude, *Mr. Punch* will merely state that as the Bill first stood, it provided for the slaughter and burial of diseased cattle, and for the isolation of suspected beasts. It prohibited the removal of cattle by night, and forbade its travelling by day without a licence. It abolished fairs and markets for lean and store stock, and ordained that fat cattle, if allowed to go to market, should die there. And it provided compensation to the owner, such compensation to be paid out of the Rates. Some of the Members did not think the measure stringent enough, and others, of course, objected to particular clauses. Let us hope, that the revised Act will be effectual, or we shall realise the declaration of *Hamlet* that the time is out of Joint.

SIR GEORGE GREY said one thing which made *Mr. Punch* laugh, though the topic was not laughable. He thought it better to work through Parliament than to issue an order "from a small room in the council chamber." Doubtless there should be proportion in everything, but why a large law should not come out of a little room *Mr. Punch* does not see. But if a vast apartment be necessary for an Act about bullocks, what monstrous chamber should contain the Legislature when making

the Reform Act? The Crystal Palace is the biggest place that occurs to us, and MR. GROVE will be pleased to consider whether he can have it ready about Easter. The SPEAKER will look well, perched on the HANDEL orchestra, and the organist may as well be at his post, in case MR. WHALLEY should be requested to sing.

Tuesday. S. Pancake's day. The Lords talked Rinderpest. EARL DERBY thought that proceeding by Bill was too slow work, and recommended resolutions. He also thought that Government had already exceeded its powers, but the LORD CHANCELLOR denied this. LORD CRANWORTH quoted Latin, remarking that *Delegatus non potest delegare*, which means, our JUDY, that if you order JANE COOK to go and buy a sweetbread, she has no right to dispatch MARY HOUSEMAID on that errand, a fact of which you are no doubt aware, and would have made JANE also aware, to her disadvantage, without your ever having heard the law Latin. EARL GREY, to whom *Punch* had privately shown our last Cartoon, the day before its publication, spoke exactly its counsel, and recommended United Action, of course amid loud and general applause from Hereditary Wisdom.

MR. HARDCASTLE takes charge of the anti-Church-Rate Bill this year. The motion for the Second Reading will, we understand, be made by his step-son, MR. TONY LUMPKIN. The Church of England announces, through MR. NEWDEGATE, that she will stoop to conquer, but will only stoop as low as commutation. That gallant sportsman is much better engaged with Grouse in the gun-room than with Church Bills.

The Parliamentary Oath came up. Protestants and Catholics swear differently. They both avow allegiance to their Royal Mrs., but there is a lot of nonsense divided among them about the POPE and the Pretender and the disavowal of designs against the Church of England, and inasmuch as nonsense should be got rid of when it is neither graceful nor amusing, it is as well that the Oath (if honest gentlemen are to be asked to swear at all) should be a sensible one. SIR GEORGE GREY proposes that an M.P. shall merely swear to bear allegiance to his QUEEN and defend her against all conspiracies. MR. NEWDEGATE sees objections to the innovation, reminds the House of Fenianism, and that DR. MANNING has lately preached a sermon in honour of ST. THOMAS A'BECKETT. We are not much afraid of the Fenians, but the oration for ST. THOMAS makes us shudder. Let us think. BECKETT was the head of the Catholic Church in England. So is DR. MANNING. Suppose that SIR NEWDEGATE DE NEWDEGATE and three other knights, (say SIR WHALLEY DE BOSH, SIR WHITESIDE DE BLARE, and SIR FERRAND DE BELLO) do put on armour (they can borrow it from MR. GYE) proceed to St. George's Cathedral when DR. MANNING is there, and polish him off. It would be quite as much in keeping with the instincts of our day as to insist on insulting all the Catholics because one priest performs a sentimental folly.

Wednesday. Festival of S.S. Saltfish and Eggsauce. Also S. Valentine. Notwithstanding which facts, the Commons addressed themselves to the Rinderpest Reform Bill. MR. HUNT proposed a more stringent measure, and his name suggested to MR. BRIGHT to abuse hunting. He drew a fearful picture of aristocrats sweeping over the lands, and spreading contagion by means of their fox-hounds. This was Bunkum. But what MR. BRIGHT said, to the purpose, was that the proposed Compensation was a grievance, and that the tax-payer would have a right to complain if his money were taken to compensate rich farmers and landowners. They ought to be ashamed to ask Parliament to legislate in order to pay the losses in their special trade.

MR. LOWE had, of course, something keen to say about the Birmingham manufacture of grievances, and the setting class against class, and he ingeniously argued that the compensation was not given out of love to the farmer, but to bribe that party to help in stamping out the disease.

This morning's sitting was adorned by the maiden speech of JOHN STUART MILL, whose rising occasioned much interest. MR. MILL did not object to the principle of compensation, but to its amount, and to the manner in which it was to be raised. The former was extravagant. [It is satisfactory to be able to interpolate that the words of wisdom prevailed, and that the next night the amount was largely cut down.] The latter was unjust. The disease raised the price of produce, and the consumer would be called upon, first to compensate the cattle owner, and then to pay the increased price of food. The Bill would tax heaviest those least able to bear the burden. Mutual insurance would be the just means of securing compensation, the farmers who had not suffered ought to compensate their fellow tradesmen who had, and an aristocracy which enjoyed the highest honours ought to have the feelings of an aristocracy, and bravely meet the brunt of inconveniences. So spoke JOHN STUART MILL.

LORD CRANBOURNE (ROBERT CECIL), who means to be a kind of power in the assembly of which he has hitherto been a kind of ornament, controverted the preceding views with ability, and had the House with him in his deprecation of SIR GEORGE GREY's awful awe of local authorities.

Thursday. In Committee on the Bill, MR. BRIGHT tried to get rid of the compensation clauses, but MR. GLADSTONE, (who by the way is

Affability itself, now he is at the top of the tree) dwelt upon the "natural tendencies" of the farmer, and it was found necessary to admit the principle. But the amount was cut down, from two-thirds of a beast's value to one half, MR. BRIGHT was beaten in an attempt to make the owner's consent needful, and MR. HUNT beat the Government, by 264 to 181, carrying an amendment for the absolute stoppage of cattle traffic by rail, until after Lady-Day.

Friday. The respected Government appeared to be blown about with every wind of Cattle doctrine. It is not many weeks since MR. GLADSTONE solemnly warned the owners to expect no aid from the State, and now he defends a Bill, which was originally objectionable, and was since made much more so, for the last arrangement was to throw the whole compensation on the public Rates. MR. DISRAELI was nearly right in calling the thing Crude Legislation, but there is a harder word for it. The measure was further muddled to-day.

Jamaica is to have the same Constitution as Trinidad.

Do you know, Materfamilias, what the Habeas Corpus Act is? Of course not. Never mind, or at least don't ask Paterfamilias until he shall have had time to consult his Cycloædia. Then he will tell you that it is the law which prevents persons from being imprisoned at the mere will of the Executive, and that it is suspended only in cases of public peril. But then suspected persons may be arrested without cause or purpose being assigned. The Government asked Parliament to suspend the Act, in Ireland, and a special sitting on Saturday handed over the Irish to the Executive.

TWO REFORM BILLS; OR, THAT AND THIS.

THAT.

I'LL sing of an old Bill, planned by some good old pates,
That raised some rare rows out of doors, and indoors some rare debates;
That floored the questions which it raised, and decided franchise-fates,
Without "leverage" or reticence, or weak and wilful waits—
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime!

This gallant Bill, it cut the knots of pride, distrust, and doubt,
That lettered England's middle-class, straight-forward, stiff, and stout;
It let plebeian vigour in, nor shut patrician out,
And it warned off Revolution, that was roaring all about.

That original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime!

It recognised the changes that busy Time had made,
The shiftings of our people, the transfers of our trade;
It owned for strong the growths of youth, owned rottenness decayed,
And razed no old foundations save to strengthen those it laid—
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime.

Over-hot and hasty Radicals declared it slow and small,
Over-cold and stubborn Tories swore that it subverted all:
But English sense saw in it 'twixt their two extremes a wall,
And, with the nation's voice that's God's, to life of law did call
The original Reform Bill, all of JOHN RUSSELL's prime.

Who can forget the thrills that swept the nation's pulses strong,
As The Speech proclaimed its coming, watched and waited for so long;
On the stages of its passage the rejoicing nation's throng,
Their roused wrath, terrible to those who threatened it with wrong—
The original Reform Bill, all of LORD RUSSELL's prime.

That was a time worth living in, a Bill worth carrying through,
It held the seeds of good to come, it knit the old and new;
It faggoted the nation's strength the nation's work to do,
Shut from its pale no class that cared to come that pale into—
The original Reform Bill of LORD RUSSELL's early prime.

No class-voice, interest, prejudice was dominant therein,
Its franchise needed winning, but was not too high to win;
With workers, of hard hands or soft, it dealt as kith and kin:
Under its shade good law has grown, life risen, and wealth flowed in—
The original Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's early prime!

THIS.

Must I sing of a New Bill, come about none quite knows how,
But which all who ought to father seem alike loth to avow;
An accident of accidents, got in a hustings row,
Dragged up, and dry or wet-nursed, as BRIGHT guides or fates allow—
The perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime?

It saw not light in answer to the nation's need or call,
But on a time, when old Whig chance of office had run small;
As a tub to catch the whale below the gangway was let fall—
A safe election card and theme for the kind of talk called "tall"—
A perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Artful DIZZY being down upon LORD RUSSELL's little game
Determined to show England that he could play the same;
So every party bawled Reform, until the word became
For Royal Speech a stereotype, for Cabinets a shame—

And we swarmed with small Reform Bills, in LORD RUSSELL's
second prime.

There is a Bill, to do the work the old one left undone,
Resume old franchises ill-used, give new rights fairly won;
To find voice for new-minted thoughts through Labour's hosts that run,—
Such a Bill were worth fighting for, and were *this* such a one.

We should cheer the new Reform Bill, though of RUSSELL's
later prime.

To be o'erthrown on such a Bill, were to be made more strong,
Who leaves a good work, largely planned, returns to it ere long;
But to compound with weakness, and wink at well-proved wrong,
Is not the way to help the right, nor even push along
This perfunctory Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Of *this* Bill we've heard little, and we don't like what we hear:
It promises us nothing but "leverage" this year:
Levers are potent to upset, but the good of them, 'tis clear,
Depends on who's to use 'em, and the choice of hands we fear
From a one-barrelled Reform Bill, of LORD RUSSELL's second prime.

Lo, ushered in with doubts and fears, without a welcome hail,
Owned by its friends not all they want, but all that they can nail;
Not as they come who mean to win, or failing, manlike fail,
But with 'bated breath comes sneaking at the Royal Speech's tail,
The perfunctory Reform Bill of LORD RUSSELL's second prime!

LIBRARY OF FICTION.

The Reign of Terror in Jamaica. A Serial, published on the arrival of the West India Mail. BRIGHT, SHAMMYRUMSTUFF & Co., *Morning Star* Office, Fleet Street. One Penny.

WE congratulate our spirited contemporary on being the first to introduce the *feuilleton* into a London newspaper. Under the above title it has commenced an exciting fiction in the best style of the penny novelists, and we may fairly say that since the celebrated *Gory Hand in the Dark Cellar*, we have read nothing more sensational than the *Reign of Terror in Jamaica*. Under the guise of a special commissioner, the Fleet Street novelist describes his horrors with gusto. He begins dashing—

"I am about to unfold a Tale of Horror!"

"I know more of the measures taken to suppress the rebellion than almost any one individual in Jamaica. * * * The whites are generally ignorant of what I am about to detail to you. * * * I do not believe one tithe of the atrocities have yet been unearthed, as day by day adds to the detail of horrors."

We have no intention of injuring the success of this fiction by telling the points. The writer represents himself as going about among the blacks, and being inspired by their stories, and any one who knows the exquisite truthfulness of the negro character will feel that a romancer, who lays his hand on a black informant, in every sense "strikes ile." We must extract a gem or two in order to increase the avidity with which this Tale of Horror will be sought for:—

"MACLAREN deserves a statue of the purest marble. Faithful and true, he was hanged that night. He did not miscalculate the nature of the (white) beings who were making a Hell upon Earth in Morant Bay."

But this passage is the most brilliant of all. One of his black heroines—

"Stealthily entered; but imagine her horror when looking up she saw the grisly forms of nine of her neighbours swinging round responsive to the night blast. A return to the wood and the wet hair among the frogs was better than this."

A rebel's house is entered by the soldiers while it is dark. He dashes away, deserting his wife and children, but a rifle-ball hits him on the shoulder.

"Imagine the scene—the poor creatures roused from sleep by the tramp of armed men, the flash from the ready rifle, the cry of pain from the husband and father, and the dark figures of the soldiers dimly seen through the sulphurous smoke."

Without making further extracts, we commend this romance of Jamaica to all the lovers of penny fiction, and we congratulate the enterprising publishers, MESSRS. BRIGHT AND SHAMMYRUMSTUFF on the spirit which induced them to engage the pen of a spicy novelist rather than to imitate the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Telegraph*, who tamely send out gentlemen with no higher mission than to ascertain facts from credible witnesses. The writer of the novel is a true artist, and while giving all these horrors, he is careful to supply evidence that they are merely the creation of the sable population with whom he gossips, and he displays real art in dressing up the crude conceptions of the blacks into sensational narrative. We trust the Tale of Horror will be as popular as it deserves to be.



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Captain Bullyon (to Remnants, the Woollen-Draper, who has been invited, as usual, to a day's Pheasant Shooting by old Bullyon the Banker). "YOUR GUN'S NO. 12, I BELIEVE, MR. WHAT'S-S-NAME?"

Remnants (thinking the Captain, generally so 'igh and mighty, is going to be sociable). "I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW THE PRECISE FIGURE, CAPTAIN, BUT——"

Captain Bullyon. "HAW! WHAT I MEAN IS, 'CAUSE YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KEEP YOUR BARRELS CLOSE TO MY EYES EVER SINCE WE LEFT THE COVER!"

FRIGHTFUL IMPERTINENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard* recently called attention to this curious circumstance:—

"The *Jewish Intelligencer*, the accredited organ of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, states that the secretaries have been obliged to borrow money at a high rate of interest to defray current expenses. The annual receipts of the society are between £30,000 and £40,000 per annum."

Upon this, and upon the extraordinary costliness of performing the feat of converting foreign Hebrews, we have not now any inclination to speak. The Society, we presume, knows its own business, and if its patrons are satisfied to convert alien Jews at £690 a-head (we think that was the last result of a comparison of the outlay with the number of convertites) we have no right to object. Merely as matter of business, we assure them that the thing could be done cheaper in London, and as one convert is as good as another, we should think that Houndsditch was as good a hunting field as Palestine. But, we repeat, this is their business. The *Standard's* correspondent proceeds to say:—

"As an old friend to the Jewish mission I feel entitled to ask whether these pecuniary embarrassments are to be ascribed the society's refusal to subscribe to DR. BEKE'S mission to Abyssinia for the release of one of their oldest missionaries, the REV. HENRY STERN?"

This question is impertinent, and worse. The writer of the letter, as an educated man who knows the world, must be perfectly well aware that any such assistance is entirely out of the question. For months and months British subjects, and a British official who tried to help them, have been lying in the dungeon of an Abyssinian demi-savage, who has treated them with the utmost cruelty, his only merciful act having been that last reported, the release of one of them by beating him to death. Some of these men are missionaries, but they are unhappily white. Exeter Hall, therefore, has nothing to say to them. Had one of them been coloured, or had a stray QUASHI-BUNGO got into the hands

of KING THEODORE, we should long since have had great demonstrations, and evangelical noblemen would have vied with converted naval officers in clamouring for the deliverance of the precious vessels. As it is, they must take their chance, while the eyes and energies of Exeter Hall are directed upon Jamaica, and the Hall is in a flurry lest SIR HENRY STORKS should lay too much stress upon QUASHI-BUNGO's chopping up a couple of score of white people, and eating their brains. Already, we perceive, for fear lest home fanaticism should cool, the number of executed negroes has been run up by the negrophiles, from 400 to 3000, and it will be 30,000, should any rumours come that SIR HENRY STORKS thinks that MR. EYRE only did his duty. Is this a time to trouble missionary societies about white sufferers for religion? The *Standard's* correspondent ought to be ashamed of himself.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THE subjoined paragraph, from the *Post*, is incredible. It attributes to the KING OF PRUSSIA a degree of moral sense:—

"THE SANS-SOUCI WINDMILL.—The Prussian journals announce that another historical memorial is about to disappear. The famous windmill of Sans-Souci, which the Great FREDERICK had respected, and which his descendants had enclosed in the Park of Potsdam as a monument of their respect for legality, is about to be pulled down by the King's order."

If this statement were true, it would show that his Majesty KING WILLIAM had conscience enough to feel that the windmill which stood in the Park of Potsdam was a standing satire on the spoliation of Denmark.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.—An Edinburgh Curling Club has been invited to the next Hairdressers' Soirée in Hanover Square. The thought does credit to Head and art.



THE BATTLE OF THE RUBRIC.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS! YOU'LL DESTROY THAT GOOD OLD BOOK OF PRAYER BETWEEN YOU."

A GOOD JOKE.

ON St. Valentine's day MR. THOMAS CASELEY (some time participator in the burglary at MR. WALKER'S) donned his full uniform and appeared in the witness box of the Court of Queen's Bench. The whole case was, from a theatrical point of view, most successful, and all the actors concerned exerted themselves to the utmost in order to please their audience. Their efforts met with the success they deserved, but despite the wit and humour of the CHIEF JUSTICE and the Counsel for the defence, the Burglarious Witness distanced them by several good laughs, and undoubtedly carried away the palm. MR. CASELEY, in getting his first laugh, made an exquisite point, by saying—

"I know Sun Court well (laughter)."

What humour! MR. WALKER'S shop was in Sun Court, and given most likely with a sly wink towards MR. WALKER, which convulsed the jury. After a few answers spoken quietly, in order to lead up to the next trump, he said—

"We opened SIR CHARLES'S safe first (laughter)."

There's a good joke for you! How everyone in Court must have wished to have been able to utter such a witticism as that. But the second low comedian, MR. WEBSTER, was getting jealous, so we read—

"MR. WEBSTER. You let yourselves down, then? (laughter)."

Neat this, not brilliant; but MR. CASELEY was ready for him—

"CASELEY. Just so (laughter)."

He had him there. The repartee polished MR. WEBSTER off, and he didn't try again for some time. CASELEY now had it all his own way:—

"CASELEY. I and another man took some tools with us, such as crowbars (laughter)."

Again—

"We tested the safe to see whether it was possible to open it under the disadvantages under which we were labouring (loud laughter)."

This description of practical fun is as good as a pantomime: Clown, MR. CASELEY.

In fact the people roared with laughter at MR. CASELEY'S entertainment. When MR. CASELEY lamented his "unfortunate experience" in burglary, and evinced any tendency towards pathos, the audience would no more hear of it, than they would accept LISTON as *Macbeth*. So he returned to his first line, and elicited screams of laughter by telling his story about the "Alderman," the "Citizen," the "Citizen's friend," and so forth.

But for all this fun, which makes such a capital story, and is so humorous in the telling, MR. CASELEY is still undergoing penal servitude. What a different view of the matter might have been taken, if MR. CASELEY himself had, at his own trial, been permitted to tell his story his own way, and had had, as defendant, such support from Judge, Counsel, and Jury, as was given him the other day in the character of witness. Let us suppose a case, say of manslaughter. Let us imagine MR. WILLIAM DE SYKES on his trial for that humorous offence against society; and let us further suppose that the prisoner's mouth is allowed to be open in his own defence, and the last hypothesis shall be that the administration of justice is being made as pleasant as possible to all parties. This would be something like the report, dramatically rendered.

The prisoner, who appeared in evening dress, was then placed at the bar. After the jury had been asked what they would take, the trial commenced. The evidence having been given, in a genial way, as to the fact, the prisoner entered upon his defence, and became a witness in his own favour.

Mr. JAWKINS, Q.C., for the prosecution. You had a pickaxe in your hand when you entered the fields, eh?

Prisoner (winks knowingly, and taps his nose). Would yer?

[Roars of laughter.]

Mr. Wigg (jocosely). You had, you know you had, you dog. [A laugh.]

Prisoner (addressing his Lordship). I will now appear as MR. BUCKSTONE.

[Disappears for a second or so behind the dock, and re-appears as MR. BUCKSTONE in Box and Cox; applause; Usher suppresses it.]

Prisoner (imitating). I will tell you my brief but melancholy tale.

Mr. JAWKINS (seeing a professional joke in the word brief.) In the case of a brief—

Chief Justice (petulantly to Mr. Wigg.) Do be quiet.

Jury. Order, order.

Prisoner (resuming his imitation). I walked out one morning in the salubrious neighbourhood of Ramsgate or Margate (laugh by a Juryman who knows both places). I forget which; it's so confosin' (laughs). Sometimes I've got an idea it was Mamsgate; no, I mean Rargate. No, no, no, I don't mean that. Upon my word, I'm so confosied I hardly know what I do mean (roars.) So I'll just lie down and take my nap (yawns). Now, shall I swallow my nap before I take my breakfast, or take my breakfast before I, . . . no—no—shall I nap my swallow?

[Yawns; shouts of laughter; great applause. Usher attempts to

suppress it, but is immediately ordered out of Court by the Judge. Prisoner disappears behind dock, and re-appears in a different wig, and a new dress. Laughter and applause.]

Mr. JAWKINS. You quarrelled with MR. JENKINS, I believe, and then struck him with the pickaxe?

Prisoner (imitating an Irishman). Sure, sorr, 'tis meself that did that same (laughter). I tuk holt of ould JENKINS by the nape of his neck, this way (illustrates on MR. JONAS, the Governor of Newgate; roars), and tuk up the bit of a pickaxe. (Apologetically, in his own natural voice, to the Judge.) I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I am not a very good hand at Irish imitations.

Chief Justice (encouragingly.) On the contrary, I think it very good indeed; pray go on.

[Jury applaud.]

Prisoner. If your Lordship will excuse me I will now appear as OLD JENKINS.

Chief Justice. I think if you showed us how you used the pickaxe, it would be better fun. However, as you like.

Prisoner (after examining small boxes). I regret that I have not an old man's wig here; so that I must postpone JENKINS until a future occasion. [Indulgent applause.]

Mr. JAWKINS. We can't get on without JENKINS.

Chief Justice (persuasively). Oh come, you must give us JENKINS. Never mind the wig. [Usher laughs, and suppresses himself, immediately.]

Prisoner. Well, my Lord, I'll do the best I can. OLD JENKINS, I must explain now, to talk something like MR. COMPTON (several laughs). He came into the field and said (imitates), "The air's finer here than it is in the metrolopus. When I got to the metrolopus, I went to my banker's, and says I to the banker, 'It's a curious fact, but I want the pre-cise sum of two thousand pounds seven and sixpence ha'p'ny.'"

[Audience convulsed with laughter; the Chief Justice wipes tears from his eyes, and says "he never did."]

Prisoner (continues his imitation.) "Oho!" says the banker. Oho! says I. 'Hum!' says the banker. Aha! says I,—and that's all."

[Great applause, during which Prisoner disappears, and re-appears dressed as MR. TOOLE in Joe the Fireman.]

Mr. JAWKINS. And the pickaxe?

Jury. Order! order!

Prisoner (as Mr. Toole). Well, you know, I did take up the pickaxe, you know; only when I heard he'd got this here two thousand pounds all in real gold, including seven and sixpence ha'p'ny in his pocket, I says, "Don't you see," says I, "Hand over, old Cocky," says I, and finding him so unpersuadable, you see, I just taps him on the head with the pickaxe, and it just went crack like old china: it did, indeed.

[Roars; convulsions; a Juryman in fits of laughter is withdrawn, and the case is adjourned pending his recovery.]

Chief Justice (to Prisoner). It is almost a pity that a man like you should waste your powers in cracking heads instead of jokes. However, no matter. I think a vote of thanks should be presented to the Prisoner for his admirable entertainment.

Foreman of Jury. Carried nem. con., my Lord.

[The Prisoner bows and retires: end of trial for that day, due notice to be given of his next appearance in public.]

A MERRY HOST.

We find this in the *Salisbury Journal*—

"Early on Monday morning a young man named CHARLES DYER, who was lodging at the New Inn, Stapleford, was attacked by a rat, which caught him by the right nostril, and held him most tenaciously. It was not until the landlord had been called and entered the room with a light, that the animal could be driven away, and even then the sufferer had to drive it away himself. The landlord burst into such a fit of immoderate laughter as to be unable to render any assistance."

The ability to be easily amused is a delightful one. We see it rather largely developed in the audiences who listen to certain performances, and to "comic" songs. But the landlord of the New Inn at Stapleford, must be the very jolliest fellow in the world. Perhaps he is *Mark Tapley*, removed from a certain well-beloved Dragon. Immoderate laughter because a rat has hold of one's guest's nose is a feat worthy of commemoration. Let us hope that so pleasing a talent may have scope for development, and that the next rat may lay hold of mine host's own nose. If he laughs then, the respected landlord must certainly change his name to DEMOCRITUS BUNG.

RESPONSIBILITY AND RINDERPEST.

To "stamp out" the Cattle Plague how could we dare? Rebellion was "stamped out" by GOVERNOR EYRE!

AMONG the spooney bits of Goodyness which gem the provincial press we read, "Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm." What for? He only wants you to let him come under your umbrella.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

IN THE ACT OF WRITING A FUNNY POEM FOR *PUNCH*, THAT WILL MAKE YOU DIE OF LAUGHING WHEN YOU READ IT.

[The enlarged photograph on the wall represents the same party when not engaged in comic composition.]

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

THE Professor of Botany will give a course of Lectures on Weeds, their use and abuse; with especial reference to the so-called "real Havannahs." In connection with the subject he proposes to form a Practical Class for the benefit of those lately entered at the University. The fragrant herb will be supplied from the Botanic Garden.

The Regius Professor of Medicine will deliver a course of HOLLOWAY'S Pills to any gentleman desirous of taking them.

The Professor of Physiology proposes to lecture on Sculls, and the best mode of feathering them. Practical classes for the purpose of catching crabs will be held on the river during the present term.

The Professor of Chemistry will commence a series of experiments on his assistant, with the view of ascertaining the strength of materials. Gentlemen who wish to attend had better do so, or they will be desired to leave the room.

The Professor of Latin will lecture on the right principles of "Translation," as applied to Bishops in the present day. He also proposes, later in the term, to discuss the value of Latin "Composition" as an agent for preventing the fouling of ships' bottoms.

The Professor of Music is at home, as usual, in the Cave of Harmony, where those who attend his lectures are requested to make themselves very much at home also. Punch on the table at nine o'clock. First-rate talent engaged. The Demonstrator of Anatomy will, by special request, give a few performances on the "bones," and some prime matches between the Proctor's bull-dogs are expected to come off.

The Professor of Mechanical Philosophy will lecture during the present term on Hair Brushing by machinery, with observations on its influence on the Heads of Houses, and on the state of the poll at the close of the last Oxford election.

Results of Reform.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read all the country papers, and in at least ten this week I find

"A QUANTITY of Good SWEDES for SALE."

And Sweden has just been reforming her Constitution. Slavery is the result, shameless slavery! O, let LORD RUSSELL be warned in time.

Yours, in terror,
Carlton Club.
AN OLD TORY.

A BORE FOR THE HOME-OFFICE.

SCENE—A Smoking-Room. CHAFFINGTON and SNEARS tête-à-tête.

Chaff. Oh, I say!

Snears. What?

Chaff. Listen to this—from the *West Sussex Gazette*. Petworth Petty Sessions. Present—G. BARTELOT and J. NAPPER, Esqs. (Reads):—

"STEALING WOOD.—LUKE FLOATE, labourer, was charged with having, in the parish of Pulborough, on the 22nd of December last, stolen one piece of wood, of the value of 2d., the property of GEORGE PARKER, labourer. Prisoner, who said he picked up the wood on the road, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

"ANOTHER CASE OF WOOD STEALING.—JOHN FREEMAN was charged with stealing a piece of wood, value 1d., the property of WILLIAM WOOD, of the parish of Billingshurst; and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour."

What a shame!

Snears. No doubt the Magistrates were quite right.

Chaff. Perhaps.

Snears. In all probability the fellows they sent to prison were notorious thieves.

Chaff. Very likely.

Snears. Caught out at last in stealing wood, and very properly sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour. Only whipping ought to have been added.

Chaff. Still I say, what a shame!

Snears. What! a shame of the Magistrates to punish them as they deserved?

Chaff. No; of the newspaper reporter, in not stating the circumstances—if there were any, such as you suppose—that made their punishment just.

Snears. Whether it was just or not, what signifies?

Chaff. Nothing, of course, to hard-headed men like you and myself—who, by the way, should all marry strong-minded women, and then, if

their children turned out very unlike their parents, what nice people some in the next generation would be!

Snears. It is merely a sentimental question.

Chaff. Partly, not merely. As far as justice or injustice is concerned, it is merely a sentimental, or, as sentimentalists say, a moral question. But, besides that, it is a question of money. How much does it cost to keep a man in gaol?

Snears. I don't know. The keep of a pauper in a workhouse, though, is 3s. 6d. a-week.

Chaff. Then, of course, that of a thief in prison would amount to a good deal more.

Snears. Well?

Chaff. Suppose those two men imprisoned, with hard labour, for stealing penn'orths of wood, were not habitual thieves, they would have cost nobody anything out of gaol, unless they had gone into the workhouse, and then they would have cost less than they do now, living, luxuriously, a month and two months in quod. If the Magistrates have made a mistake in committing them, they have put the County to needless expense. I don't say they have made a mistake, mind; but people will think they have.

Snears. What if people do? Who cares for popular indignation?

Chaff. Echo answers, nation. But as likely as not they will memorialise the HOME SECRETARY to remove those Beaks from the Commission of the Peace.

Snears. Ah! yes, now I see. That will be a bore for SIR GEORGE GREY. What with this Cattle Plague, and Reform, and one thing and another, he has more irons in the fire than he can manage. It certainly is a shame of reporters to make imperfect statements, which, as they stand, are calculated to give poor GREY the trouble of at least inquiring whether certain Magistrates are judicious enough to be fit to perform judicial functions. Give me a light.

SCRAGGY.—MISS MARTINEAU is supposed to have counselled the Ballet to prudence, in her excellent work, *Mind among the Spindles*.

THE BALLET ON THE PLATFORM.



HIS season it is proposed to vary the entertainments provided for the serious public by the introduction of a new species of performance at Exeter Hall.

The frequenters of that quasi sacred edifice for the most part cherish an insuperable objection to theatrical amusements, inasmuch that perhaps very few of them have ever entered a playhouse except for the purpose of hearing a special sermon preached there. They cannot be brought to believe in the great moral improvement that has been wrought in the modern drama.

There is a species of dramatic exhibition which, if presented to them elsewhere than in a theatre, would enlarge the rather too narrow circle of the recreations which they are

in need of, without in the least offending any of their reasonable scruples, or of their respectable, if groundless, prejudices.

They would certainly see nothing to censure in the spectacle of a duly regulated ballet. As this species of performance, apart from the mere orchestra, appeals exclusively to the eye, of course it cannot possibly scandalise them by any verbal impropriety, like profane swearing, or any other bad language, such as they perhaps suppose they would still, even in these times, be likely to hear uttered on the stage.

Although the action of a ballet consists wholly in dancing, the dancing of a ballet is not promiscuous; and it is only to promiscuous dancing, and not to dancing in itself, that serious persons object. Ballet dancing is now based purely

on the principle of the SPURGEON Quadrilles. The youthful Shepherd, or other male personage who assists in the ballet, does nothing more than steady the leading *danseuse* occasionally in her *pose*. For this purpose, in the Exeter Hall ballets, a young minister in his proper character of Pastor, and costume of black ditto and white tie, can walk on when he is wanted.

The subject whereon the first of the series of ballets about to be produced at Exeter Hall will be founded, is, we understand that of *The Dairyman's Daughter*. It will conclude with a grand Illumination. Scene in the Bowers of Bliss, attended with a brilliant distribution of tracts.

The profits of these performances will be devoted to the aid of a charitable association, which has been instituted by some benevolent ladies and gentlemen. Its object is to help ballet-girls towards saving the wherewithal to support themselves, after their superannuation, or in sickness or distress, by the pursuit of some honest calling. They are superannuated at thirty-five; the wages which they have previously been earning by the labour of their legs average £1 per week, ranging between 30s. and 12s., and out of that they must find their own shoes, which, what little leisure rehearsals allow them, they have to spend in cobbling. The "Ballet Benefit Fund" has been founded to encourage them to put by 1s. a fortnight, or as much more as they can, in the Post-office Savings' Bank. A Subscription to this deserving Charity is opened at DRUMMONDS', and our serious readers will perhaps contribute directly thereunto, if any unforeseen hindrance should defeat the idea of bringing out *The Dairyman's Daughter* as a ballet at Exeter Hall.

[When, two years ago, *Mr. Punch* took up his cudgel to poke Benevolence in the chest on behalf of the ballet-girls, it turned out that there were already in existence provident institutions, of whose benefits the ladies of the ballet could avail themselves, by subscription, if they chose. These were, and are, the Dramatic and Equestrian Fund, and the General Benevolent Theatrical Fund.—EDITOR.]

A COURSING CONUNDRUM.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound? When it turns a hare!

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT.

MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I read a book entitled *Half a Million of Money*. That was fiction. Soon afterwards I read a letter in which an American merchant resident in London expressed his intention to increase a gift he had already made to the poor of London, so that it should amount to a quarter of a million of money. That was fact. How best can we thank MR. PEABODY? Am I right in my impression that we received his first donation with rather an excess of well-bred calmness, with a suppression of emotion and feeling which it would not have been unbecoming, if we had startled the best society by unrestrainedly displaying? And now that MR. PEABODY'S gift is made perfect and complete, I fancy we are in danger of falling again into the same state of gentlemanly composure. Is it that we are overwhelmed by its magnitude? Is it that events of greater importance have diverted our attention from MR. PEABODY'S unexampled benevolence? Can we think of nothing else than LORD SYDNEY'S mission to invest the new LEOPOLD with the sacred Garter; or LORD WENLOCK'S amusing entomological trial; or the absorbing question—shall POPE HENNESSY have a seat again in the House of Commons? or the christening of a baby Princeling at Osborne; or the happy thought that led a French lady to appear at an Imperial masqued ball as the Archangel Michael; or the blessings of that episcopal wisdom which is said to be meditating a remonstrance to the POPE and his Bishops against the spread of Mariolatry? (His Holiness would probably not show more contempt if he were asked to preach at one of the Special Sunday Services in the Britannia Theatre.)

I will confess to you that I indulged myself with the thought that it would be a graceful conclusion to the reference sure to be made to American affairs in the QUEEN'S Speech, if a few words of cordial recognition were devoted to the munificence of this great American citizen. Of course, I was immediately ashamed of myself for thinking such a thing possible; and I hope you will overlook the ignorance of etiquette, routine, and precedent—the shadowy creatures that hold us back when we are yearning to obey some noble impulse—betrayed by such a disordered fancy. When I read the Speech, all feelings of disappointment about MR. PEABODY evaporated, for I found that from the beginning to the end of the Royal oration there was not a line to commemorate the name and the fame of the great Minister lying so near in the sacred silence of the Abbey. The shadowy creatures were again appalled by my audacious expectation, and held out menacingly a noose of ruddy tape.

I then waited to see whether MR. CHILDERS, in proposing a public loan in aid of the erection of houses for the labouring poor would introduce MR. PEABODY'S name. He did, and handsomely: and I am not without hope that before the vessel of State gets into the chopping seas that lie in its track, the Captain, or perhaps the first lieutenant, may say something on this American question which would give unqualified satisfaction on both sides the Atlantic. You will not misunderstand me. You will not suppose that when I speak of thanking MR. PEABODY, I am thinking of gold boxes, or addresses beautifully engrossed on vellum and enclosed in polished caskets, or public banquets, or services of plate. His gift towers above all ordinary gifts, as St. Paul's rises over all meaner edifices; but it does seem to me that it should be acknowledged and gratefully recorded by the voice of the eloquent speaker and the pen of the eloquent writer, be it in Parliament or in the pulpit, from the public platform or in the columns of the omnipotent Press. To some extent this has been done, but not commensurate with the magnitude, the rarity, and the disinterestedness of the gift.

When I read the unprofitable proceedings of Convocation, the discussions about canons and catechisms, rubrics and conscience clauses, I think to myself that MR. PEABODY may be doing more for the souls of the poor, by providing for their bodies, than both Houses of Convocation will do, though they should sit to the end of the century, and enjoy a fresh *gravamen* at each sitting.

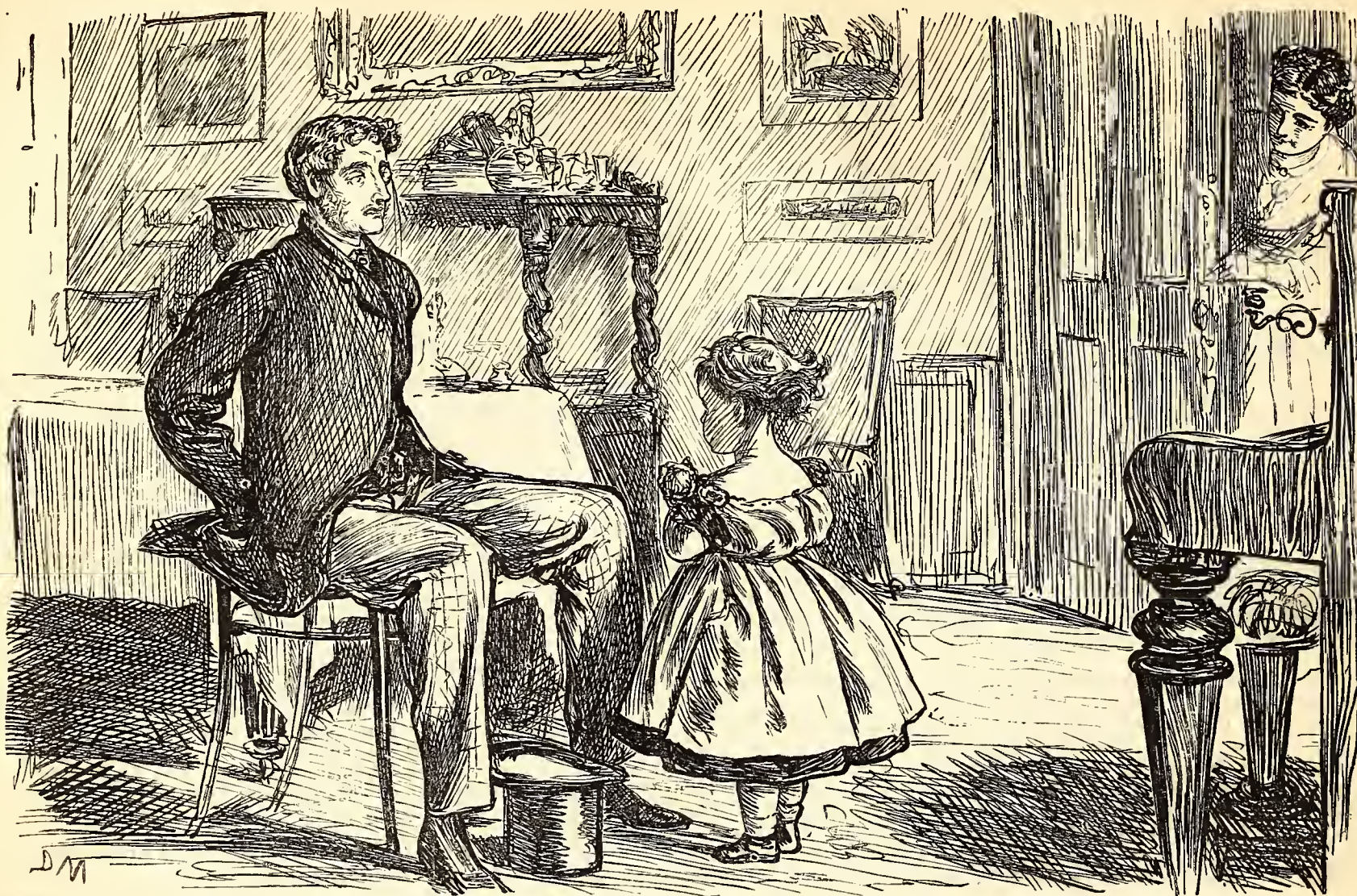
If I were the BISHOP OF LONDON, out of the fund with which his name will be imperishably associated, in every district containing a PEABODY block of buildings, or dwellings for the poor, such as ALDERMAN WATERLOW understands how to build, I would provide a working Clergyman; sure that he would find eager listeners in men and women, translated from styres of filth and disease, and degradation, to homes abounding in cleanliness, and health, and comfort, through the direct bounty or beneficent example of the man who has arisen to the rescue and deliverance of the poor of London—GEORGE PEABODY.

Perhaps the best commemoration of their benefactor by the Peabody settlements would be a day's holiday in the country every summer, on his birthday, if it falls in one of the leafy months.

A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

SEE WHAT IT IS TO BE A CLASSIC WIT.

WHY is a Greek scholar like a brave warrior? Because he makes light of his *φως*.



STIRRING INCIDENT OF MODERN LIFE.

"Last Saturday, MR. B——N happened to make a morning call on MRS. S——TH, a lady living near Portman Square. During his visit, MRS. S——TH went into another part of the house, to fetch the last number of *Punch*, leaving him alone in the dining-room with CICELY, her daughter, a person of determined appearance, who suddenly said, 'Pease, MR. B——N, wipe poor Cissy's nose!' Nobody was within call—the danger was imminent. MR. B——N did not, however, lose all presence of mind. It appears he rarely, if ever, stirs from home without a pocket-handkerchief, concealed somewhere about his person—a wise precaution at this time of the year. Fixing his eye on the young lady, he cautiously drew it from his pocket, and then—but we will not harrow the feelings of the unmarried reader with a detailed account of what followed.

"MR. B——N is only four-and-twenty, and of active rather than powerful build. We hear that his daring act will shortly be rewarded by the hand and heart of MRS. S——TH's beautiful but accomplished sister, who had been an unsuspected witness of his chivalrous self-devotion."—*The Bloomsbury Guardian*.

[Our Artist has selected (judiciously, we think) the moment when Mr. B——N is feeling in his pocket for the inoffensive weapon.

HOW TO GET GOOD SERVANTS.

CHARITY covereth a multitude of skins, and thrusteth meat and drink down a multitude of throattles. Charity, besides this, giveth homes to the homeless, and findeth friends to help the friendless: saving them thereby from the "bath like mutton-broth" and other casual horrors of the workhouse casual ward. A believer in the uses of well-directed charity, *Mr. Punch* will ever keep his columns open to its claims. A few inches of this "valuable space" are therefore spared for the admission of a plea for the Female Aid Society, which, in order to extend its serviceable aid, now needs substantial help itself.

This Society provides a "Home for Friendless Young Females" (as the Secretary calls them—for the last time, be it hoped: the man who nicknames women "females," deserves to have his ears boxed). Orphan girls and others who need shelter and protection are received and taken care of, and trained in household duties, and when fit for service are provided with a place. People who are always complaining of bad servants should subscribe to this Society, whose aim is to make good ones. The complaint is now almost as universal as the cattle-plague: and were each of the complainants every year to send a sovereign to the Female Aid Society (27, Red Lion Square), we should not hear so much talk of the wilfulness of housemaids and the wastefulness of cooks.

SEASONABLE TRANSLATION.

LENTUS IN UMBRÂ.—Under a lent umbrella.

LETTER FROM A BATH BRICK.

O, PUNCH!

WHAT do you think of "genteel" Bath now. This favourite retreat of extreme propriety, threepenny whist, "serious" half-pay officers, plain women, and general dullness? One would expect at least common decorum in such a place. Well, the "ladies" of Bath, in the first ecstasies of loyal cackle, ordered a beautiful present for the PRINCESS OF WALES. But, being too shabby to pay for it, they are now showing it at a shilling a head! True, by the pigs of KING BLADUD. Of course the Princess could never accept such a thing, now, even if the two or three hundred pounds could be raised here, a very unlikely event. Truly, Bath is a "genteel" city, and I am,

Yours truly,

Milsom Street.

AN ASHAMED BATHONIAN.

An Inevitable Sequence.

"The Convocation of York has done some better service by discussing the treatment of MR. NIHIL, as the opinion of a clerical body might have weight with a Bishop; but the discussion came to nothing."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT else could be expected?

Ex Nihilo nihil fit.

MOTTO FOR THE LONDON RAILWAYS.—Solitudinem faciunt; station appellat.



OUR MONTHLY WEATHER REPORT.

Captain O'Leary and Miss Roberts—REPORT IT "AWFULLY JOLLY."

Miss Roberts' Parents—REPORT IT "SOMETHING DREADFUL."

LINES BY A CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT MARINER.

ADDRESSED TO HIS UNIVERSITY.

WISH ye, sons of Alma Mater,
Long lost laurels to replace?
Listen to a stout old Pater,
Once renowned in many a race.
Now, alas! I'm fat and forty,
And my form grows round to view;
And my nose is rather "porty,"
But my heart is still light-blue.

'Tis as bad as an emetic,
E'en my 'baccy I refuse,
When I hear that sports athletic,
Interfere with Cambridge crews.
Once a Grecian runner famous,
Scorned to fight his country's foes;
And to Greece, as some to Camus,
Caused innumerable woes.

When I hear the voice parental
Cry, "my youngster shall not row!"
Then my wrath is transcendental,
Then my words with vigour flow.
Sires, with hearts of alabaster,
Your stern "vetos" yet you'll rue;
When ye see a sixth disaster,
Overwhelm your loved light-blue.

But whate'er to Cambridge happen,
Sons of Cam behave like men!
Rally round your royal Cap'n,
King of Lake, and King of Fen!
Fortune helps the brave who court her,
Only to yourselves be true;
And perhaps, on Putney's water,
Victory will crown light-blue.

When your Cox'en cries "all ready,"
Be alert, dismiss all napping;
Get well forward, all sit steady,
Grasp the oar, avoid all "capping."
Shoulders square, backs straight, eyes ever
Fixed upon the back before;
Then all eight, with one endeavour,
Dip at once the bladed oar.

Catch your stroke at the beginning,
Then let legs with vigour work:
Little hope has he of winning,
Who his "stretcher" loves to shirk.
Let your rigid arms, extended,
Be as straight as pokers two;
And until the stroke is ended,
Pull it, without jerking, through!

Thus all disputations spurning,
Ye, ere many a year has past,
While old Fortune's wheel is turning,
Victory shall taste at last.
Ere some Ministerial Cox'en,
Finds a cure for Plague of Cattle;
Ye shall triumph over Oxon,
On your watery field of battle.

ARGONAUT.

To a Correspondent.

A GENTLEMAN troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

THE DIET OF WORMS.—Assafœtida and Onions.—See Times of Feb. 10.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ADORA CANAMUS, for *Saturday, February 18, 1866*, will be a day to be remembered in Parliamentary annals. On the previous evening Government determined that the Habeas Corpus Act must be suspended in Ireland. The Fenian-pest has to be stamped out. So QUEEN, Lords, and Commons had all to unite, and in one day to pass the Suspension Act.

The Commons, like the kettle, began it. SIR GEORGE GREY stated that the cessation of the American war had released a great number of Irish Americans from service, and that

many of these had come to Ireland, in order to promote Fenianism. They were regularly paid by somebody, were biding their time for an outbreak, and were doing their worst to cause disaffection. They were "wanted," but to make a general capture of the rascals, it was necessary to dispense with the law which forbids arrest without warrant, and imprisonment without appeal to the judges. MR. DISRAELI supported the Government, with divers censures, not of weight. He gave, possibly from conviction, a strong testimony to the loyalty of the Catholic priesthood.

MR. BRIGHT saw his way to a clap-trap speech which should not inconvenience his friend EARL RUSSELL, and he let off a very sonorous one, which MR. GLADSTONE described as containing what was in part untrue, in part open to question, and generally out of place. Anything more characteristic of the shopkeeper (who hurries an article into his window because something about that article is in the morning's papers) and less of the statesman, can hardly be imagined. It may easily be imagined that the grievance-shop received the caustic attentions of those two keen-eyed *flâneurs*, MESSRS. ROEBUCK and HORSMAN. An Irish Member, MR. DILLON, declared Ireland to be sadly misgoverned, as most countries are, where men "depend" upon Governments, or one another, or anything but individual energy, punctuality, and truthfulness. MR. MILL said that we were not responsible for the misdeeds of past centuries, but that there was work to be done for Ireland, and he supported Government. MR. MOORE (Irish) demanded land legislation, and the destruction of the Irish Church; COLONEL CONOLLY (Irish) said that Ireland was improving, and that Fenianism was a foreign movement; SIR JOHN GRAY (Irish) replied to MR. ROEBUCK, who had scoffed at the new-born loyalty of the priests, and the O'DONOGHUE (very Irish) said that Ireland did not want coercion, and that the Fenians did not mean robbery and murder. He opposed the suspension.

MR. GLADSTONE made short work with the objectors, and in answer to MR. BRIGHT, who had said that the Irish would gladly unmoor their island, and take it two thousand miles to the west, declined to recognise the voice of the Irish people, except through their representatives, who were supporting the proposals of Government. The unity of sentiment displayed by the Irish people would enable Ministers to put down a wicked conspiracy.

The handful of dissentients took a division, when the Government had 364, and their opponents had 6. In three minutes more the Bill had been read three times and passed.

The Cattle Bill also passed, and it is to be hoped that somebody knows, or means to know what it enacts, for it has since gone through the Lords, and is Law.

Their Lordships sat waiting for the Habeas Corpus Bill, which SIR GEORGE GREY brought them as soon as it was ready. After speeches from EARLS RUSSELL and DERBY it was hastened through the House, and an appointment was made to meet at eleven at night, for the Royal Assent, the QUEEN being in the Isle of Wight. But a luggage train—rien n'est sacré pour un Van Demon—got in the way of the royal assent bringer, and Mr. Punch has to place for the first time on record the entry that on

Sunday the Houses, slightly represented, met. The Suspension Bill became Law. As *Punch's History of England* will supersede all others, it may be convenient to mention that Government had not been so Jolly Green as to wait until notice had been given to all the rascals concerned to hide themselves, but made a grand police raid on the Saturday, and walked off about a hundred astonished Fenians to gaol with the utmost promptitude. Since then the Guards have been sent to Ireland, and the Stamp-Out of the pest promises to be effectual. Isolation is the first experiment. We had hoped that it would render execution unnecessary, but the Fenians have begun to murder.

Monday. The Lords passed a Bill enabling Government to seize the Telegraph lines in Ireland. They could already do so in England, but have not availed themselves of the power, and indeed a very frightful collision might occur if, while Mr. Punch was in the telegraph office, requesting the young lady clerk to transmit a kiss to MRS. JULIA PUNCH, EARL RUSSELL should try to shoulder him out of the niche, in order to dispatch a State secret.

In the Commons, MR. THOMAS HUGHES offered resistance to another Railway Bill for cutting a poor neighbourhood to pieces without any provision for the ejected, and though he disclaimed any intention of hindering legislation which was likely to be useful, our friend TOM BROWN compelled the railwaymen to acknowledge the justice of his views, and to suggest his endeavouring to carry a general resolution on the subject. And this he means to try.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, amid laughter, of course, demanded whether the fact that the Royal Assent to the Suspension Act had been given on Sunday did not make the proceedings illegal. MR. GRIFFITH was quite right to ask the question. As a well-informed man, he knows that if you cut your nails on Sunday you will sup sorrow on Monday, that if it rains on Sunday it is because it rained on Friday, that a deed dated on Sunday is utterly void, and that a child born on a Sunday will never like onions, and he is to be commended for bringing his great general information to the aid of the State. The HOME SECRETARY, however, had studied the subject, and was able to say that the Suspension Act was valid.

MR. GLADSTONE announced that our friend, MR. BOXALL (an eminent artist and a courteous gentleman) had been appointed Director of the National Gallery, and that such appointment was made solely because EARL RUSSELL believed MR. BOXALL to be the most efficient man for the purpose. If there were a sarcasm latent in such a back-handed compliment to a Whig nobleman, Mr. Punch declines to see it, and congratulates MR. BOXALL.

MR. HUNT'S Cattle Bill then came on, and Parliament was delivered, like the martyrs in Rome, to the beasts.

Tuesday. The Bill enabling public bodies and others to lend pictures to the great show which MR. COLE has so wisely got LORD DERBY to father, was read a Second Time. And a very good show it will be, and Mr. Punch is only sorry that he did not live in past ages, that his own portrait might have been the gem of the Exhibition.

Something came out, touching which there will be a most hideous row, or the Irish Protestants and their English backers have lost their taste for a shindy. Government means to make a concession to the Irish Catholics in the matter of University Education, and — but we don't want to spoil sport—let the parties concerned hit on the scent. If the game were Hide and Seek, we should cry "very warm" when the Protestant approached the articles called "affiliation," and "Senate."

MR. TORRENS, with an excellent speech, introduced a Bill to provide better dwellings for artisans and labourers. One fact which he stated will show why public aid is necessary, or at least why private aid will not be granted. Such dwellings will not pay a speculator more than 5 per cent., and he looks for at least 7.

MR. CLAY, having promised his constituents to introduce a Reform Bill, manfully fulfilled his promise. He proposes that any person who may choose to offer himself to the Civil Service Commissioners for examination, and shall show that he can read, write, spell, and work the four rules of arithmetic, may be placed on the register. The process shall cost him half-a-crown. It may be thought that the qualification is low, but how many Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, suddenly brought to the test, would be plucked? *Punch* knows at least a score, who could about as easily do compound multiplication as take an observation of the sun, and whom he would not at all like to bring, in an unprepared state, up to hegemony, ptarmigan, sphynx, yacht, acknowledgement, heighth, rhythmical, or anthropopathetically. Three very smart speeches, from MR. GREGORY, LORD ELCHO, and MR. HORSMAN, followed, and then MR. GLADSTONE, complimenting MR. CLAY on his clear and lucid speech, intimated with equal clearness and lucidity that nothing should extract from him the slightest information as to the intentions of Government in regard to Reform. In the interest of History, Mr. Punch may mention that at this date the public mind was puzzled (though not agitated) by the most opposite declarations from those who are supposed to be in Ministerial confidence; one set alleging that we are

to have a franchise Bill only, and another, that we are to have a re-distribution of seats. *Quien sabe?*

Wednesday. In answer to an excessively pious Kentish baronet called SIR BROOK BRIDGES, SIR GEORGE GREY again declined appointing a fast day for a "national calamity" which did not affect the whole of the United Kingdom.

SIR C. O'LOGHLEN introduced a Bill for abolishing the starvation system by which juries are forced to give Ugolino verdicts. It also proposed to empower the discharge of juries who disagreed. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL wished the question to stand over until it was seen whether the baby murderess, CHARLOTTE WINSOR, could be legally hanged or not.

Thursday. LORD HALIFAX, *olim* SIR CHARLES WOOD, took his seat as a Peer.

Stately doings in the Commons. £6,000 a-year and £30,000 down, were given to PRINCESS HELENA; and £15,000 a-year to CAPTAIN PRINCE ALFRED. MR. GLADSTONE made a curious mistake about the young lady, describing her as the eldest unmarried daughter at the time the QUEEN was left a widow. He must have forgotten, for the moment, an exquisite sonnet in which *Mr. Punch* offered his homage to PRINCESS ALICE in reference to her filial conduct at that season. Next night he apologised, and we beg him to think no more about it.

In an eloquent speech, worthy the occasion, MR. GLADSTONE then moved the erection of a memorial to LORD PALMERSTON. MR. DISRAELI briefly but gracefully seconded the motion. MR. HOPE hoped that the monument would be really a noble one, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, adverting to the fact that we have as yet no memorial to WELLINGTON, trusted that no unworthy delay would occur.

On the Jamaica Constitution Bill COLONEL EDWARDES managed to let out his indignation on behalf of GOVERNOR EYRE, but all other speakers carefully kept off the tabooed ground.

Friday. SIR ROBERT PEEL, out of office, may be troublesome. To-night he stuck to MR. GLADSTONE until he got a promise that nothing should be done *in re* Catholic Education, until the House should be consulted.

A Neutrality debate, touching American affairs, brought out a fine speech from MR. GLADSTONE, who spoke as one more mindful of English honour than of Anglo-American fanaticism. The proceedings of the night had the usual conversazione character; but everything has an end.

DISRAELI AND DUTY!

WE can hardly believe that MR. DISRAELI, on the motion to give PALMERSTON a statue, really said to MR. SPEAKER:—

"I trust, Sir, that the time may never come when the love of fame shall cease to be the sovereign passion of our public men."

Why, BENJAMIN, has not the time already come when the love of good and truth is the sovereign passion of every public man who deserves a statue instead of a caricature? Is not the desire to effect wise and just legislation, to do the best that you can for your country and mankind at large, the ruling motive which causes you, yourself, to aspire at office? Oh dear, what injustice you do your own nature! "Know thyself," says old Philosophy, but has said it in vain to you, BEN; you are a great Statesman, and you know a thing or two, but self-knowledge is certainly not your *fort*. Earnestness is.

Jolly for Sir Joshua!

THE Polytechnic announces, amongst its various attractions, "The Cherubs Floating in the Air—after SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS." That must, indeed, be a glimpse of Paradise. DANTE, in his Vision of that abode of bliss, never probably contemplated anything more delightful than the spectacle of a great Artist with cherubs floating after him in the air.

Paradoxical.

THE largest house in town
Is larger when increased;
When let to somebody, say BROWN,
The largest house is *lease'd*.

TANTALISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

"No Charge for Stamping?" Ah, *Mr. Punch*, don't I wish the Cattle Plague could be stamped out on those terms? Yours truly, JOHN BULL.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

SCHOOL FOR UNGOVERNABLE BOYS.—The Advertiser, who has had much experience in the management of disobedient and disorderly children, will be happy to take charge of one or two hundred young Fenians answering this description. Terms moderate. Address, REV. HABEAS CORPUS, care of MISS IRELAND, College Green.

BOS LOCUTUS EST.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Cow,
With Rinderpest a-knocking at the door,
And what's far worse, these Acts that won't allow
A chance for life, e'en if the plague's got o'er.

Local self-government for cow or man
To live or die by, as the case might be,
I fondly hoped was England's settled plan,
But with self-government 'tis all U.P.!

While gentle GREY controlled the English roast,
Local authorities were potent still;
By varying light from centre unto coast
To read the Council's Orders at their will.

But loud and louder in bucolic roar,
"Slay, isolate, stamp out!" exclaimed the squires;
Remonstrant GREY and BARING backward bore,
And quenched the Council's ineffectual fires.

And HUNT rushed to the squirearchy's front,
And smote self-government between the brows;
And where GREY scourged with whips, determined HUNT
With scorpions scourged us miserable cows.

'Twas at the Rinderpest he aimed his blow,
That blow may reach the Rinderpest or not,
But our doomed backs the burden undergo,
And, hap what will, 'tis we must pay the shot!

Stagg'ring beneath our statutory load,
Of clause, exception, penalty, and pain—
Forbade to change a field, or cross a road,
Fined if we move, and if we linger, slain;

If foreigners, doomed, where we land, to die;
If natives, when we're sick, debarred from cure;
No med'cine but the pole-axe let to try—
A remedy at once too sharp and sure!

Vain to search either Act for fault or flaw,
To find what each permits, what each allows;
For though the Acts are such as cows might draw,
They won't leave their construction to the cows.

To starve our towns, nor yet from plague ensure,
The taxes swell, yet farmers not relieve;
To kill us hapless cows by way of cure,
Is all collective wisdom can achieve!

Months since, perhaps, one effort sharp and strong,
Had stamped the plague out, but *that* asked a will;
You halted between "kill or cure" so long,
The case has grown past *cure*, howe'er you *kill*.

And when the pest, sown broadcast, wide has spread,
To panic from paralysis you swing;
And to the Cattle plague the Steppes have bred,
Add all the cattle-plagues your Acts must bring.

No Mistaken Identity.

CERTAIN newspapers announce the intended "Secession to Rome" of the REV. P. GURDON, vicar of Assington in Suffolk, who "has been for some time identified with the ultra-ritualist party in the Eastern Counties." In the paragraph containing this intelligence, it is further stated that "MR. GURDON will shortly leave Assington. "Identified," as the reverend gentleman has been, "with the ultra-ritualist party" will not all the asses of Assington follow their leader?

An Old Nursery Chime.

(*New Song from the Cattle Plague Debates.*)

AIR—"Jack and Jill."

"KILL" and "kill," says either Bill:
No cure's allowed but slaughter;
GREY comes down
Poleaxe on crown,
And HUNT comes axing arter.

HITTING THE RIGHT NAIL ON THE HEAD.

THE title for MR. WARD HUNT (*when elevated to the Peerage, on the demand of a grateful squirearchy*)—LORD AXE-MIN'STER.



CONSIDERATE.

Churchwarden. "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'ERE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR UN."

Old Sporting Rector. "WELL, BLUNT, THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A MOUNT SOMETIMES."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Incense.—The BISHOP OF LONDON has admitted that any congregation, or any member thereof, may be justly incensed by the Clergyman or Clergymen of the parish.

Symbolism.—That where the use of symbols is desired by the congregation, they may be played simultaneously with the organ.

New Officer.—The BISHOP OF OXFORD thinks of creating a new officer in his diocese. He will be Inspector of Ecclesiastical Vestments, and will take rank with the Groom of the Stole.

New Bishop and Orders.

1. Proposal for Convocation, that, instead of getting the QUEEN to make a new Bishop, His Grace of Canterbury should proceed to institute a *Shilling Ordinary* at Lambeth Palace, for the benefit of the Clergy only. This would bring them together daily at two o'clock. Orders given while the Archbishop's in the room.

2. That an *Arch Deacon* shall, during the sitting of Convocation, say, at all events, *one* funny thing. In the event of his not complying with this rule, he will be deposed, and an *Archer Deacon* will have his place.

3. That any unauthorised approach to intercommunion between the Anglican and Russian Churches is to be reprobated. We may adopt the cassock, but should avoid the Cossack.

4. That during the Long Vacation the Reader at the Temple may skip his lessons.

Probable Ecclesiastical Preferments.

MR. CLARK, of the Haymarket, collated to Amen Corner.

MR. FRANK MATTHEWS to a vacant stall at St. James's, when such an event occurs.

MR. JOHN PARRY to St. Bride's. Many a happy couple will attend his "Wedding Breakfast."

For Theological Students.

The BISHOP OF LONDON, remembering his Schoolmaster days, advises young Candidates to study USSHER's works.

Convocation at its next meeting will take into consideration the propriety of appointing a Naval Chaplain to every See.

The dress of the Military Chaplains is to be bearskin, regimental collar, bands, short surplice with epaulettes, hood according to degree, sword, jackboots, and spurs. If the Chaplain-in-Chief to the forces is raised to the rank of a Bishop, the mitre with a red feather in the top will take the place of the bearskin. He will also carry a pouch full of charges; and on field-days will take precedence of the Cannons. There is nothing more, thank you, to-day.

PAINTED BABIES.

IN Paris the fine ladies not merely smear themselves with rouge, but make their babies even wear it! And the law provides no punishment for such disgusting outrages. Will this French fashion, we wonder, become popular in England? Girls with pimply faces and bad complexions wear rouge and pearl-powder unblushingly enough—at least nobody can see their blushes, if they have any. Will such artists, when they marry, take to colouring their children? Painting on velvet is a very pretty art; but to paint upon the velvet of a baby's dimpled cheek is a worse outrage upon nature than painting on a lily. English ladies mostly take their fashions from the French, but we hope they will not introduce this infant school of painting. If MR. KINGSLEY's *Water Babies* be translated into French, perhaps, to make them popular, the babies will be painted, and put forward with the title of the *Water-colour Babies*.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.

"Of all your trees which yields most fruit?" Says he,
"Sir, the best fruits come from my *Indus-tree*."

DEFINITION OF A TERM. (BY OUR OWN PEPPER'S GHOST.)

"MAKING a dead set"—a party of Ghosts arranging a quadrille.



THE FENIAN-PEST.

HIBERNIA. "O MY DEAR SISTER, WHAT *ARE* WE TO DO WITH THESE TROUBLESOME PEOPLE?"

BRITANNIA. "TRY ISOLATION FIRST, MY DEAR, AND THEN——"

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>Never forget the Dear Ones.</i> | 4. <i>I Naviganti.</i> |
| 2. <i>Rock me to Sleep.</i> | 5. <i>I cannot bear to say Farewell.</i> |
| 3. <i>Hark, the Bells are Ringing.</i> | 6. <i>When Gentle Ones are Round us.</i> |
| 7. <i>I slept, and O how sweet the Dream!</i> | |

1. This is a ballad which makes it clear that its composer has not been unmindful of the fact that the chief component parts of practical music are melody, harmony, and rhythm, by which latter term we do not mean to imply that which is pronounced, and should be spelt, rime, by which we do not mean to imply frost. We see much merit in this verse :—

"Never forget the dear ones,
Buy always of the cheap;
If you've a numerous family
Which you're obliged to keep.
No, don't forget the dear ones,
When you a-shopping go;
Or you will soon discover
Your purse is getting low."

2. This song illustrates the truth that melody and air are synonymous terms in modern music, whatever they may have been in that of ancient Greece and Rome. The following lines are full of a certain inspiration :

"Rock me to sleep, thy father's hest;
Demands this boon, O daughter fair:
As, dinner done, he sinks to rest,
In his Americanian chair."

"The chord must be at times unstrung,
My darling child, my saucy minx.
Rock me to sleep, and hold thy tongue,
While I enjoy my forty winks."

3. The bells have more than once, unless our memory deceives us (and we should be very much ashamed of it, could we think it capable of such an act) been alluded to in lyrical verse. Nevertheless an original composer and an original poet will attain novelty of treatment, however hackneyed the theme. We like the merry gaiety of the lines which follow :—

"Hark, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Through the wide, the wide hotel,
Chambermaids are bringing, bringing
Water to each angry swell.
Yes, the bells are ringing, ringing,
Soon the gong, the gong will roar :
To the dinner table bringing
Swell and belles from every floor,
Hark the bells, &c."

4. Few will be inclined to deny that if Italy is the country of music (not that there is not other music) there is a propriety in adapting Italian music to Italian words. Without disparaging the language in which SHAKESPEARE wrote and BRAHAM occasionally sung, it may be allowed that to melody of a certain kind, the Italian tongue is especially fitted, and here we think is an illustration :—

"I Naviganti, ancora parlanti,
Ammontanamento riscalto possò,
Fragtagliaturo e ben maturante,
O mio birbone con asininò!
Non hanno eglino di tutte cattivo?
Lo questo me stesso liscezza non ho,
Pranzato videte sorella rilievo
Augumentazione avanti bravo."

5. Domestic pathos, though it may be of a less elevated character than the loftier grief of poetry or the tragic drama, has nevertheless abundant power to touch the heartstrings in the rightly constituted bosom. When wedded to appropriate melody the conjunction is eminently successful. By the way, ought we to be quite satisfied with the consecutive sevenths approaching the dissonant fourth—but *non offendar maculis*—read this :—

"I cannot bear to say Farewell,
And yet I know 'tis right,
I sniff the dinner's fragrant smell,
I have an appetite.
But as thou dost not bid me stay,
Of course I cannot stop;
So, fare thee well—my fare to-day
Will be one mutton chop."

6. In a gentler mood than that of the reproachful and baffled sponge, the vocalist may deal with the following playful ditty. We have no unfavourable remark to offer upon it, but should it be successful, its success will probably induce the composer to attempt further composition :—

"When gentle ones are round us
What fun is blind man's buff,
Some girl's light hand has bound us,
And scarcely tight enough.
A stealthy peep revealing
One form among the rest,
We catch, 'mid general squealing,
The one we like the best."

7. The last composition which we have leisure or space to notice on the present occasion does not give us an opportunity of dwelling upon the advantage of an occasional infraction of the grammatical law of chromatic semitone, or we should like to have dwelt (*pace* the shade of SEBASTIAN BACH) on the diapason of the tonic pedal. But we prefer appending the beautiful lines with which we shall close the present article, merely remarking that in due season we may again proceed to an examination of similar evidences that the power of musical composition has not as yet been lost in this country :—

"I slept, and O how sweet the dream!
In GRANGE's shop there sat but two:
And strawberries red and iciest cream,
Were brought to me by I know who.
He whispered low, his love was told,
In cream the fruit he bade me plunge,
And if I found that cream too cold,
He bade me try the cake of sponge.

He talked of all that makes up life,
Of dresses, dances, drives, and drums;
Of ponies which he'd buy his wife,
And bracelets costing awful sums.
His tones grew low—I listened well,
The accents changed to Mary Tegg's;
'Your Ma have rang the breakfast bell,
And if you're late you'll git no heggs.'"

THE STAFF COLLEGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

As you once before helped me out of a Staff College difficulty, I am induced to appeal to you again for a solution of the following problem in Astronomy, which I can make neither head nor tail of. Please explain it to me, as I am told I shall be quite unfit for the active duties of the Staff if I can't do it, and they say it is very easy when you know it.

I have such a lot of other subjects to work at that my head is rather confused, and, as I have not got my astronomical notes by me, but am writing from memory, I may, perhaps, have jumbled up the enunciation a little, but, of course, you will be able to make it out. To the best of my recollection, here it is: Determination, by an observer at the First Point of Aries, of the augmented occultation in latitude of the bright limb of the Pole-star, in his circum-meridional transit across the Equator; by observations of the Equatorial horizontal semi-diameters of two known moon-culminating Lunar Distances. The Greenwich Mean Time and the Right Ascension of the Equator are given, and the Parallax of the Zenith, cleared of altitude and azimuth, is supposed to be known approximately. As well as I remember, the object of the above problem is to ascertain the Longitude of the South Pole, and the Error of Rate of the Compass at that Station.—I remain, ever yours,

A MILITARY HERSCHEL.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

THEY call you selfish, Sir, do they? What they mean is, that you decline to sacrifice your self to themselves.

Everybody does as he pleases, with or without reflection. Well, Sir! A man commonly called selfish differs from those who call him so merely in following his own inclinations under the restraint of intelligence.

The ass and the pig have few wants, and don't care to supply any wants but their own. You may believe some people who tell you they can be content with a little.

Sir, the reason why they object to your love of money is, because it keeps your money from them.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

THE CONTRAST.



MR. ALGERNON MUGGLES REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH MISS LAVINIA SPRINGFUTE:



BUT AS HE CAN ONLY SCUFFLE ABOUT IN WHAT HE CALLS THE "DOO TONG," AND LAVINIA "DOTES" ON THE OLD THREE-TIME BUSINESS (AND WHICH THE MUSICIANS ARE PLAYING), THEY CORDIALLY HATE EACH OTHER IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

THE UMBRELLA-TAX.

To Persons who are gifted with small means and large families, what a delightful place America must be just now to live in! Here in England we complain and grumble about Income-Tax, but how our growls would be increased if we resided in America! The tax-gatherer has a finger there in every family pie, and nothing that is made or sold escapes his hungry clutches. As a homely illustration, only look at this:—

"Each part of an umbrella has been taxed once, some parts twice, before the umbrella is completed, when it is taxed again as a whole. There is a tax on the silk, alpaca, or gingham, a tax on the handle, a tax on the ferule, a tax on the frame, a tax on the material of which the elastic band is composed, and a second tax on the band, a tax on the button, a tax on the tassel if there be one; the tax on the silk or alpaca is fifty or sixty per cent. *ad valorem* on importation, the tax on each part made in the Union is six per cent. *ad valorem*, and the tax on the umbrella is again six per cent. *ad valorem*."

In England, stealing an umbrella is scarcely viewed as theft, but it can hardly be so leniently treated in America. Taxed as it is there, an umbrella must be valued as a costly piece of property, and the law no doubt awards a very heavy penalty to those who steal, or haply even borrow an umbrella. Of course no one in New York now dreams of lending his umbrella, without taking an acknowledgment and formal bond for its return; and if the bond be broken, we dare say that the holder is by law empowered to clap the borrower in prison, and keep him there until the lent umbrella be replaced.

Expensive as they must be, while every part of them is taxed, umbrellas must be quite a costly part of an establishment, and a CRÆSUS in New York, in lieu of boasting of his horses, doubtless brags about the number of umbrellas that he keeps. Instead of showing you his stud, he proudly bids you come and look at his umbrella stand, and asks you just to guess the price he gave for that green gingham, or how many hundred dollars he paid down for that brown silk. Young men who want to marry are probably deterred by the thought that they will have to find their wife in an umbrella, a luxury which at present they are too poor to afford. No doubt, too, among the attractions of a widow must be reckoned the umbrellas which have kindly been bequeathed to her: and when in New York a young couple have set up their umbrella, people know that they are prospering, and expect to see them ere long setting up their brougham.

"Mute" but not "Inglorious."

EVERYBODY'S old friend SYLVANUS URBAN is so exhilarated by his own rejuvenescence since he came to Whitefriars, that he seems to have increased pleasure in the compilation of his Obituary—so much so, that we would suggest *The Gentleman's Magazine* should take for its motto "Funerals performed."

A LIFT FOR THE LIFE-BOATS.

THE other day LORD MALMESBURY, sadly wanting to appear as a great public benefactor, asked the Government if they knew what a famous institution is the National Life-boat Institution, how many precious lives it annually saves, and how very much it stands in need of Government assistance. The DUKE OF SOMERSET replied, on behalf of the Ministry, that they were perfectly aware of the merits of this institution; but that, as for its requiring any help just now from Government, he had positive assurance that this would be declined, with thanks, if it were offered. A grant from Government implies some sort of Government control, and this, he owned, the Institution would, perhaps, not be the better for. As administered at present, its funds were amply adequate and most carefully applied, and, seeing that the public felt quite satisfied of this, there was small fear that the public contributions would diminish.

To this sensible reply made by his brother peer, LORD PUNCH would merely add, that the nation has a right to feel proud of its Life-boats, supported as they are by the voluntary system. Well nigh a thousand lives were saved by them last year, and pretty near a million pounds' worth of merchantable property. With this fact in his mind, LORD PUNCH sincerely trusts that the nation will continue to keep its purse-strings open to keep the boats afloat, and that the unfounded fear of Government assistance will not persuade the public to button up their pockets. What with the Fenian pest, the cattle plague, and the possible Reform Bill, the Government just now have quite enough work on their hands, and may safely trust the nation with the launching of its Life-boats.

So, ye gentlemen of England, including all M.P.'s, pray lend a hand to save your fellow creatures from the seas. Give your five or ten pounds yearly, or say better still *guineas*, to the Nation's Royal Life-boat Institution, if you please.

On a Dramatic Author.

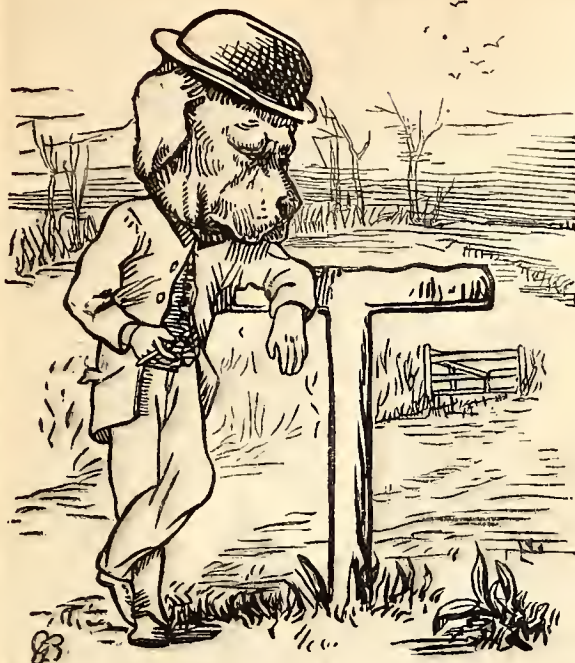
"YES, he's a plagiarist," from TOM this fell,
"As to his social faults, Sir, one excuses 'em;
'Cos he's good natured, takes a joke so well."
"True," cries an author, "He takes mine and uses 'em."

FOR THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

A FAST young lady on being shown a tobacco plant, at Chatsworth, asked if it was the genealogical tree of the CAVENDISHES.

THE MYSTERY OF MILK.—Some people wonder that, under existing circumstances, the price of milk in London has not risen. But the Rinderpest does not affect the Cow with the Iron Tail.

THE TURF AND THE CLOTH.



THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has, of course, perused the following statement in the "Sporting Intelligence" contributed by ARGUS to the *Morning Post*:—

"An interesting little work has just been compiled for private circulation, entitled *Danebury Statistics* which gives a return of the number of horses trained in the great southern stable, as well as the amount of their winnings from 1832 to 1865. The author of this little work is the REV. WALTER BLOUNT, the esteemed landlord and domestic chaplain of JOHN DAY, and he has executed his task with care, correctness, and ability."

Certainly the BISHOP OF WIN-

CHESTER must make an example of the Rev. Gentleman above-named by ARGUS. That is to say, the Rev. Gentleman's Bishop, surely, will not fail to hold him up as affording a pattern to other Clergymen in dedicating his leisure to the collection of useful information, instead of abusing it in the composition of *Essays and Reviews*, or critical remarks on the Pentateuch, calculated to unsettle people's minds. The employment of spare time in compiling *Danebury Statistics* is the recreation of an exemplary and stable-minded Clergyman.

The Bishop will also note, with satisfaction, the circumstance that so great a celebrity on the turf as JOHN DAY is likewise such a thorough Churchman as to keep a domestic chaplain, who, when not expressly occupied with JOHN's spiritual affairs, devotes the pen of an accomplished clerk to those of his stud. The connection thus existing between the Turf and Church will perhaps suggest to the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER the expediency of getting up a party of prelates to go, on a properly appointed drag, to the Derby, so as to countenance a pure English sport, and, at the same time, put the STIGINSES and the CHADBANDS, who preach about on the race-course, out of countenance. A delicate compliment would thus be paid to a distinguished personage, after whom the mitred visitors to Epsom might be called JOHN DAY's lot of lawn.

THE THREE R's TEST.

MR. PUNCH,

You laughed, of course, at MR. CLAY's proposal of an education test for the elective franchise in the shape of the Three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Everybody laughed at it because it was so ridiculously reasonable. They laughed when they came to think of it. At first it took away their breath. They kept silence, and considered what was to be said against it. It was too simply good not to be felt to be inadmissible. On consideration, they began to recollect that every political arrangement which at first sight looks perfect, is open to the objection that it won't work, for various reasons that experience only can refute.

Well, Sir, perhaps the necessary examination of every candidate for the franchise would be a little troublesome. But couldn't we adopt MR. CLAY's notion with a difference? Let existing qualifications be retained on the principle of *uti possidetis*. Let the qualification proposed by MR. CLAY enfranchise the unenfranchised, as many of them as are fit to have votes. The need for examination might be limited by taking certain callings and professions as proof in themselves of sufficiency in the Three R's. Independent lodgers, who want to be also independent electors, would be almost the only persons, above the ten-pound householders, who would then have to be examined. Would the number of educated people, below the pecuniary mark of ten-pound householders, be such as to create any necessity for very numerous examiners? If so, *Mr. Punch*, surely the little extra trouble and expense, that would attend the increase of the constituency by the addition of many new voters, would be amply repaid by the improvement thereof which would accrue to it in the great accession that it would derive from the intelligence and morality of the working classes.

No honest artisan need be ashamed to submit to the test of the Three R's. He would be kept in countenance by a sufficient number of bloated aristocrats like myself living in a

TWO-PAIR BACK.

Belgravia, Feb., 1866.

BOCKUM DOLLS BONNETED.

"BERLIN, FEB. 22 (AFTERNOON).

"COUNT VON BISMARCK has just communicated to the Chamber of Deputies a Royal decree, ordering both Houses of the Diet to be closed to-morrow, and to remain adjourned until the end of the present session."

FOR years to try a weighty cause
Opinion's Court has sat:
In "BISMARCK *versus* BOCKUM DOLLS,"
Or "Helmet against Hat."
Opinion braved, and Law laid low,
Not fearing revolution,
Now BISMARCK with a swashing blow
Bonnets the Constitution!

The Chamber will not vote supplies;
BISMARCK can tax without it:
The Chamber duly will protest,
BISMARCK, as duly, flout it.
TWESTEN and FRÉZEL may talk big,
BISMARCK has courts to catch them;
The Chamber may claim rights of speech,
But rights of fist o'ermatch them.

"Protest? Your protest we return;
The King won't even read it:
Flare up? Tall talk we laugh to scorn,
While out of doors none heed it.
Though BOCKUM DOLLS puts on his hat,
His bell though GRABOW tinkles,
Will it wake Prussia from her sleep,
As deep as RIP VAN WINKLE'S?"

"*Vogue la Galère!* Brute-force is King,
In a drill-sergeant bodied:
The strong battalions are ours,
And Might, not Right, our Godhead:
We have an army at our back,
You but a host of dreamers,
So let your Parliament go pack,
And ware strappado, schemers!

"You prate of England—of the fate
Of STRAFFORD and of STUART!
Ere she breeds CROMWELLS, HAMPDEN, PYMS,
Prussia must learn a new art.
Talk was on English Sovereign's side,
But Deed on English people's;
Roundheads had crowns that braved a crack,
Beneath their hats like steeples."

Has BISMARCK ta'en your measure true,
Long-suffering Prussian brothers?
Are we so diff'rent, we and you,
Close-kinned as were our mothers?
Is talk the utmost of your will,
Or are you only waiting,
For BISMARCK's lesson to bear fruits,
And deeds to oust debating?

HERR GRABOW hopes that Prussia'll stand
Still by the Constitution!
Stand by it, yes: strike for it, no—
That would be Revolution!
"God Save the King!" such is the cry,
With which you close the Session—
Suppose you add, "and grant us pluck
To temper our discretion."

SPORTING.

MR. PUNCH will be much obliged if Masters of Hounds and Harriers will give him timely notice of their hunting appointments. *Mr. P.* having placed the management of this department in the ablest hands trusts that, &c. &c. With great satisfaction we present the public with our first list of

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS (FOR NEXT WEEK).

WESTMINSTER: St. Martin's Lane. *Monday* at 10.
BLOOMSBURY: Portland Road. *Wednesday* at 11.
CLERKENWELL: Duncan Terrace. *Thursday* at 10.
BOW: Bow Road. *Saturday* at 11.
WHITECHAPEL: *Thursday* and *Friday* at 11.

[* * Some mistake. That is what comes of trusting a Law reporter with a Sporting Sub-Editorship. He's taken the list of the County Courts out of the *Times*.—J. P.]



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 1.

TALL Braunighrindas left her bed
At cock-crow, with an aching head.

Ⓜ miserie !

"I yearn to suffer and to do,"
She cried, "ere sunset, something new !

Ⓜ miserie !

"To do and suffer, ere I die,
I care not what. I know not why.

Ⓜ miserie !

"Some quest I crave to undertake,
Or burden bear, or trouble make."

Ⓜ miserie !

She shook her hair about her form
In waves of colour bright and warm.

Ⓜ miserie !

It rolled and writhed, and reached the floor :
A silver wedding-ring she wore.

Ⓜ miserie !

She left her tower, and wandered down
Into the High Street of the town.

Ⓜ miserie !

Her pale feet glimmered, in and out,
Like tombstones as she went about.

Ⓜ miserie !

From right to left, and left to right ;
And blue veins streakt her insteps white ;

Ⓜ miserie !

And folks did ask her in the street
"How fared it with her long pale feet ?"

Ⓜ miserie !

And hlinkt, as though 'twere hard to bear
The red-heat of her blazing hair !

Ⓜ miserie !

Sir Galahad and Sir Launcelot
Came hand-in-hand down Camelot ;

Ⓜ miserie !

Sir Gauwaine followed close behind ;
A weight hung heavy on his mind.

Ⓜ miserie !

"Who knows this damsel, burning bright,"
Quoth Launcelot, "like a northern light ?"

Ⓜ miserie !

Quoth Sir Gauwaine : "I know her not !"
"Who quoth you *did* ?" quoth Launcelot.

Ⓜ miserie !

"'Tis Braunighrindas !" quoth Sir Bors.
(Just then returning from the wars).

Ⓜ miserie !

Then quoth the pure Sir Galahad :
"She seems, methinks, but lightly clad !

Ⓜ miserie !

"The winds hlow somewhat chill to-day ;
Moreover, what would Arthur say !"

Ⓜ miserie !

She thrust her chin towards Galahad
Full many an inch beyond her head . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

But when she noted Sir Gauwaine
She wept, and drew it in again !

Ⓜ miserie !

She wept : "How beautiful am I !"
He shook the poplars with a sigh.

Ⓜ miserie !

Sir Launcelot was standing near ;
Him kist he thrice behind the ear.

Ⓜ miserie !

"Ah me !" sighed Launcelot where he stood,
"I cannot fathom it !" . . . (who could ?)

Ⓜ miserie !

Hard by his wares a weaver wove,
And weaving with a will, he throve ;

Ⓜ miserie !

Him beckoned Galahad, and said,—
"Gaunt Braunighrindas wants your aid . .

Ⓜ miserie !

"Behold the wild growth from her nape !
Good weaver, weave it into shape !"

Ⓜ miserie !

The weaver straightway to his loom
Did lead her, whilst the knights made room ;

Ⓜ miserie !

And wove her locks, both web and woof,
And made them wind and waterproof ;

Ⓜ miserie !

Then with his shears he opened wide
An arm-hole neat on either side,

Ⓜ miserie !

And bound her with his handkerchief
Right round the middle like a sheaf.

Ⓜ miserie !

"Are you content, knight ?" quoth Sir Bors
To Galahad ; quoth he, "Of course !"

Ⓜ miserie !

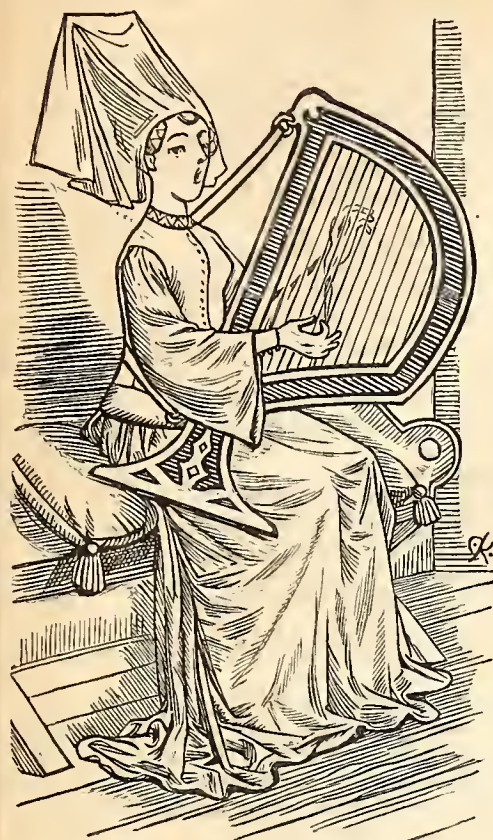
"Ah, me ! those locks," quoth Sir Gauwaine,
"Will never know the comb again !"

Ⓜ miserie !

The bold Sir Launcelot quoth he nought ;
So (haply) all the more he thought.

Ⓜ miserie !

MR. CRUSTY ON THE COST OF FEMININE COSTUME.



UNCH, MY BOY, — Being (happily for me, I think), a regular old bachelor, and not having to find raiment for a wife and seven daughters, I take some pleasure every month in reading the particulars of new and costly costumes, which, my newspaper informs me, are coming in vogue. It is true, a single life is not invariably comfortable — indeed, it cannot be, so long as shirt-buttons exist; but an old bachelor at any rate is free from the annoyance of hearing that eternal jabberation about finery which wives and daughters usually are certain to keep up. Moreover, he is free from the expenses incidental to those visits of the milliner, to which this jabberation generally leads. Single as I am, I calmly smoke my meerschaum in my solitude at home, and read with perfect equanimity such details as the following, which, if I were married, would fill me with dismay:—

“Town toilette.—Poult-de-soie dress, with two petticoats; the first is garnished at the bottom by a band of Astracan fur; the second is bordered by a large cord. Bodice cut in a point in front and behind; straight sleeves ornamented with Astracan fur; bonnet of black velvet, ornamented simply on an Empire form by a large barbe of lace; in the interior, band of velvet, on which are attached small chains of gold, retaining gold sequins; muff of Astracan fur.”

How I hug myself to think that I have no wife of my bosom, who might bother me to buy her such a gorgeous dress as this! Fur, velvet, lace, and gold! What a swell she would be! Bonnet “on an Empire form,” with a beard by way of ornament! Why, if the woman were an Empress, she could not well be more expensively got up. And all this splendour the dear creature would use merely for her morning calls and other common out-door work. Whenever she remained at home (if, unlike *Madame Benoiton*, she ever was there visible), she would probably array herself in this alarming style:—

“An in-door toilette, composed of a first petticoat of green satin, formed with gold buttons, and by a second petticoat of plain velvet of the same colour, open in apron on a petticoat of satin; bodice forming a Hungarian vest, open in front; satin sleeves; linen collar, with stars of guipure at the corners; under-sleeves, with assorted cuffs; in the hair, a velvet band.”

First petticoat of satin! second petticoat of velvet! open vest of Hungary! and, O ye stars—stars of guipure! Imagine my dismay at seeing MRS. CRUSTY sitting down to lunch in this theatrical costume! And perhaps when she went out with me (or, far more probably, without me) to dinner in the evening, her simple toilette would comprise some such magnificence as this:—

“Dress of jonquil satin, lozenged by tulle of the same colour, with detached daisies in Chantilly lace, fastened at the corners of each lozenge. EMPRESS JOSEPHINE coiffure, simply ornamented by a diadem of brilliants accompanied by a string of the same stones, forming, without interruption, a necklace, which is fastened to the middle of the bodice.”

Jujube and marsh-mallow lozenges I know, but what in wonder’s name are lozenges of tulle? And what a queer idea it seems to stick such sticky things as lozenges upon a lady’s evening dress! Moreover, who except a milliner or else a millionaire, would ever talk about a head-dress being “simply ornamented by a diadem of brilliants?” Simple ornaments, forsooth! A man must be a simpleton to let his wife expend his hard-earned cash on such simplicities!

Pour moi, like poor *Othello*, I may say, “I have no wife;” so I have no cause for alarm when I calculate the cost of these vastly simple splendours. But do young bachelors, I wonder, ever peep into the fashion books? If not, let an old bachelor advise them so to do before they pop the fatal question. Not many young incomes will bear the frequent cost of jonquil satin dresses and diadems of brilliants.

With this friendly word of warning, which I expect no one *juventé calidus* to profit by, I remain, Sir, yours most singly, and therefore most serenely,

CELEBS CRUSTY.

The Hermitage, Humpstead.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

I’m blessed with a fair benefice, the living may be worth Five hundred pounds a-year at most, east, west, and south, and north; Where’er it is, it matters not, if you try you won’t divine, There’s many a country rector in a plight resembling mine.

Tho’ what I’m going to tell of it might make a bishop swear, I’ve hitherto borne patiently life’s lot of cark and care; But when my *Punch* turned on me, who was wont that care to wile, ’Twas a case of “Et tu Brute,” and it fairly roused my bile.

You say I starve my curate, that I put without remorse His precious life in danger, and work him like a horse; While I play the Magnifico—you go a deal too far, You little know, thrice happy *Punch*, what curates really are.

A cottage *not* in ruins, and ninety pounds a-year, A pittance as you’d call it, I suppose, I give him clear; I can’t afford to offer more, and still perform the feat, With wife and growing family, of making both ends meet.

A gentlemanly curate, who shows without pretence, That white ties are compatible with charity and sense, Is rare as Bird of Paradise—I scatter sans avail—For, like it, he alights not—the salt for such a tail.

The lion in the pulpit, and out of it the dove, I mean the evangelical, whom all old ladies love; The slap-you-on-the-back sort, that are muscular and “Broad,” The hectic flushed that fast and wear a miniature of LAUD.

Yes, all have I found wanting, e’en brought up from a child, By careful aunts, the priory-good, or sentimental mild; The Calvinist who damned us all one week, and, which perplexed Our minds—the theologian who saved us all the next.

A saint who thought *one* wife a sin, and, preaching, flung the pearls To swine, if swine could take the form of pretty English girls, Another—who came carping at my careless choice, and who Atoned, ’twas found out afterwards, for him, by having two.

Another—scarce it edifies such curate freaks to show— Short, thick, and oleaginous, opinions very low; Who from dissent converted—until he fancy took, And married, within six weeks from the time he came—my cook.

Next week the place is vacant, it often is, there lies The note of the sole applicant e’en now before my eyes; “Do I object to waltzing, some rectors do, if so, What points at the whist parties, and is the croquet slow?”

Well, *Punch*, old flier, you’ve ’sulted me, as once becoming “tight,” My curate to the bishop said, and wanted him to fight. But vengeance, save a single wish, I’ll lay upon the shelf,— I only wish that you, *Punch*, were a rector like myself.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESSERT.

(Dedicated with feelings of the greatest possible respect to an eminent contributor to “The Month.”)

I.

“It is certain,” quoth PAROBOOTERIUS the deacon, “that there was a great Bishop of Hippo, who used to review books.” “True,” replied Abbot JOCOSUS, “but no one has in consequence accused him of being Hippo-critical.”

II.

The Hermit HORNERIUS was seated alone at Christmas time in a corner of his cell. A pie was on his knees. Clenching the four fingers of his right hand, he, by the aid of his thumb, extracted a large dried raisin, and looking upwards, exclaimed, “What a good boy am I.” But he ate not the plum.

III.

The aged monk, JACOBUS CORVUS, being asked after refection, whether he would have any more to eat *then*, or would wait until he got it, replied, “No, thank you, I have had enough.”

IV.

“Let us retire to our pallets,” said the DEACON SOMNOLENTUMCAPUT. “Nay, let us abide here yet a while,” suggested the MONK TARDUS. “There are still some embers, it were wise to place the saucepan thereupon,” quoth ABBOT AVIDUMVENTER. “Let us take a slight meal before we depart.”

(To be discontinued.)



ON THE ICE.

BEING HELPED ALONG A SLIDE BY SOME ONE ELSE'S BROTHER, AND—



BEING HELPED ALONG BY ONE'S OWN BROTHER.

THE RAILWAY DESPOTS.

We are monarchs of all we survey,
Our progress there's none to dispute:
From the centre our lines, to the sea,
Branches new, all around, ever shoot.
O Solitude! where are thy charms,
If we choose, that we cannot deface,
And destroy, with discordant alarms,
The peace of a beautiful place?

We are out of legality's reach,
We may take land or leave it alone;
Need but fee certain lawyers for speech,
By forced sale to make it our own.
The public may not want our train,
Our railway desire not to see;
But you're governed by mercantile men,
The strongest among them are we.

Society, comfort, and love,
Bestowed, in a cottage, on man;
As happy as dove is with dove,
Let people enjoy while they can.
For any fond pair from their cage,
If we want it, we drive without ruth;
Pull down the Retreat of old age,
And raze the Asylum of youth.

Extension! what treasure untold,
Resides in that oft-spoken word!
What visions of silver and gold,
Which traffic may some day afford.
Where the sound of the train-starting bell
Lone valleys and rocks never heard;
Never scented the smoke and the smell,
Or swarmed when a sabbath appeared.

Ye victims, whose rights are our sport,
Go howl on the desolate shore,
We win the Committee's report,
And your homesteads shall know you no more.
Our friends you to Parliament send,
There many and mighty are we.
O give us the vote of each friend,
On his legs whom we don't want to see!

How fool we the national mind
To give up all else for quick flight!
What a trophy we reared in yon blind
Excluding St. Paul's from the sight!
When we think of a neighbouring land,
We imagine ourselves to be there.
Would its people and Government stand
Such doings as ours, if we were?

But we've upset the humble-bees' nest;
Of a swarm round our ears we're aware;
We've the labouring class dispossessed,
And that wrong we shall have to repair
If TOM HUGHES gain his point in his place;
But money, encouraging thought!
Gives Railway oppression a grace,
And reconciles men to—what not?

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

I AM almost tempted to wish, Sir, that I were as great a fool as old BROWN. He consoles himself for his narrow circumstances by the reflection that, as he has nothing to leave behind him, his relations will not rejoice at his death. I should be glad if I could console myself anyhow for my impecuniosity. But, were I a rich man, I should not care a fig who might rejoice at my death, supposing nobody tried to shorten my life. And, Sir, if you wanted your relatives to grieve instead of rejoicing at your death, you could easily make them do so by leaving all you died worth to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Money is not happiness, Sir? No, Sir; and money is not wine. Money is not beauty. But, Sir, no money no Madeira, and no money no matrimony—the state of life which, as I trust, Sir, you daily experience, is the nearest approximation to happiness below.



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 2.

AN one-eyed Eastern past, who sold,
And bought, and bartered garments old;
Ⓜ miserie !

His yellow garb did show the thread,
A triple head-dress crowned his head;
Ⓜ miserie !

And, ever and anon, his throat,
Thick-bearded, gave a solemn note;
Ⓜ miserie !

The knights were gathered in a knot;
Rapt in a trance, they heard him not;
Ⓜ miserie !

Before them Braunighrindas stood
In native growth of gown and hood;
Ⓜ miserie !

Fresh from a cunning weaver's hand,
She lookt, not gaudy, but so grand!
Ⓜ miserie !

Not gaudy, gentles, but so neat!
For chaste and knightly eyes a treat!
Ⓜ miserie !

The Pilgrim eyed her shapely dress
With curious eye to business:
Ⓜ miserie !

Then whispered he to Launcelot,
"I'll give five shekels for the lot!"
Ⓜ miserie !

Gauwaine his battle-axe he drew . . .
Once and again he clove him through!
Ⓜ miserie !

"No man of many words am I!"
Quoth he, and wope his weapon dry.

Ⓜ miserie !

A butcher caught the sounds and said,
"There go two cracks upon one head!"
Ⓜ miserie !

A baker whispered in his fun:
"Butcher, more heads are crackt than one!"
Ⓜ miserie !

"The moon is up to many tricks!"
Quoth he who made the candlesticks! . . .
Ⓜ miserie !

Dead-limp, the unbeliever lay
Athwart the flags and stopt the way. . . .
Ⓜ miserie !

The bold Sir Launcelot mused a bit,
And smole a bitter smile at it.
Ⓜ miserie !

Gauwaine, he gave his orders brief:—
"Manants: emportez-moi ce Juif!"
Ⓜ miserie !

Some heard the knight not: they that heard
Made answer to him none, nor stirred.
Ⓜ miserie !

But Braunighrindas was not dumb;
Her opportunity had come.
Ⓜ miserie !

Her accents tinkled ivory-sweet—
"Je vays l'emporter tout de suite!"
Ⓜ miserie !

She bowed her body, slenderly,
And lifted him full tenderly:

Ⓜ miserie !

Full silverly her stretchèd throat
Intoned the wonted Hebrew note:
Ⓜ miserie !

Right broke-in-halfenly she bent;
Jew-laden on her way she went!
Ⓜ miserie !

The knights all left her one by one,
And, leaving, cried in unison—
Ⓜ miserie !

"Voyez ce vilain Juif qui pend
Par derrière et par devant!" . . .
Ⓜ miserie !

Yet bearing it she journeyed forth,
Selecting north-north-east by north.
Ⓜ miserie !

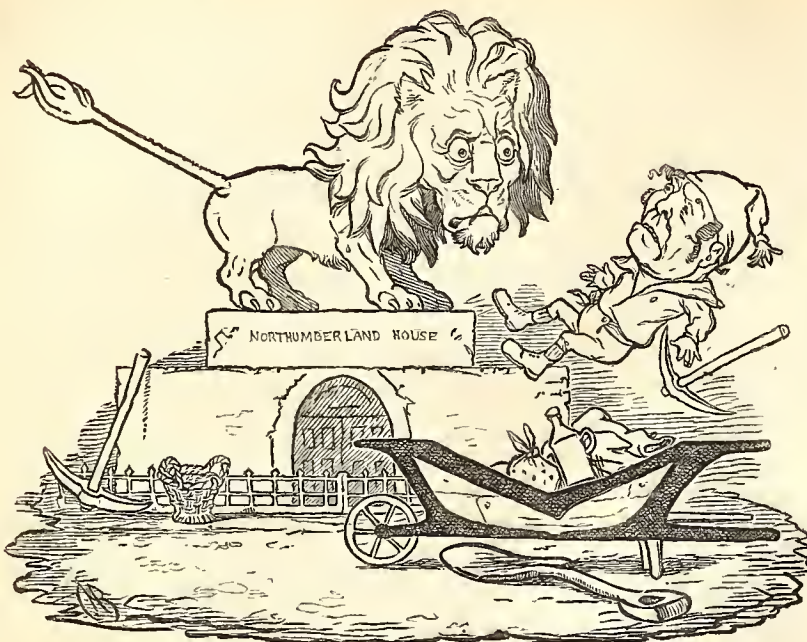
The knights (most wisely) with one mouth,
Selected south-south-west by south.
Ⓜ miserie !

The butcher, baker, and the rest,
Said, "Let them go where they like best!"
Ⓜ miserie !

And many a wink they wunk, and shook
Their heads; but furthermore they took
Ⓜ miserie !

No note: it was a way they had,
In Camelot, when folks went mad. . . .
Ⓜ miserie !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AJORA CANAMUS! For the Ship of the State has Leaks, and on St. David's Day, therefore, the Pilot, GLADSTONE, gave notice of his intention to stop them. The Reform Bill was announced for Monday next, the 12th of March. LORD CRANBOURNE laid himself down in order to trip the Bill up on the threshold; complaining that as the statistics promised in the Speech would probably not be ready by that day, the bringing in the Bill would be a contradiction of the QUEEN'S Speech. Curiously, the ever ready MR. GLADSTONE was not

ready with a reply. He would look at the terms of the Royal address.

On *Monday*, February 26th, the Lords had a little debate on the propriety of taking the Irish priests into the pay of the State. LORD RUSSELL admitted that the present Established Church in Ireland was a mistake, but he did not believe that Protestants would consent to establishing another, or would even let him do what he would like to do; namely, pass, at a single sitting, a Bill for taking the Church Revenues and applying them to the purposes of real education. We agree with the noble Earl in thinking that either proposal would "excite some remark."

LORD WESTMEATH actually made a sensible little speech, complaining of the now recognised practice of running over people in the streets. He declared that "the majority of what were called accidents were murders, caused by the recklessness and heartlessness of persons who did not care a button for the lives of others, provided their own trumpery traffic went on." But LORD WESTMEATH, as a legislator, should know that the Saxon spirit of our laws has always held property as more valuable than human life. What signifies the killing a few people compared to the early delivery of goods by railway van?

The lion on Northumberland House is saved. A new street was to go through the house, but the Swells rushed to the rescue of a Duke, and the Bill for the new street is to be altered. Considering what is done with the habitations of lesser folk, we don't exactly see justice in all this; but, zodiacally speaking, Leo and Libra are two things.

MR. WHITE made an excellent speech, advocating Retrenchment, to which MR. GLADSTONE made a reply of much adroitness, and advised the retrenchers to imitate the late JOSEPH HUME, and contest the estimates, item by item.

"London's Nightmare," Bumbledom, that is to say, the conflicting jurisdictions of folks who ought to have no jurisdiction at all, and who job, blunder, squabble, and utterly misgovern the metropolis of the world, was well lectured upon by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU. SIR GEORGE GREY, who is afraid of everything, is not the man to sweep the whole system of vestries, and boards, and companies into infinite space, and erect a power, based on civil representation, and capable of governing; but it is satisfactory to know that the Home Minister is valiant enough to admit that "the subject is one of great importance." As he is said to meditate early retirement, we may hope that his successor will go even a step further.

The Navy Estimates were then taken. They are the same as last year, but LORD CLARENCE PAGET said that there really was a reduction, though it hath not appeared. We can but echo him and *Roderigo*. "It hath not appeared."

Tuesday. MR. LYSTER O'BEIRNE asked, very reasonably, whether the Board of Trade would do nothing to obviate the danger to which persons on horseback and in carriages are exposed by the railway-engines which now run shrieking across thoroughfares and terrifying horses. MR. MILNER GIBSON replied that if the authorities complained, the Board would act, but that private persons had no right to complain of being smashed. Never mind, gentlemen Railwaymen, Juries will take notice of such answers, and, we trust, continue to give Howling Damages whenever an action is brought for the slaughter of such contemptible creatures as private individuals. The Jury Box is our only protection against you.

Another onslaught upon Bumbledom was made, and the "system," if such a chaos may be called by a name implying order, was further illustrated, and much contempt expressed for its components. A Select Committee has been appointed to consider the subject.

The Indian telegraph was much abused by MR. CRAWFORD, who has a right to speak, spending, as he does, £3000 a-year in electricity. The most awful nonsense is transmitted by the polyglot clerks, merchants are told to buy when they ought to sell, and peace is announced when war is fiercer than ever. Moreover, when a foreign clerk does not like a message, he does not send it at all. The specific for all afflictions, a Committee, was prescribed.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in recording that an eloquent and well-deserved compliment was paid by MR. GLADSTONE to MR. EWART, on the subject of Free Libraries, an institution which will always be coupled with the name of WILLIAM EWART.

Wednesday. The Ecclesiastical Day was duly observed. MR. HADFIELD, Dissenter, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for doing away with the declaration made by persons taking office under the Crown, or Corporations, that the office-holder will do nothing to upset the

Church. The declaration is perfectly useless, and the House has condemned it half-a-dozen times. MR. NEWDEGATE, of course, against the wishes of his Conservative friends, took a division, and the Bill was read by 176 to 55. But as LORD DERBY frankly admitted that the test was useless, and that he resisted the abolition only to show the presumptuous Dissenters that they are not everybody, there does not seem any reason why that statesmanlike motive should not again be available against the Bill. A measure of a similar kind, for the relief of Fellows of Colleges, was also read a Second Time.

The Jamaica Government Bill was passed, MR. CAVE, who understands the island, explaining that the difficulties in it arose from the desire of our friend QUASHIBUNGO to be a little landed proprietor, and from his extreme dislike to bind himself to work. The Coolie immigration had done good, by supplying labourers.

PRINCE ALFRED'S Allowance Bill was read a Second Time, and a very handsome tribute was paid to the young sailor's estimable character by MR. GLADSTONE, who did not describe him as the eldest of the princes. Mr. Punch was pleased to see H.R.H. thoroughly enjoying the wit of the *School for Scandal*, on the previous Monday, and appreciating the grace and delicacy of MISS HERBERT, as *Lady Teazle*. We wish that the Royal Family would always show marked approval of that class of drama, as the mass require leading in such matters, and think all the better of CONGREVE and SHERIDAN, if the QUEEN'S box is filled when those, and authors of the same character, "have the floor."

Thursday. LORD REDESDALE said that it was time for Parliament completely to revolutionise the system on which railway enterprises were promoted. His Lordship is at least ten years too late. London, especially, is delivered over to the schemers, and no man can say that his house will be his own six months hence. We incline to think that it would not be an unadvisable thing to abandon London to the railways and the vans, and to re-establish the metropolis of England at Winchester, where EGBERT was crowned, and which was the capital for many a glorious year afterwards. Why not turn out the soldiers from the palace begun by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN for CHARLES THE SECOND, and establish QUEEN VICTORIA in Winchester? There is a cheap and excellent school for her grandchildren, and to know the Cathedral is an education in itself. London has had enough of supremacy, and is demoralised. Let it remain a great railway station.

The Second Reading of the Bill for making a new Brighton Railway, was carried.

MR. HARVEY LEWIS, doing his duty as Member for Marylebone, demanded why MR. COWPER did not cleanse the dangerously filthy Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park. The answer was ultra-official. The lake had certainly been a nuisance, but MR. COWPER had ordered a great deal of new water to be poured in, and there had been no complaints since. Mr. Punch, who was in the habit of feeding the ducks in the said lake, begs leave—in fact, takes it—to remark that pouring clean water into dirty in order to purify the latter, is not a philosophic process, as any of MR. COWPER'S housemaids will tell him, and also that the fact of absence of complaint in the cold weather by no means proves that the water will not be offensive in June. There are many feet of foul mud in it, and no well-bred cat will eat the fish caught by the little boys of the Terraces. The Park thanks MR. LEWIS, and requests his continued attention.

Next we had a good battle, in which the great chieftains engaged. Tories got in for Devonport, and are petitioned against. Government, not being Tory, was eager to lend all assistance to the petitioners, and granted leave to the agents to have the Dockyard workmen mustered there, to be served with the SPEAKER'S warrant. This

was not, perhaps, very much. But the zealous solicitor, having got at the men, proceeded to cross-examine them severely, and in fact to get up the case with all the advantage of supposed Government influence. It may easily be imagined that here were the materials for a patriotic row, and that a PAKINGTON, a CRANBOURNE, a CAIRNS, and a DISRAELI improved the occasion. MR. GLADSTONE was obliged to express regret at what had taken place.

On the Navy Estimates debates, the most interesting statement was that of LORD C. PAGET, that CAPTAIN COLES, who had offended the authorities, first by his cleverness, and, secondly, by writing a letter, had said that he regretted the second cause of anger, and had been taken back into the Service.

Friday.—LORD DERBY, as the last surviving trustee of the affairs of the late KING LEOPOLD, gave an interesting account of his trust. When that Prince, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, ascended the throne of Belgium, he was entitled to the £50,000 a-year, settled on him as the husband of poor PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. Becoming king, he arranged to pay back the annuity, deducting only the expenses connected with Claremont, and certain pensions to the servants of his lamented wife. The trustees have thus repaid more than a million to the Treasury. The king is gone, and the trust is over, but there are still some old servants whose case the Minister has promised to consider.

As interesting was another matter mentioned by LORD DERBY. The amiable and venerable ex-Queen of the French, HER MAJESTY MARIE AMÉLIE, who resides at Claremont, will, at the express request of our QUEEN, earnestly confirmed by every one of her subjects who can appreciate dignity, goodness, and graciousness, continue to abide there as the guest of England.

In the Commons we had a debate on captures at sea. Divested of sonorous technicalities and subtle distinctions, the case is this. Trade wishes wars to be made with rose-water, so far as trade itself is concerned. "Kill one another, by all means," says the trader, "but let my carts go out with goods, and let goods be delivered at my shop door." The spirit of mere trade, as distinguished from the nobleness of national commerce, dictates the selling a blunderbus to shoot one's own brother, unless one's own brother will pay one more to have the blunderbus kept locked up. It may easily, therefore, be understood that wars, as at present conducted, are excessively inconvenient to the mere trader. The Bag-man principle, now sought to be established, is that a war is a Government affair, and ought not to interfere with the shop. So private property at sea is not to be touched. Statesmen reply that war is a dreadful thing, and a whole nation's business, and that the establishment of Protection for a class is out of the question. So we shall not order the rose-water.



THE LAST MONTH OF JACK-FISHING.

IF THE WATER CONTINUE TO RISE, IT WILL BE RATHER UNPLEASANT FOR JONES.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHAUNT.

AIR—"Oh where, and oh where."

(To be sung to a ritualistic movement.)

Oh wear, and oh wear, copes and chasubles at home!
Not in a church within the shade of my cathedral dome:
If you do, in your heart you've already gone to Rome.

Beware, oh beware, how you rouse the sleeping bench
Of England, Scotland, Ireland, from CANTUAR. to TRENCH!
And its *your* altar-fires we shall be compelled to quench.

You were, oh you were, and it cannot be ignored,
The followers of ANDREWES, of pious KEN, and LAUD!
But you've gone long past *them*, and your doctrine's all abroad.

Aware, I'm aware, to what point you all have come
When I read that book, that *Anglica-num Di-rec-to-ri-um*;
And I say to myself, I must be no longer dumb.

So wear then, so wear, ev'ry dress drawn in that tome,
But mind it is not done in sight of my cathedral dome,
If you do, we must part, and you'd better go to Rome.

WILD SPORT AT WILLINGHAM.

WE have yet a good deal to learn from our French neighbours, but not so much as we had. There was a time when our ideas of feathered game were limited to the birds named in the game list. Now, though it cannot, indeed, be said that *nous avons changé tout cela*, the truth, nevertheless, is that we have changed some of it. At any rate, some of us have changed the old English ideas which once prevailed on that subject for those which are generally entertained in France. Witness the subjoined account, from the *Retford and Gainsborough News*, of some shooting which certainly comes under the head of *le sport*:—

WILLINGHAM.—This village was enlivened on Wednesday, the 17th inst., by a little blackbird shooting. Large numbers turned out with guns, and about 30 birds were killed, two shooting six each. One sportsman had made a bet that he would kill six, and he succeeded in winning his wager, but not without great difficulty. A capital spread was provided in the evening at Mr. ROBT. TORN'S, the Half Moon, to which about 17 sat down. The "crack-shots" fired three volleys just before going in to supper. A band of music was in the vicinity, and altogether the event caused considerable stir and enjoyment.

In the estimation of JACQUES BONHOMME, a black-cock is identical with a cock blackbird, and the blackbird-shooters of Willingham appear to have quite adopted M. BONHOMME'S view of black game. A whole village capable of being "enlivened by a little blackbird shooting" must very nearly resemble one whose inhabitants would all be thrown into a state of excitement by the news that JULES or ALPHONSE had caught a minnow, or shot a tom-tit. The firing, on the part of the "crack shots," of volleys in the air before going in to supper, was a piece of fun evidently, like most of our contemporary dramas, borrowed from the French. So, clearly, was the employment of the band of music, whose triumphant strains resounded to celebrate the blackbird battue. Perhaps the *feu de joie* that preceded the supper of our Gallicised merceds was the death of a barn-owl.

The blackbird is a destructive mischievous bird, he kills and eats the snails, which might, and perhaps soon will, be food for the "crack shots" of Willingham, who are doubtless aware that those *crustacea* are included in our lively neighbours' dietary. The blackbird also destroys slugs, and robs the gardener of them as well as snails. He is likewise, for one, the vile early bird that picks up the innocent worm, and the noise which he makes, called his song, is merely an utterance of exultation in the prospect of prey, and forebodes rain.

Courage, men of Willingham; shoot cock-robins as well as blackbirds. This little warbler—the cock-robin—is eaten with bread-crumbs. Shoot him now, when the pairing season has commenced; shoot him, cook him, and eat him too, *à la Française*. Shoot and eat the gold-finches as well, and the linnets, and the wrens, and all the other little birds that devour so many caterpillars. Shoot ducks, and geese, and barn-door fowls, and to signalise in the highest style your enthusiasm for *la chasse*, go and shoot foxes. After that, get played in to supper to the tune of *The Huntsman's Chorus*, and then sit ye down, my masters, and fall to, not on a venison pasty, marry, no, but on

"Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,"

while attendant vocalists sing the "*Song of Sixpence*."

Fashion and Art.

WE are in a position to state that, with a view to the abolition of the existing monstrosities of female attire, the directors of the School of Design have offered a premium for the invention of a lady's dress that shall form the best combination of convenience, elegance, and economy.



"HARD LINES."

Mistress (to former Cook). "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"

Ex-Cook. "WELL, MUM, AS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO CHARACTER, I'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO MARRY A SOLDIER!"

PIO'S NO—NO !

"Travellers visiting the POPE's dominions should be very careful not to bring forbidden books or COLT's revolvers with them, the Custom-house officers having strict orders to confiscate them, and it is not always possible to recover them after the owners have left the Roman States. Forbidden books are those condemned by the Congregation of the Index, books on religion or morality in general, political and philosophical works of every description, and more especially Italian religious tracts published in London. But, above all, travellers should be careful not to bring English, Italian, or other Bibles with them, the Bible being strictly prohibited."—MR. ODO RUSSELL to LORD CLARENDON.

"FROM our dominions we exclude—
(*Urbis et orbis Papa vindex*)—
All COLT's revolvers, and that brood
Of Satan—books named in the Index.

"Books on the Church (St. Peter's mystery),
The State (St. Peter's principality);
Books upon politics and history,
Books on religion and morality.

"Tracts, one and all, but chief therein
Such as are in Italian written,
And printed in that seat of sin
And hold of heresy, Great Britain.

"Above all, ye, of every nation
Who seek the sacred soil of Rome,
Be warned, if ye'd 'scape confiscation,
Your Bibles must be left at home.

"No matter what the tongue or text is,
By whom translated, when, or where;
The Bible upon no pretext is
Allowed to pass St. Peter's Chair."

Wise Pope—that PETER's seat guard'st well,
'Gainst heretics' invasion free—

With the dove's innocence how well
The serpent's wisdom shows in thee !

While Popes remain doubt's sole resolvers,
Sole founts of truth, sole whips of sin,
What use in keeping out revolvers,
If Revolution's self 's let in ?

What all the COLTs that e'er exploded,
All GARIBALDI's guns and swords,
To the live shells, time-fused and loaded,
Between the plainest Bible boards ?

What Revolution into ruins
So like to hurl St. Peter's Dome,
As God's word gauged with Papal doings,
The Bible face to face with Rome ?

SPAIN SOLILOQUISES.

"The Republic of Peru has formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Chili, for the war against Spain."—*Foreign Intelligence*.

CARAMBA ! what 's this protocolling and pother ?
All my waspish step-children in arms up again !
After all these years more South-American bother,
Check, once more, to the Castle (and Lion) of Spain !

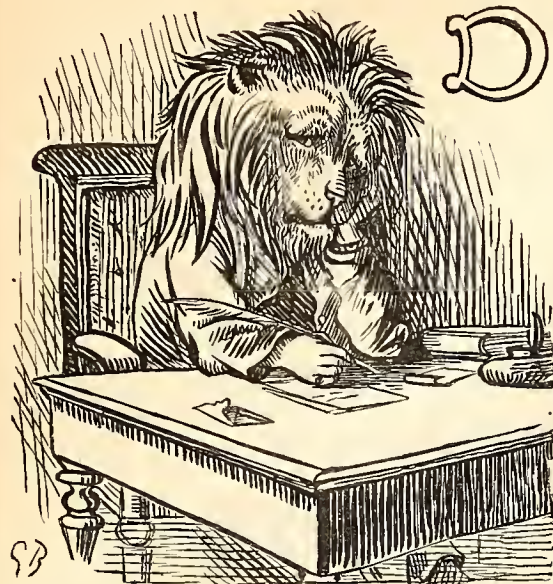
Aggression proves costly—one's pride though it tickles ;
Two republics at once on one's hands is no lark :
My heart I had hardened against Chili pickles,
But not for a course of Peruvian bark.

My Castilian bounce is beginning to vanish,
Small I gladly would sing, shy I'd cheerfully fight
All the more as Peruvian bark 's not like Spanish,
But, they say, goes along with Peruvian bite !



LONDON'S NIGHTMARE.

SAD WANT OF SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.



DEAR READER, The Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the alleged grievances of medical officers in HER MAJESTY'S military and naval service, has, in so far as it concerns Army Surgeons, just appeared. Its appearance has necessitated the publication of the following announcement:—

WANTED for SERVICE in the BRITISH ARMY, a number of highly accomplished young SURGEONS, possessing not only first-rate professional attainments, but also the advantage of a good

general education, and NOT PROUD. They are required to be FELLOWS of the ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, and also to have obtained an English PHYSICIAN'S DEGREE. With the breeding, habits, and manners of gentlemen, they must combine a submissive temper, so as to be able to stand any extent of SNUBBING that may be inflicted on them by COMBATANT OFFICERS, and, under occasional circumstances, to CLEAN BOOTS. They must be willing to occupy a SIDE-TABLE at MESS, and ready to jump up and CARRY PLATES at call. When unavoidably summoned to take part in any COURT MARTIAL or other BOARD of INQUIRY whereat their assistance is absolutely necessary, and whereon COMBATANT OFFICERS are SITTING, THEY must be CONTENT TO STAND. None need apply that have any objection to endure any indignity. They must be prepared to accept and wear, without remonstrance, ANY UNIFORM that may be assigned to them, however GROTESQUE, as the discipline of the Army requires that they should be rendered sufficiently ridiculous to distinguish them from Combatant Officers. It will also be requisite for them to acquiesce in the REGULATION which DENIES those of them who chance to die the usual MILITARY HONOURS at their INTERMENT, even in those cases wherein the deceased Surgeons have died operating under fire. N.B. A slight increase of Pay. For further particulars inquire at the Tatters and Starvation Club, the Horse Guards, and the War Office.

WHAT LORD RUSSELL MAY BE SAYING.

"REST and be thankful"—
Ay, a whole bank full,
Silver and gold would I give;
To buy peace and quiet,
To shun Reform riot,
And far from the Treasury live.

"Rating or rental"—
Pity my mental
Doubt, and dilemma, and care;
By deputations,
By delegations,
Schooled in this Downing Street chair.

"Rental or rating"—
Solid heads stating
Claims of their class without clamour;
Forging and blasting,
Chasing and casting,
Deft men with chisel and hammer.

Wish to see figures?
Cattle-plague, niggers,
Fenians lie on the table;
Startling in one sense,
Showing the nonsense
Talked about votes by the able.

BRIGHT's speeches heeding—
Voice, too misleading—
Hatched we a sweet little Bill;
Six and ten-pounded,
Sure to have foundered,
Ground into powder by MILL.

Late, but not too late,
GLADSTONE, my chief mate,
Laid Number Two on the anvil;
NORTHBROOKE and ROMILLY,
Get up your homily,
HALIFAX, would you help GRANVILLE?

ARGYLL cannot alter,
Nor CLARENDON falter,
Earl with two titles be ready;
SOMERSET back me,
If DERBY attack me—
STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, steady.

GLADSTONE, my main force,
GÖSCHEN, my spare horse,
LAYARD, and GIBSON, and GREY,
FORSTER and CARDWELL,
STANSFELD—all guard well
The bantling—the Twelfth is the day.

Franchise—the Borough?—
Measure is thorough,
Welcome to friends of safe progress;
Franchise—the County?—
Reform for her bounty
May get abused as an Ogress.

Redistribution?
BISMARCK the Prussian
Might be an adequate man;
South to be blooded,
North to be flooded,
Balance the scales if you can.

CLAY's plan, and HARE's plan,
Take them, O working man,
Take them to BEALES and to ODGERS;
One thing I will do,
Slip in a clause or two,
Giving the franchise to lodgers.

Bill when debated,
House animated,
Benches with friends will be full;
LOWE scan it kindly,
ROEBUCK don't blindly
Rush at it just like a bull.

BRIGHT, my chief orator,
Bravely speak for it, or
Greatly I'm erring about you;
And, ah! EDWARD HORSMAN,
Come down in force, man,
MILL, GATHORNE HARDY can't rout you.

Bill when it's printed—
Have I this hinted?
Won't suit the standstills or Tories;
Hark! the old chorus,
Sires heard before us—
England, farewell to thy glories.

No, it will strengthen,
Ay, and will lengthen,
England and England's prosperity;
Bind us, unite us,
Raise us, and right us,
True People's Charter, in verity.

Carried, at hay-time
(No, not by May-time),
Hansom, ho! come from the rank full:
Richmond, relieve me,
Richmond, receive me,
Once more to "rest and be thankful."

Thought by an Indifferentist.

In cold weather I incline to the religion of Zoroaster, and worship perpetual fire. My tailor's Christmas account having just been sent in, my thoughts are turned in the direction of Vesta. Very few London servants would have been capable of serving in *her* temple, if keeping up the sacred fire by night and day was the condition of their engagement. I don't recollect one housemaid who would have been among the Vestals.



"A YOUNG MAN wishes to find a home with a *pious* family, where his *Christian example* will be considered sufficient remuneration for his Board and Lodging. Address," &c.—(An actual Advertisement.)

A NICE young man, and a modest, too,
Offers himself to the public view;
And *Punch* does all he possibly can,
To aid the aim of the nice young man.

The household will be truly blest
Which this nice young man selects for nest;
Nor will think "example" a payment queer
For board and washing, and bed and beer.

In his pious presence there won't be heard
From the naughtiest urchin a naughty word,
And if MARY JANE should giggle at ANNE,
He'll frown them solemn, the good young man.

If the tea is weak, or the butter salt,
The nice young party will find no fault;
If the meat is rag, and the pudding stone,
The nice young party will only groan.

Should Mamma show rage, and Papa drop oath,
The nice young man will reprove them both;
And if the servant should tell a lie,
The nice young man will exclaim "O, fie!"

Treasure like this is treasure indeed,
It does one good such a thing to read,
And we've drawn a Triptych in which you scan
The saintly life of the nice young man.

HOMICIDAL FORGERY.

THE Report of the Committee on Capital Punishments is an able production; but not quite exhaustive.

On the 26th of last month, before MR. C. J. CARTTAR, Coroner for Kent, at the Beehive Tavern, Greenwich, an inquest was held on the body of HENRY GRIFFITHS, one of the crew of the *St. Andrew's Castle*. The British Jury that assisted in this investigation returned the following verdict:—

"That the deceased died from scurvy; and the Jury further say, that the juice shipped aboard the *St. Andrew's Castle* was a chemical decoction perfectly useless as a preventive of scurvy."

By "decoction" the British Jury will be seen to have meant solution. However, they were quite right in stigmatising it as useless. According to the evidence of DR. HENRY LEACH, a medical officer of the *Dreadnought*, as to the so-called lime-juice which had been administered to the deceased on board the *St. Andrew's Castle*—

"It was either citric acid and water, or weak lemon-juice, but they" (witness and a chemist of high standing) "believed that it was merely citric acid and water."

The British Jury that brought in the verdict above-quoted, wished to return one of "manslaughter," but that, the Coroner told them, they could not legally do. Manslaughter, certainly, is not the verdict that

ought to be returnable in such a case as this. It is all very well for a British Jury to be able to return a verdict of manslaughter against a hapless Chemist who, in a fit of mental absence, has dispensed a phial of laudanum by mistake for a black dose, or against an unfortunate Surgeon who, by an error in judgment, has destroyed the life that he did his best to save. But the offence of knowingly and wilfully supplying useless stuff under the name of a remedy, to be employed as such for the cure of diseases which that remedy may be requisite to prevent from killing, is surely about as great a crime as any that can deserve capital punishment. The Committee on that subject has omitted, in its Report, to say whether, in its opinion, criminals guilty of adulterating or counterfeiting medicine on whose purity life may depend, ought to be hanged, or only condemned to penal servitude for life and periodical flogging.

On a Late Canard.

"LORD RUSSELL out! Stuff! When he's put his foot
Down on the Bill? A fight he'll brave, and win it!"
"Are you quite right? On the Bill put his foot?
Should you not rather say, put his foot *in* it?"

A REAL SCOTCH JOKE.

WHAT's the next wine to Golden Sherry? Sillery. (*Siller—eh?*)



A FORWARD YOUTH.

(ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS.)—MASTER GEORGE, WISHING TO BE A HUNTING MAN, DISCARDS HIS CRUPPER, AND FINDS IN CONSEQUENCE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS BEING A LITTLE TOO FORWARD.

HAIR-TRAPS.

WHAT endless ingenuity has been exercised in constructing traps for catching heirs! Our exalted Grandmamas employed powder as well as hair-triggers at a punctilious period when heirs stood much on forms. Neither BRAMAH nor CHUBB could show such complicated locks as those with which belles were formerly fitted up. An inartificial simplicity now masks the spring of these terrible engines. Every day we hear of captives being taken by Italian bands, and once caught, be assured, their freedom is forfeited, beyond possibility of ransom.

Some time ago hair-traps with long twisted pendulums attached, and cherry-coloured bows, were extensively exhibited, and set. Rude people made small sport of them, and we doubt whether they ever brought to grief a heir that was worth a shilling. More recently a Chinese trap has received countenance from the heads of families. For a long while nets were used in various parts of England by devoted lovers of the chace, but this barbarous practice is now rarely adopted in Belgravia, unless it be within a very limited area. We are not sure, however, that in a picturesque point of view it has been improved upon by the dead weight which some modern hair-traps carry. Heirs are by nature timid and quickly alarmed, and a *chignon* might easily be mistaken for a porter's knot.

We were recently invited to an exhibition in Hanover Square, where we had an opportunity of observing the process of trap-manufacture. A sensible shudder ran through our frame as we glanced at the dangerous instruments around us, mounted on moveable carriages, and we felt like a lady when viewing a cannon-foundry. In imagination we saw the eldest son of a doting mother heart-stricken by one of these curious machines. Then we pictured to ourselves the cherished nephew of a wealthy bachelor baronet suddenly arrested in his wild career of joy, like a caged skylark, and condemned to carol a connubial and domesticated song. A Minister of State, a Colonel of Militia, and a Naval Commander were next taken prisoners, and held out their hands to be pinioned without a struggle, but not without a sigh. Here were contrivances of a most complex character, some resembling a battery of field pieces. Depending from a marble arch was a coil of little snakes.

Further on we observed a species of trellis-work flanked by chaos in *chevelure*. On one side crisp waves glistened beneath the sun-light, on the other playful ripples, from which perfume arose, lulling the senses as they sweetly succumbed to the mighty power of capillary attraction.

In addition to those above described, there are other traps under the express sanction of the law, and which supported by lofty poles, are chiefly used in snapping up fees. These legal implements are made, we believe, of strong horse-hair, and are capable, when handled with dexterity, of catching at one *coup* a woosack and a great seal.

Worms against Worms.

WITH garlic, onions, ginger, WORMS
Doth assafoetida combine,
And teacheth, on no sordid terms,
Therewith the cure of ailing kine,
If poleaxe, thence, need no employ
To send our oxen to the grave,
From worms that cattle do destroy,
Then WORMS, in truth, shall cattle save.

DEAR EDITOR,—A dog called Beauty ("Bute" for short) ate some fowls. Whereupon your young man said, impromptu,

"Bute puts the fowls
Into his bow'ls."

OBJECTION TO A UNIFORM RATE.

MR. BUMBLE the Beadle begs to say, that he werry much objects to the idear of uniform rating. Such a system, MR. BUMBLE believes, would lead to a most unporochial reduction of the splendour of porochial hofferers' costume.

POEM ON A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

OF this Establishment how can we speak?
Its cheese is mitey and its ale is weak.

THE PRIZE NAUTICAL DRAMA.

THE Prize for the T. P. COOKE drama has been awarded. Why has the following play been overlooked?

THE PIRATES OF THE POSADA;

OR, THE MERMAIDEN'S VOICELESS VOW.

A NAUTICAL-EQUESTRIAN COMEDY DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGASTASIUS O'FLAHERTY (Renegade commanding the Mounted Marines).
BLACK BOLSTER (a Mermaid in the disguise of a French Commissariat.)
THE HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE YELLOW (with a song, unless some one else sings it first.)
MOSES BEN MISHI (a Jew Pedlar in love with ZORINDA).
MISS JONES (daughter of OLD JONES).
PERRIWIX (her Maid, but in reality a conceited scion of the Accountant-General's family in India.)

The — (who turns out to be only the — though subsequently mistaken for —, and rejected by several people on that account. Afterwards in disguise of a happy — called by his friends * * *, whom, however, he is deceiving.

THE MERMAIDEN (The Voiceless—the Pride of the Ocean.)

ACT I., SCENE 1.—Interior of a Jam Closet. Time—Night. Through the air-holes is seen the waving sea in the distance, and the howling winds are heard as they career across stage from L. to R. (L. means left and so does R.) The Maniac's eye is noticed by those nearest the stage (extra price) glittering through the keyhole. He sings the opening chorus, sotto voce, and retires. End of first tableau. A Storm gets up.

Enter BLACK BOLSTER, he looks cautiously about and swears.

Black Bolster. So, she has slipt her mainstays and parted athwart the hawser. But tremble, tyrant! for this (shows dagger to audience) Aloft! he comes. [Climbs up and down till he's tired.

Enter Ruffians dragging in the Lord High Admiral L. H. and R. H. (R. H. means Right hand.) The Reader is supposed to be in the Spanish Armada facing the audience.

All the Ruffians (together). Thou hast that about thee that passes show. Hush! We shall be overheard.

Chorus. Fortissimo.

Hey! nonny! nonny!
Blow the winds for the serpent's tooth!
Glorious are the days when we were young!

Solo. The High Admiral (accompanying himself upon a dulcimer concealed up his sleeve).

Oh, why this rage! why bear ye thus my limbs?

I care not for you: 'tis but one poor jump,

Then all is over: over: over. Yes. The drum!

[Trumpet heard without: I can play the trumpet.—Author's note.

Enter MATT MOGGLETOP and all the other Characters who have not appeared at present. They release the Ruffians. Tableau.

Sir Davy (apart, chuckling). Lor' love his dear eyes! if it ain't enough to grapple a capstern. [Dances aside.

The Duke. Give me your hand, my man. (Takes his hand.) Though rank may sever us in society, yet remember that beneath that waistcoat beats the same heart that nurtured us both in childhood.

Moses (much affected). And will again.

[The Duke sinks through trap c., and several other people sink off in different directions as the scene closes. Tableau.

ACT II.—Same as ACT I. This can be omitted in representation.

ACT III., SCENE 1.—A Mountainous District in Mesopotamia. Ships sailing. Time: half-price.

Enter SIR RICHARD, as if pursued, followed by the — and LADY OLIVIA.

Sir Peter. 'Gad, Madam, you give me but a modicum after all.

Lady Olivia. When you married me you didn't say that.

Sir Peter. No, indeed, or (significantly)—or it might have been otherwise.

Lady Olivia. Well, SIR PETER, if you will throw the basin at a poor widow, it is not he who must suffer.

Sir Peter. Zounds, Madam, 'tis true. (Takes snuff.) A woman only has to say the word, and there's no doubt of it.

The —. I can endure this no longer. [Safe laugh this from the pit.—Author's note. [Tears them asunder. [They embark for Africa. Exit the — surreptitiously.

SCENE 2.—The keel of the Convolvulus, H.M.S. On the fore-castle stands JOHN holding ADOLPHUS on the wheel. The Admiral is singing on the maintop mizen, while three midshipmen in trunks are vacillating on the cheerful bobstays. All hands piping.

Ben. Come mates! Call in the fiddler. (They send on shore for a fiddler, who enters without his fiddle.) Nay then! a song! a song!

[After song the enemy's ship heaves herself in sight, and all prepare to receive cavalry. Real guns, real pumps, real sea-water, real swords. The enemy attempt to board the vessel, and, as there must be real fighting, the attempt may or may not be successful. The tableau will be arranged by the survivors among themselves.

The — (rising). Mine! mine! at last!

[Blue, red, and green fire. Rockets. Squibs. The fort appears in flames. The Black Slaves leave their holds, and throw themselves into the sea. Somebody strikes an attitude. Curtain.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—The Bay of Tunis. The horizon can just be seen through the last wave. Time, half-past twelve, only the clock's supposed to be a quarter of an hour fast. Below the gangway are three Mariners. The raft passes from left to right, to slow music. A salt-junk, filled with Chinese, passes over the bay.

Charles Surface (swimming towards them, holding a flag of truce.) It is never too late to mend. [Tableau.

Pirates (drinking, and not observing him).

Hey! for the Rover's life!

Charles Surface (quietly). For the man who wouldn't— [Sinks. [Chord, and a Tableau.

Enter, above, CAPTAIN HORNCastle. Tableau.

Captain. And yet, methinks, she loves me!

Ben Bolt. Ay, ay, Sir. [Taps the side of his nose. Tableau.

Captain. Say you so? Then no time must be lost. (Winds up the Clock. They search for CHARLES.) No, he has escaped!

The — (suddenly). But you are mine! mine! mine for ever!

[The Simoom sweeps over the horizon, and destroys them at one blow. The Straits of Dover are seen going from England to France as the ship explodes. Tableau.

ACT V., SCENE 1.—The interior of Scotland. On a peg hangs the Admiral's hat. In the corner R. stand his boots in an attitude of remonstrance. Chain cables lie about in different parts of the Cabin. Tableau. Several people discovered making two hundred a year on the average. Tableau.

Students (aside). Ech, Sirs, its a braw gude dounie wassal.

[The Fishermen struggle with them, but in the end MISS MARMALADE is rescued from the gang, and delivered over to her parents.

Old Marmalade. Bless you, my own! Take her (to YOUNG BOLUS), and be happy! [The boat sinks. [Tableau.

All. What misery is theirs!

[A low wail rises from the sea, and is immediately caught up by those on board.

Rip Van Ravenswood. Approach, dastard! (to somebody, name unknown) and receive the reward that—

His Crew. An honest heart can still—

Admiral and Crew (together). Give. Die, villain!

[The Pirate falls. Blue fire. Tableau to imitate BUCKSTONE; and Scene closes.

The next is a short scene artistically introduced to allow of the "heavy set" being made behind.

SCENE 2.—An extensive park leading through vistas of mountains into the cliffs bordering on the Caspian. R. H. stands a board, on which is written, "No admittance except on business." Enter a company of soldiers in search of SIMMUMS, the escaped convict.

Charles (still sleeping.) My mother—she washes me. Ah! ISABELLA. (Awakes.) Ha! where am I?

The Commander-in-chief (suddenly smashing in the Admiral's cocked hat). Here! (Tableau).

[Leopards, and tigers, and snakes bound on, and (being of course tamed for the purpose) devour the Pirates. Scene then opens and discovers

SCENE LAST.—The Sea of Durham. The sun, rising, discovers the united fleets of England, Ireland, and Prussia triumphing over the Posada and a tornado. Guns, cannons, fires.

Admiral (to MISS JONES). Then it was you, after all?

Miss Jones (blushing). I cannot deny it now.

Agastiasus. Och, sure, but the bracelet—

Black Bolster. Was yours— [Turning to LADY OLIVIA.

Lady Olivia. I will never be jealous again.

John. Ah, if I really thought you could mean that—

Samuel. She does.

All (except Adolphus). She does.

Alfred. Why then I should no longer have any hesitation in declaring that the Second Will is in her favour.

The —. It is, and I am lost. (Disappears.)

1st Ruffian. And she is the long lost daughter of—

James (enthusiastically). No, she is (coming forward to audience) the Mermaiden of the Voiceless Vow. (Bows.)

[All bow. Tableau representing allegorically The Steward's Berth. End. Curtain. Overture.

AMONG THE ARTISTS.



OTHER evening, my dear Mr. Punch, I was strolling near St. Martin's Church, about eight, trying to get up an appetite for dinner, when I perceived that a side-door of the Royal Academy was open, and that persons were entering.

Now, though not a *flâneur*, like my friend, MR. Y—s (whose capital novel *Land at Last*, I hereby desire to recommend to your attention), I am always but too ready to yield to the impulse of the moment. The impulse of that moment was to enter in at the Academy door, and see what the persons were

going to do. There are many difficulties, however, in this world, and I personally encountered one in the person of a porter, in an exceedingly handsome red gown, who asked me for a ticket. Informed that I hadn't got one, he inclined, I thought from his expressions, to the opinion that I had better go away. Affably controverting this view, which, I am bound to say, was very civilly urged, as became a servant of the Artes whose study emollit mores, I was suddenly taken by the arm, and a pleasant voice said,

"Do you want to come in? Great compliment to us, I am sure."

"I am equally sure of it," says I; "and who are you?"

"Now, if there is one thing in the world that I dislike," says my new friend, "it is an unnecessary question. Come in, can't you?"

"Well, your door is wide enough for an Elephant, and an EPICURUS might manage," I promptly retorted. And in I went.

"Take off your things, and leave 'em here," said he, as we came into a large room with a lot of tables. "They'll be quite safe, I assure you."

"I—I—beg pardon," said I, rather frightened, and adding, in a whisper, "I'm not a Model."

"I should say not," says he, bursting into a laugh which was very rude and uncalled for. But I left my cloak, and hat, and umbrella, and wallet, and my folio edition of BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which I am fond of reading in the street.

"Now," says my companion, "come on." We went, past a screen, into another large chamber.

"This," he said, "is our Council Room. Have some tea?"

"I will," I replied, "if the state of the Academy funds justifies that outlay upon an outsider. You are quite sure of that?"

He said he was, and that there might be a little surplus afterwards. A domestic, in elegant attire, then brought me some tea, and I can truly say that it did credit to the taste of the Royal Academy.

I should mention that there were many gentlemen in the handsome room, which was decorated with pictures, and had no end of a painted ceiling, which came from Somerset House, where, as you may not be aware, the Exhibition used to be. I recognised most of the gentlemen, from photographs for which I have once or twice asked you to pay. By Jove, Sir (a harmless oath from EPICURUS), there was a large instalment of The Forty, the men whose works make the talk of a thousand dinner-tables, and, I trust, cover their own with every luxury in or out of season. I say this, partly out of benevolence, and partly because I have received several invitations. My companion mentioned my name, adding yours (which was quite needless, I flatter myself), and my reception was most affable. Frankly, I think that more than one painter of history pieces must have been struck by the nobility of my features, and I observed that several great portrait artists regarded me in a peculiar manner. If I have not yet been asked to sit to any of them, it is, I am sure, from a delicate consideration of the great value of my time.

But I could not conceive what they were going to do, and I didn't like to ask. There is nothing like masterly inaction, as my friend MR. DISRAELI says. The world is to him who knows how to wait.

Suddenly the porter or beadle announced (we could hear it without him) that St. Martin had said 8.

"Come in," said the gentleman who had hitherto played *Virgil* to

my *Dante*—not that the Academy is an *Inferno*, quite the reverse, I am sure. "You must have a seat."

And where do you think I found myself? Why, in that big room of all, in which, when the Exhibition is open, it is so delightful to be caught by crinolines, and either imprisoned for ten minutes, or sent whirling into some old dowager's expansive and expensive arms. All the pictures were gone, of course, but instead of them hung huge and frameless copies of the Cartoons, of the Great Supper, and the Great Descent; and the room was divided by a partition. On one side were two long rows of pictorial Swells, with a Presidential chair in the middle, and on the other were lots of students, merry, earnest, watchful young fellows, mostly, who cheered royally as the notables came in. My keen glance instantly fell upon a yet more interesting group—a knot of bright-eyed young ladies, students also, as I learned. I regret that the seat allotted to me was too far from them to permit them to see me well.

"Now," I said to myself, with my usual prescience, "I shall find out what we are going to do."

At this moment I observed, in face of the Presidential chair, a large and well fortified Tribune, and light broke into my soul.

"I am blessed if I am not going to hear a lecture," said I, discontentedly. "How can I get out? Am I a person to be instructed?"

As I grumbled these words, tremendous applause burst forth, and a gentleman ascended the rostrum. I recalled the words, for something in that gentleman's appearance told me that I should hear him with satisfaction. An earnest face, a bright eye, and hair and beard silvered, I trust not from the cause—deep affliction at the follies of others—which has streaked my own chestnut locks with white. "I will hear this," said I, as the applause broke out again, and with a calm and kindly glance at the younger part of his audience, the lecturer began.

He spoke of Art, Sir, and upon that subject no one was so capable as myself to judge his words. This was the last of four lectures, it seemed. He addressed himself to the students, and in a lecture of a scholarly and elaborated kind, he impressed truths upon them. I am not a student; but had I been one, I should have been grateful for the counsel so carefully weighed and so earnestly given. I shall not report the address, though I could easily do so. But I will set down that, amid many brilliant antitheses and many pregnant aphorisms, he said:—

"Do not imitate others. Imitation is a partial abandonment of Reason."

It occurred to me, Sir, that this would be a good motto for the next Catalogue. I should have risen and said so, but feared that I might be turned out.

The lecture seemed to me—yes, Sir, to me, your *homme blasé*—too short. I was much interested, especially by the glowing and poetical eulogy which he pronounced upon the very few pictures to which he could accord the merit of real greatness. I was also interested in the intense attention of his audience, and especially in that of the young artists. Doubtless future Academicians—perhaps a Lady President (and why not?) sat there behind the men who have made their names household words. The whole affair was fresh to me, and I said, as I rose, that I should sketch the scene for you.

"But who is the lecturer," said I to my next neighbour.

"Good Jupiter!" he said, "don't you know?"

"Shouldn't have asked if I did," I said, haughtily.

He whispered.

"What?" cried I, in too great a hurry to be, I think, rigidly grammatical. "Him which painted *Eastward Ho!* and *Canute* in the last Exhibition, and—"

"And a score of other admirable works—hold your row, can't you?"

"Shan't for you," I replied, walking off to my dinner.

Yours, artistically,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

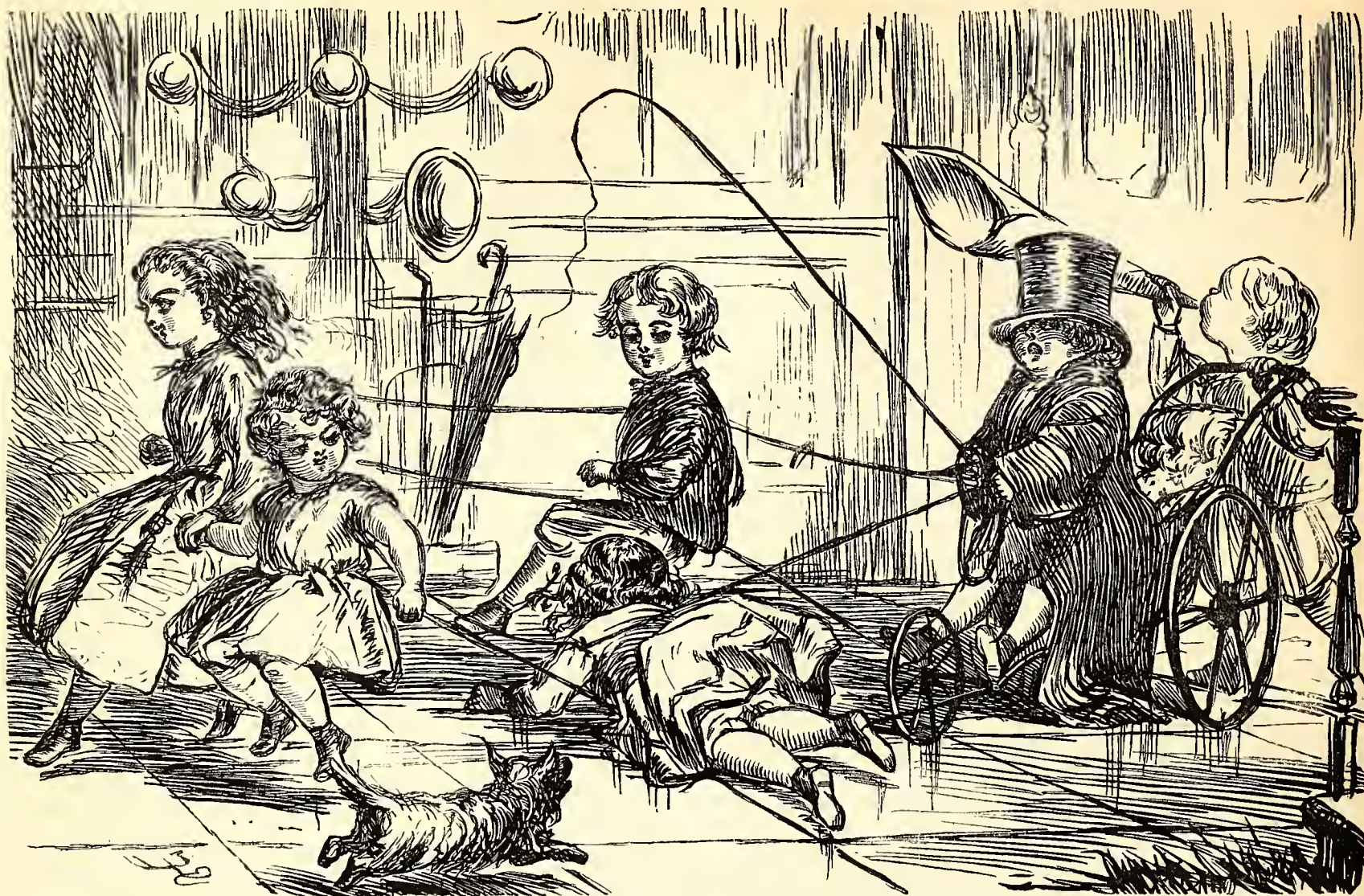
PADDING.

PARAGRAPHS to fill up a paper during a dearth of news. We do not want them ourselves this week, and present them with our compliments to any newspaper, gratis:—

Young Woman found behind a Fire-place.—About one o'clock yesterday morning, one of the Sudbury Police received intimation that there was a scratching, behind the bricks of a fire-place, in one of the Cottages near at hand. On going thither, and removing the plaster and mortar, a young girl, aged seventeen, was found. She was alive and quite well. Being asked how she got there, she was unable to give any satisfactory reply. She stated, in answer to the Inspector, that she had been there for eight years. This is another proof of the extraordinary vitality of the young women in Sudbury.

Narrow Escape.—As MR. SADLER, a master Mason, was walking past No. 13, Lime Tree Walk, Carlisle, a scaffolding, which had been for some time in a very unsafe condition, suddenly fell. As this was at the other end of the town, it luckily did not hurt MR. SADLER, who indeed did not hear of the accident until next day.

A whole Village in Missouri has been blown away by the recent tempestuous gales.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Driver. "RUN ROUND, JACK, SIT ON HER HEAD, AND CUT THE TRACES."

SHOCKING CASE OF LOCAL DESTITUTION.

THE Polar blast that swept over Great Britain on the first instant has threatened to convert what was apparently going to be an early spring into a late winter. With the virtual return of Christmas, Christmas charities also return. Atmospheric cold only serves to inflame Benevolence. Compassion is piqued by inclement skies.

The London casuals and poor of every description will no doubt experience all that munificence which can be demanded by a supplementary winter. The attention, however, of the affluent and bountiful may require to be called to less obtrusive distress in the provinces. May we venture to direct it to the grievous poverty which must be believed to afflict the inhabitants of Wareham?

The cupola of Wareham Town-hall wants to be repaired. An answer to a pathetic epistolary appeal for the sum needful for that purpose, addressed by the Mayor of the above-named borough to his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, concludes thus, in the words of GENERAL KNOLLYS:—

"His Royal Highness is very sensible of the loyal feelings which have prompted you, as Mayor of Wareham, to make this application on behalf of so ancient and loyal a borough, and it would have afforded him sincere gratification to have answered it favourably had he not feared such precedent would be productive of similar appeals without the same merits or the same excuse. His Royal Highness trusts, however, that the estimated expense being only between £7 and £8, the good feeling of the inhabitants of Wareham will, on such an occasion, where the lives of the Corporation are in question, supply the want of any corporation fund applicable for the required purpose."

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, of course, is not aware of the extreme poverty under which the inhabitants of Wareham must be suffering, inasmuch as their Mayor is obliged to beg £8 on their behalf to place in safety the cupola which, whenever he is seated in his official chair, impends over his own head and the heads of the Corporation. The latter, to be sure, through MR. ARTHUR TREVENEN, one of their number, repudiate the Mayor's appeal to the generosity of His Royal Highness, but it is too clear that they are all in a state of Damocles and destitution.

Any old clothes, any old shoes, any old hats, or bonnets, will be

doubtless acceptable, on behalf of the indigent Warehamites, to the Mayor of Wareham. Donations of coals and blankets just now would be highly seasonable. In short we may be too sure that the smallest donation of any kind would be thankfully received. It is clearly not only the cupola of Wareham Town-hall that wants mending, but also the garments of the townspeople (who cannot but be out at elbows) and particularly the Mayor's gown. A subscription of sums, each not exceeding the smallest coin of the realm, is opened for their benefit at 85, Fleet Street. To this fund we feel sure that the very poorest will contribute, for the loaf is seldom down to even money, and they will never miss the odd farthing.

A READING BY STAR-LIGHT.

MR. PUNCH deeply and profoundly (he may say abyssively) regrets to discover by a reading of the kind above mentioned that his well-meant and kindly endeavour to promote the interests of a contemporary has been misjudged. He had hoped that no one who had studied *Mr. Punch's* character, which is as remarkable for its amiability as for its brilliancy, could fail to appreciate his earnestness in giving any Christian a benevolent shove-up to aid him in any meritorious effort. In complimenting the *Morning Star* upon the bold and sensational nature of its *Jamaican Revelations*, *Mr. Punch* had not the least intention of giving offence to his respected neighbour. Had *Mr. Punch* intended to be disagreeable, in which endeavour, however, he must always signally fail, he might have pointed out that to envelope serious narrative in the garb of penny fiction, is at once to discredit the writer in the estimation of educated people. But his sweet disposition revolted at the idea of severity, and he blandly favoured his astral neighbour with a hint which *Mr. Punch* is happy to see has been taken in reference to later *Revelations*. *Mr. Punch* will only add, that when he commits an injustice, he will say to the *Star*, with *Ion*—

"This breast shall be as open to thy sword
As now to thine embrace."

Let us liquor, if the *Star* will tolerate an American expression.



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 3.

SHE bore her burden all that day
Half-faint; the unconverted clay

Ⓜ miserie !

A burden grew, beneath the sun,
In many a manner more than one.

Ⓜ miserie !

Half-faint the whitening road along
She bore it, singing (in her song)—

Ⓜ miserie !

"The locks you loved, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Will never know the comb again! . . .

The man you slew, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Will never come to life again!

So when they do, Gauwaine, Gauwaine,
Then take me back to town again!" . . .

The shepherds gazed, but marvelled not;
They knew the ways of Camelot!

Ⓜ miserie !

She heeded neither man nor beast:
Her shadow lengthened toward the east.

Ⓜ miserie !

A little castle she drew nigh,
With seven towers twelve inches high. . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

A baby castle, all a-flame
With many a flower that hath no name.

Ⓜ miserie !

It had a little moat all round:
A little drawbridge too she found,

Ⓜ miserie !

On which there stood a stately maid,
Like her in radiant locks arrayed . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

Save that her locks grew rank and wild,
By weaver's shuttle undefiled! . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

Who held her brush and comb, as if
Her faltering hands had waxed stiff

Ⓜ miserie !

With baulkt endeavour! whence she sung
A chant, the burden whereof rung:

Ⓜ miserie !

"These hands have striven in vain
To part
These locks that won Gauwaine
His heart!"

All breathless, Braunighrindas stopt
To listen, and her load she dropt,

Ⓜ miserie !

And rolled in wonder wild and blear
The whites of her eyes grown green with fear:

Ⓜ miserie !

—"What is your name, young person, pray?"
—"Knights call me *Fidele-strunges-le-fay*."

Ⓜ miserie !

—"You wear a wedding-ring, I see!"
—"I do . . . Gauwaine he gave it me . . ."

Ⓜ miserie !

—"Are you Gauwaine his wedded spouse?
Is this Gauwaine his . . . country-house?"

Ⓜ miserie !

—"I am . . . it is . . . we are . . . oh who,
That you should greet me thus, are you?"

Ⓜ miserie !

—"I am ANOTHER! . . . since the morn
The fourth month of the year was born!" . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

—"What! that which followed when the last
Bleak night of bitter March had past?" . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

—"The same." — "That day for both hath
done!"

And you, and he, and I, are ONE!" . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

Then hand in hand, most woefully,
They went, the willows weeping nigh;

Ⓜ miserie !

Left hand in left was left to cling!
On each a silver wedding-ring.

Ⓜ miserie !

And having walkt a little space,
They halted, each one in her place:

Ⓜ miserie !

And chanted loud a wondrous plaint
Well chosen: wild, one-noted, quaint:

Ⓜ miserie !

"Heigho! the Wind and the Rain!
The Moon's at the Full, Gauwaine, Gauwaine!"

Heigho! the Wind and the Rain
On gold-hair woven, and gold-hair plain!

Heigho! the Wind and the Rain!
Oh when shall we Three meet again!"

Atween the river and the wood,
Knee-deep 'mid whispering reeds they stood:

Ⓜ miserie !

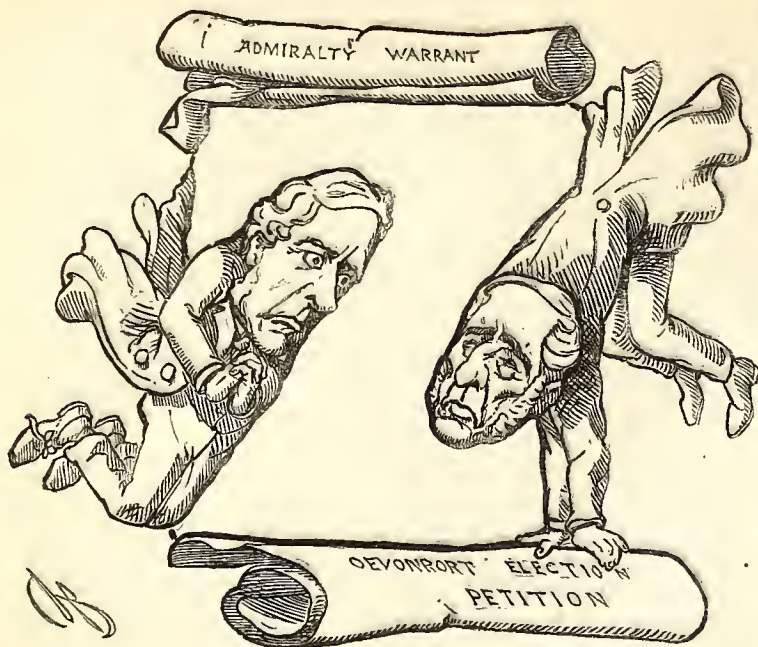
The green earth oozing soft and dank
Beneath them, soakt and suckt and sank! . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

Yet soak-and-suck-and-sink or not,
They, chanting, craned towards Camelot. . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UNDAY is the accepted Zummerset pronunciation of Sunday, but *Mr. Punch* hath to speak of the Parliamentary week beginning—

Monday, March 5. LORD CHELMSFORD had the pleasure of defeating an attempt by the CHANCELLOR to improve the law of evidence taken in Divorce cases. By way of compensation to himself for having done his duty as an obstructive peer, the able self-made man told the Lords a story of "a member of

their Lordships' House," who was, nevertheless, a young man "not highly educated," and who had been nearly victimised by an artful young lady. Are there such things as ignorant young Lords, and do they vote on measures affecting the interests of the nation?

For the honour of the sturdy dwellers on the Durham Coast, we rejoice to be able to say that the Admiralty declares its disbelief in the story about the exhibition of false lights to wreck ships. We hope and believe that if a scoundrel were base enough even to suggest such an infernal idea to any two or three of those brave fellows, they would do the right thing by him, according to their lights (and ours) by pitching him into the sea, and leaving him there.

MR. GLADSTONE informed MR. BRIGHT that the despatches of the naval officers concerned in suppressing the Jamaica rebellion were written without warning being given to the writers not to be frank and sailorlike, and, therefore, that the Admiralty was not at liberty to publish those documents. The military officers' despatches were in the hands of SIR HENRY STORKS, as military superior. MR. BRIGHT declared that he should endeavour to obtain the former letters; but we imagine that his Grace of SOMERSET, having made up his mind on the matter, is not likely to give way. Nor does it seem just to examine an officer's confidential communications to his employers, in the hope of extracting evidence to his detriment.

In a discussion on the intended improvements in Palace Yard, MR. LOWE complained that Members ran the risk of their lives two or three times a day, from the vehicles which rush across the approaches to the House. MR. COWPER said that a subway would be constructed from the Clock Tower to Bridge Street. But in the meantime half the representative body may be knocked down, as happened last week to good SIR JOHN KYNASTON, late of Hardwick Hall, and later of Charing Cross Hospital. We suggest, as a preliminary measure of precaution, that the letters M.P., printed largely, at the expense of the nation, be affixed to the hat of every Member, and that drivers be ordered, on pain of flogging, to pull up and allow the wearer of such ensign to cross the street.

LORD HARTINGTON then favoured us with the Army Estimates. There is about a quarter of a million of reduction from the amount of last year. "But that's not much." He said that the Army thinks best of the Armstrong gun, and the Navy of the Whitworths. We have not arrived at a breech-loading rifle, nor, for our comfort, has France. There is some Fenianism in the Army, but there is no doubt of its general loyalty. He asked for 138,117 men.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Victoria Crossman, made an effective speech against the present system of musketry instruction, which appears to be much overdone. LORD ELCHO is of this opinion, and asserts that any man of ordinary brains can learn the necessary rudiments in a fortnight. Government promises to consider the matter. MAJOR DICKSON condemned the examination for commissions, and desired to have, not educated, but "dashing" officers. The gallant Major is like the Irish young ladies complained of by the jilted schoolmaster,

"They don't care three praties for Platos and Catos,
They likes strapping dunces what stands six foot high."

Tuesday. MR. PUNCH is happy to say that, after a fight, the Gas Companies were routed, and the Corporation Gas Bill was read a Second Time, and referred to a Committee. A howl was made about breach of faith with the existing gangs of gas-makers, as if any consideration were due to folks who sell the worst of gas at the highest price they can extort. Fancy being sentimental over a gasometer! The Mid-London Railway Bill, which really did promise many conveniences to the Londoners, was thrown out. LORD STANLEY thought that we ought to wait and see what the Inner Circle, which is to be complete in about two years, would do for us. Well, such of us as are not run over in the meantime by the cabs and Van demons will see what we shall see, and the others will not mind.

MR. CHAMBERS brought in a Bill for legalising marriage with one's sister-in-law. The Commons have several times approved such a measure, and the Lords have

decided that there was no sin in such a marriage, if it were made before a certain date, but since that date the act acquired wickedness. Of course one would not dispute on a religious question with the Lords Spiritual, but this chronological theology seems funny to the irreverent.

MR. HIBBERT brought in a Bill for legalising executions in prison. SIR GEORGE GREY did not oppose it, but said that the Government Bill on Capital Punishment would include provision for the above purpose. MR. EWART, while protesting against executions altogether, thought that the Bill ought to provide for the admission of representatives of the Press to see the sentence carried out. This recognition of the Fourth Estate, by the other Three, would be a desirable novelty, but one could wish the opportunity selected were a more pleasant one. The Press might be brought into the Constitution by some other way than through the Press Yard.

Wednesday was devoted to a Church Rate Debate, when the Second Reading of a Bill for the total abolition of the Rate was carried by a majority of 33 in a house of 537. But MR. GLADSTONE, though voting for the Bill, intimated that it must be much altered in Committee, and he suggests a compromise, by which the compulsory character of the rate shall be got rid of. The Dissenters, on the other hand, wish to destroy all idea of the supremacy of the Church of England. MR. BRIGHT made a very forbearing speech, and said that although he believed and hoped that in a few years the political character of the Church would be extinguished, she would endure as a religious institution so long as she had the power to convey the truths of the New Testament to a single citizen. MR. DISRAELI made a forcible appeal to Members not to vote one thing when they meant another; but the result, though the majority was small, showed the confidence of the House in MR. GLADSTONE.

Thursday. The Lords passed the other Cattle Plague Bill (MR. HUNT'S), with various alterations. LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that we should never get rid of this plague until we got rid of the plague of Professors who professed to cure it. Legislation having now done its worst, we may interpolate a record that although the Government declines to appoint a Fast-Day in reference to the Rinderpest, the Primates and the Bishops are recommending such an observance. Some Clergymen are recalcitrant, and refuse to obey; first, because the order can only properly come from the QUEEN, and, secondly, because this is Lent, and is therefore already a time for fasting. In Scotland a Fast-Day is fixed, but MR. HOPE, of Edinburgh, protests against it, having discovered that the disease was sent to punish us for granting money in support of Popery, and for using intoxicating liquors, and he therefore states that until we cease from these crimes, it is of no use making "a general confession of sin in the Slump."

MR. DISRAELI made a long speech on the Parliamentary Oaths Bill. He and other intellectual Conservatives have seen the absurdity of clinging to the old form, and we dare say that he has privately asked MR. NEWDEGATE whether he would not like to introduce words providing for the exclusion of the descendants of PERKIN WARBECK. But it is necessary to be solemn, even when abandoning a folly. "There is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form." So, in virtually announcing the surrender of the old oath, it was necessary for MR. DISRAELI to intimate that he must take dynastic securities, and a statement that the QUEEN is supreme in her Courts of justice. As if anything in England were really based on an oath. One is sorry to find that a body of English gentlemen require such talk from their leader. MR. NEWDEGATE'S anti-Popery terrors one can understand. The debate was prolonged until MR. WHALLEY rose, and the New House has evidently taken the same measure of this gentleman as the old, for those who did not cry "divide," cried "sing," and made noises which the SPEAKER was obliged to notice. Does it not occur to MR. WHALLEY that a gentleman is in a false position when he forces himself on a House which, rightly or wrongly, always treats him with disrespect? Occasionally, jeering and laughter may be bestowed on a BURKE or a GLADSTONE, but to be always treated as a buffoon, implies a mistake somewhere.

Friday. The FOREIGN SECRETARY said that MR. RASSAM, who has gone to Abyssinia in the hope of rescuing the captives, had received a polite invitation from KING THEODORE to come to his Court, which the gallant adventurer had

expected to reach about the 10th of January. The Earl thought this to be very satisfactory intelligence, but LORD ELLENBOROUGH shook his noble head.

Very graceful speeches from EARL GRANVILLE, who, in moving the Second Reading of the Royal Annuity Bills, gave the most pleasant description of the amiable characters of the illustrious young personages for whom the country so gladly makes provision.

MR. SPEAKER had injured himself, while riding, and was obliged to inform the House that he was in acute pain, and could not preside. MR. DODSON, therefore, became First Commoner, and had to call SIR MORTON PETO to order for describing SERJEANT GASELEE (perhaps not inaccurately) as his honourable and excitable friend.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES's proposals for compelling Railway Companies to provide houses for the working men whom they ejected, were discussed and rejected. LORD STANLEY urged that the plan would create a new and strange tenant-right, and that Parliament could not reasonably give an occupier more right against a company than he had against his landlord, who could turn him out at a week's notice. This is a good business argument, of course, only the landlord usually permits a man to stay while he pays his rent, and the Railway's avowed object is instantly to get rid of him. And in getting rid of him and hundreds more, *en masse*, it inflicts injury by making new lodgings scarce and expensive. MR. HUGHES stated that the Companies themselves admit this, and that some of them are prepared to make concessions. Are there not thousands of Arches that could be made into tenements?

The first Reform gun fired. Arm, arm! it is, it is, the cannon's opening roar. MR. GLADSTONE laid the statistics on the table.

SIR ROBERT PEEL made an able and elaborate speech against Coal Smoke, and people had better notice what Y says on the subject. That Final knows all about it, and declares that we are rapidly and wantonly exhausting our coal, and when that shall be gone, woe to the manufactures of England.

MR. GLADSTONE made an amusing speech about Dogs, for, like *Mr. Punch*, he can smile on the eve of battle. He seemed to intimate that he should abolish the present Dog-tax, which it is hard to collect, and make everybody who keeps a dog pay a small sum—say five shillings for a licence. This plan, sternly carried out, will abate a great nuisance.

Navy Estimates were taken, and after the House had refused to abolish flogging in the Army (it is more satisfactory to read that the practice is dying out), the Commons dispersed. Their next meeting was to confront *The Reform Bill*.

HARDBAKE AND HYMN-BOOK.

We have been rather pleased than not, we think, with an illustration of the way in which spiritual and temporal business can be combined by an ingenious and devout person. The handbill which we subjoin for the delectation of our readers emanates from the proprietor of a Baptist goodyshop. We dare say that his religion is as good as his lollipops, but not being acquainted with either, we hesitate to recommend them by advertisement, and therefore alter the name and address. But we gladly notice so delightful a union of the Confectioner and the Christian.

JOHN BLOBS,

TEA DEALER AND HARD CONFECTIONER.

TEA AND GROCERY, 15, BUNKUM STREET, ST. WALKER'S.

CONFECTIONARY.

(A few doors from Queer Street.)

J. B. is the Original and Only Manufacturer of the New Delicious Pure and Clean Made Sweet, Fruit Cream Two Ounces One Penny.

BUNKUM STREET PREACHING HALL,

RELIGIOUS SERVICES,

Are held as follows: Sundays, Preaching at 11 a.m., and at Half-past 6 p.m.; Tuesdays, Prayer Meeting at 1-past 8 p.m. Thursdays, Preaching at 1-past 8 p.m. All Seats Free. All are Welcome!!

A SUNDAY SCHOOL

Is conducted in the same place at Half-past 9 a.m. and at Half-past 2 p.m.

JOHN BLOBS, Pastor.

N.B. As strangers may not be willing to attend the above services, nor send their children to the school unless they know its denomination, it may not be unnecessary to state that it belongs to the Baptist Denomination.

Mendicity at its Source.

So the Mendicity Society refuses to provide for its old and worn-out servants, or to render any assistance to their widows and surviving families! The Mendicity Society is supposed to be a charitable association, but Charity in this instance, does not follow its usual rule. The mendicity, and not the charity, of the Mendicity Society begins at home.

William Whewell.

BORN: 1795.

DIED: MARCH 6, 1866.

GONE from the rule that was questioned so rarely,
Gone from the seat where he laid down the law;
Gaunt, stern and stalwart, with broad brow set squarely
O'er the fierce eye, and the granite-hewn jaw.

No more the great Court shall see him dividing
Surplined crowds thick round the low chapel door:
No more shall idlers shrink cow'd from his chiding,
Senate-house cheers sound his honour no more.

Son of a hammer-man: right kin of Thor, he
Clove his way thorough, right onward, amain;
Ruled when he'd conquered, was proud of his glory,—
Sledge-hammer smiter, in body and brain.

Sizar and master,—unhasting, unresting;
Each step a triumph, in fair combat won—
Rivals he faced like a strong swimmer breasting
Waves that, once grappled with, terrors have none.

Trinity marked him o'ertopping the crowd of
Heads and Professors, self-centred, alone:
Rude as his strength was, that strength she was proud of,
Body and mind, she knew all was her own.

"Science his strength, and Omniscience his weakness,"
So *they* said of him, who envied his power:
Those whom he silenced with more might than meekness,
Carped at his back, in his face fain to cower.

Milder men's graces *might* in him be lacking,
Still he was honest, kind hearted and brave:
Never good cause looked in vain for his backing,
Fool he ne'er spared, but he never screened knave.

England should cherish all lives, from beginning
Lowly as his to such honour that rise:
Lives, of fair running and straightforward winning,
Lives, that so winning, may boast of the prize.

They that in years past have chafed at his chiding,
They that in boyish mood strove 'gainst his sway,
Boys' hot blood cooled, boys' impatience subsiding,
Rev'rently think of "the Master" to-day.

Counting his courage, his manhood, his knowledge,
Counting the glory he won for us all,
Cambridge—not only his dearly loved College—
Mourns his seat empty in chapel and hall.

Lay him down, here—in the dim ante-chapel,
Where NEWTON's statue looms ghostly and white,
Broad brow set rigid in thought-mast'ring grapple,
Eyes that look upwards for light—and more light.

So he should rest—not where daisies are growing:
NEWTON beside him, and over his head
Trinity's full tide of life, ebbing, flowing,
Morning and evening, as he lies dead.

Sailors sleep best within boom of the billow,
Soldiers in sound of the shrill trumpet call:
So his own Chapel his death sleep should pillow,
Loved in his life-time with love beyond all.

Fiction and Fact.

"WHENEVER I'm awake in bed,
I lie and think," TOM BOUNCER said.
To which remark the prompt reply
Was, "When you're up you think and lie."

MORAL OF THE THEATRE.

FROM the proverbial title of MR. VINING's present entertainment, joined with that of his pending revival, the Metropolitan Vestries may derive the appropriate motto, *Never too late to mend the Streets of London*.

A BAD INVESTMENT.—To buy the Honourable Member for Peterborough at his own WHALLEY-ation, and sell him at your own.



AN ARREST IN ERROR.

THE OTHER DAY, LITTLE MULROONEY WAS TAKING HOME SOME PROPERTIES HE HAD BORROWED TO PAINT IN HIS ACADEMY PICTURE, "THE MOSSTROOPER'S RETREAT," AND IT HAPPENED THAT AT THIS VERY TIME THE POLICE RECEIVED INFORMATION OF SOME SORT OR OTHER. CONSEQUENCE WAS—

"ARREST OF ANOTHER DESPERATE FENIAN CENTRE, ARMED TO THE TEETH, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD !!!"

GOODY TWO-SHOES TO THE GOSSIPS.

ON THE NEW-BORN BABE.

WELL, it has seen the light at last, so now then welcome, little stranger.

The mother through a trial's past, and not by no means out of danger ;
Though she, by what accounts they give, 's as well as is to be expected.
But is it likely for to live ?—that 's where my question is directed.

What sort of features it has got, wants more attention to decide it.
Will it go into a quart-pot, and that be room enough to hide it ?
Excep the big one fust of all, poor mites and mossels was them t'others,
As never grow'd. Is this as small and piney-whiney as its brothers ?

I know'd what they was, and I said to MRS. JONES, "Ah! MRS. JONES, Mum,"

Says I, "No sitchlike shrimps and shreds as they won't never make old bones, Mum ;"

And, MRS. JONES, I'll undertake she's ekal to the sitchuation—

Says, "Mum, I never heer'd you make a truer spoken hobserwation."

The Doctor talks so round-about, and also lookin' so mysterus,
That what he says one can't make out, he seems as if he didn't hear us ;
If he would tell us all he thought we then should be in a condition :
But if a weasel's to be caught asleep, so is that there Physician !

Well, there, we soon shall know the wust, and what 's the hopes for little ducky.

But much depends on how they're nussed ; who knows but this one may be lucky ?

Things takes so long in that there House, 'tis talk, talk, talk, and dawdle, dawdle.

Ah, drat 'em ! Will it live or no ? Well, 'spose we drinks its 'elth in caudle !

COURT NEWS OF THE FUTURE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON and his Court listened a few weeks ago with delight to the somewhat broad songs of MDLLE. THERESA, a comic singer at the Parisian *Cafés Chantants*. Englishmen would be rather astonished if H.R.H. should follow this Imperial example. Shall we read in the *Court Circular*, after the list of the diners, who were honoured, &c., &c., that "The Great STEAD" was present by command, and sang his inimitable *Cure*. Their Royal Highnesses appeared delighted with his performance, and applauded the talented *artiste* to the echo. A similar honour was paid to MISS LEARY SMILER, known at the Islington Harmonic Hall as "*The Merriest Girl that's out*," who sang the ever popular "*Slap bang, here we are again*," calling upon the august assembly to join in the chorus ; of which invitation H.R.H. was graciously pleased to intimate his acceptance. The message was conveyed to the fair *cantatrice* by an Equerry in Waiting, and at a given signal the whole party broke into a fairly harmonised refrain. The effect was most striking. Our reporter, who was handing the ices, was affected to tears.

The following songs were encored :—"The dark girl dressed in mauve," "Oh, she is such a nice young gal," and "The Costermonger's Daughter, or Don't tickle me, Jeremy Tweezer." The Queen's Private Band was in attendance, with some old melodies of MOZART and ROSSINI, &c., but was not called upon to perform.

Hard Upon Us.

"A work has just appeared by MADAME AUDOUARD, *Guerre aux Hommes*, the object of which is to prove that men are not so intelligent as women."

RATHER needless isn't this ? Does not woman's position prove it. Is not man her slave ? The rider in *Æsop's* fable might as well have written "*Guerre aux Chevaux*," to show that the horse is not so intelligent as the man who has mastered him. Are you not a little ungenerous, MADAME AUDOUARD ?



THE GOSSIPS.

CHORUS OF GOSSIPS. "DO YOU THINK IT WILL LIVE?"



EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. GOODCHILD, whom you may recollect as giving those charmingly instructive juvenile parties years and years ago, went with us the other evening to hear MR. PHELPS in *Richelieu* at Drury Lane. Having wrapped ourselves up very carefully, on account of the draught in the stalls, we regretted to one another that we were unable to obtain railway rugs and hot-water bottles from the attendants, who might make small fortunes by accepting remuneration for the loan of these articles. We hope to see a notice to the effect that "opera-glasses, hot-water bottles, programmes, and railway rugs can be obtained on application to the box-keeper."

We thought everyone knew all about *Richelieu*. If MR. GOODCHILD is correct in his report, we were wrong. He depones to the following dialogue:—

SCENE—Stalls in Drury Lane Theatre. Time—after Seven.

Newly-married Wife (to newly-married Husband, who, she supposes, knows everything). JOHN, who wrote this *Richelieu*?

Newly-married Husband (rather startled by this sudden search after knowledge). Who wrote *Richelieu*? (Feels that if he hasn't an answer ready, his authority is in danger.) Who— (Wife is about to repeat the question, when her Husband takes advantage of a movement on the stage to check her inquiries by saying, in a whisper) Ssssssh! I'll tell you presently.

[*Young Wife's* attention is hereby directed to the stage, and *Newly-married Gentleman* obtains a respite.

Young Lady (of High Church tendencies, to her sister). He was a Cardinal (alluding to MR. PHELPS). I wish the BISHOP OF OXFORD was dressed like that. Wouldn't it be grand?

Sister (argumentative young lady). But RICHELIEU wasn't a bishop.

First Young Lady. Oh yes, he was. (To UNCLE GEORGE, who in another two minutes would have been asleep). Wasn't he, Uncle?

Uncle George. Eh, my dear? What? Eh?

[*Inclines his ear to his niece, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the stage at the same time, in case she may ask him about what's going on.*

First Young Lady. RICHELIEU was a bishop, wasn't he?

Uncle George (who up to this moment has not considered the subject). Oh, yes, he was a—at least he wasn't exactly what we call a bishop—he was a (pulls himself together with a strong effort, and calls to mind a history of England, with pictures, that he used to read when a boy)—a Prime Minister.

First Young Lady (surprised, but glad to exhibit her knowledge of these subjects). Oh, like LORD JOHN RUSSELL?

Uncle George (finds that he "really has quite forgotten his history"). No—no—no—(taking refuge under the show of promoting instruction, with good-humoured severity). You ought to read it. You ought to read it.

First Young Lady. What, uncle?

Uncle George (who would like to answer "books" generally, replies hurriedly). The history of—

[*Shakes his head at the two girls, as much as to say, "You're interrupting the performance;" frowns at the stage, smiles, and says "Ssssssh!" The nieces determine to have it out afterwards.*

Critical Young Gentleman ("reading law" in the Temple). I enjoy seeing SHAKSPEARE.

Charles, his friend (a drawing-room amateur). Yes; but this isn't SHAKSPEARE.

Critical Young Gentleman (apparently amused at his own ignorance). That's funny. I always thought it was SHAKSPEARE'S.

[Refers to his bill, and finds that he's been looking at a prospective advertisement of "Shylock."

Charles, his friend (who has no bill to refer to). Did you? (Thinks it, on the whole, as well to change the subject.) Have you seen the pantomime here?

Critical Young Gentleman. No. But that's very odd about SHAKSPEARE. I wonder how I got that into my head. Of course, it's by—

[Thinks of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, but his friend gives him no assistance.

Man in the Pit, close behind. Ssssssh!

[CHARLES, his friend, blesses *Man in the Pit*. *Critical Young Gentleman* looks round defiantly at *Man in the Pit*; *Man in the Pit* cracks a nut, and the piece proceeds.

Theatrical person with an order, and a stout lady (in Dress Circle). PHELPS is very good in this.

Stout Lady. He looks exactly like—Lor', what's his name?—Bel-demonio—

Theatrical Person. Oh, FECHTER, not a bit—

Stout Lady (annoyed). Not FECHTER—Lor' no. The old Cardinal in that. He's the same, isn't he?

Theatrical Person. No (puzzled)—yes—at least it's the same time. But his name was—dear me—(thinks)—

Stout Lady. FIFTUS something—FIFTUS THE SIXTH.

Theatrical Person (right at last). No, no, you mean SIXTUS THE FIFTH. (Loudly, for the information of the audience). Yes, Sixty-Six. I mean SIXTUS THE SIXTH—no, FIFTH—same time as RICHELIEU.

Audience (to *Theatrical Person*). Ssssssssh!

[*Theatrical Person* pities them, and holds his tongue.

[At the end of Act I., the Newly-married Gentleman has discovered, from his bill, that RICHELIEU lived in the time of LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH. This, in a weak moment, he communicates to his wife.]

Newly-married Young Lady. Oh, yes, dear, I see. But I always confused him with MAZARIN. (*Newly-married Gentleman* smiles feebly, and wishes he hadn't spoken.) Was MAZARIN after or before RICHELIEU?

Newly-married Young Gentleman. Oh! he was—er—(looks at nothing through his opera-glasses)—he was—(stands up in the Stalls to give himself time)—oh (boldly)—he was after—yes, after RICHELIEU. (Uses opera-glasses vaguely.)

First Swell (who has come in during the first Act, to his friend). Doosid handsome dressing-gown the old boy (meaning MR. PHELPS) had on. Eh?

Second Swell. Yaas; turned up with fur. Think I shall have one made like it.

First Swell (languidly). What's the story of this thing, eh?

Second Swell (not to be outdone). Oh, I don't know. Can't say much for the gals in it, eh? [Looks about.

Elderly Gentleman from the Country (in the Pit, with a last week's bill of the "Merchant of Venice," bought outside the Theatre). Capital! First-rate! (At supper he tells his friends how delighted he's been with MR. PHELPS as Shylock.)

My friend MR. GOODCHILD had, up to this time, been rejoicing in the returning taste for the legitimate, he now thinks "the public want instruction, Sir." We also visited *She Stoops to Conquer*. I will tell you what we heard there another time. MISS HERBERT does well to revive old comedies: but it was a pity to stop the *School for Scandal*. MISS HERBERT'S *Lady Teazle* is the nearest thing to perfection in the way of acting; but *Miss Hardcastle* is not in her line. Seriously, I am sure that MISS HERBERT could play *Lady Macbeth*; but then comes the cast. As the Manageress, however, has surmounted all sorts of difficulties in placing GOLDSMITH and SHERIDAN on the stage, irrespective of her materials, why not proceed in the same way with the immortal WILLIAM. Allow me to suggest a cast for *Macbeth* at the St. James's, supposing that MISS HERBERT plays the *Thane's* wife.

To ensure every character being well filled, each actor should consent to "double," i.e., take two parts, instead of leaving the second best to inferior artists. In this way *Macbeth* would be invested with a new interest, as a species of Shakspearian entertainment.

MACBETH.

(With probable Cast at the St. James's.)

DUNCAN, and First Witch	MR. ROBSON.
MALCOLM, Second Witch, and Ghost of Banquo	MR. CLAYTON.
DONALBAIN, and Third Witch	MR. CHARLES.
MACBETH	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS.
BANQUO, 1st Murderer, and an Apparition Physician, MACDUFF, and the Armed Head in the Cauldron	MR. SANGER.
Gentlewoman, HECATE, LADY MACDUFF	MR. WALTER LACY.
	MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS.

I venture to say that this would draw all London.

AIRING A JEWEL.

THE *Oswestry Advertiser* is a very excellent paper, and in a general way we are above grudging a piece of good luck to a respectable and talented contemporary. But we think it a little hard that such a gem as the following should be sent for circulation in the kingdom of the late KING OSWALD, instead of being forwarded to us. Especially as the editor of the Shropshire paper evidently does not appreciate the exquisite beauty of the lyric; and inserts it with a bit of good-natured sarcasm. We, on the contrary, transfer it to our columns, (for which it evidently was intended) with an unhesitating expression of admiration. We venture, as it is unchristened, to call it, after BURNS,

LAMENT OF THE OWNER OF STOTS AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

"SPRING, tarry awhile, or thy flowers will be
Blighted and crossed, then they'll shiver and die;
The times (not the grounds) are too hard, you will see,
Flowers should not bloom when farmers could cry.

"But if thou wilt come now, oh, bring better days,
Flowers are no balm for the farmer's pains;
Can buttercups and daisies meet all his pays?
When he's nothing to graze, is grass any gains."



IM-PERTINENT.

Stout Gent (naturally suspicious of the Street Boy). "GE' OUT O' MY WAY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

Street Boy. "VICH VAY ROUND, GOV'NOUR?"

CURIOSITIES FROM THE CLOUDS.

IN a letter to the *Times* MR. G. J. SYMONDS, the other day, described a meteorological phenomenon, that has usually occurred in March of late years, consisting in the fall of "water in a semi-solid state far denser than snow, and yet not hail nor ice," formed in masses, which he calls "natural snowballs." On this curious phenomenon, MR. SYMONDS remarks, "It may prove illusory at last; but when a phenomenon occurs on the same day, seven years out of ten, I think it wants watching." Certainly.

Shall we say, Sir, that these natural snowballs are *lusus naturæ*? Why, yes—if nature is accustomed to play at snowballing. But there are facts which warrant us in assigning these snowballs, by MR. SYMONDS, termed natural, to an origin which he and other scientific meteorologists have no idea of.

There is no reason to doubt that some, if not most, of the many accounts recorded of showers of frogs and fishes, and red rain, said to consist of small fungi, are true. Let those who will account for these wonders by the supposition of water-spouts. Will water-spouts serve to account for aërolites?

Only the other day, Sir, a number of these last-named things, about which all we know is that they tumble out of the sky, was exhibited on the occasion of a *conversazione* at the house of a distinguished *savant*. They consisted of metallic and other matters, cemented together by a peaty substance miscible with water; so that, if they had remained on the spot, near Montauban in France, where they were found, they would very soon have been washed clean away. Consequently they were of a comparatively soft consistence. Therefore, if they had tumbled from the moon, or the interplanetary spaces, as aërolites are supposed to do, they would have been dashed all to atoms. But their size was considerable, and they were warm when they were picked up. Yet their warmth could not have been caused by the velocity of their fall through the atmosphere from a height of many thousands of miles, because then, if they had not been utterly smashed, they would have buried themselves in the earth. Where, then, did they come from?

THE POPE'S OWN BRIGADE.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Débats* the POPE's old soldiers are greatly disgusted with his Holiness's new army, consisting of recruits from France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, of the class, loafer, whose appearance, language, and manners "indicate that they belong to the very lowest classes of society":—

"They are disliked not only by the people but by the military themselves; and there has already arisen in the Papal barracks more than one quarrel between the old soldiers and their new comrades. The Zouaves especially are humiliated by the strange companions imposed upon them; for this aristocratic corps, composed originally of the flower of the Franco-Belgian gentry, is animated by really chivalrous sentiments."

The army of the POPE is otherwise called the Pontifical legion. His new army, perhaps, will be well so called. It seems to consist of soldiers of whom you may say that their name is legion. The POPE's Own may be regarded as a denomination convertible with a synonym for the Inns of Court Volunteers. They may also be considered to bear a strong resemblance to *Falstaff's* ragged regiment. Pro Nono surely would be ashamed to march through Coventry with them, if Coventry lay in his way. No wonder that any decent soldiers are disgusted with such comrades. Quartered with a rabblement of tag-rag-and-bobtail, the chivalrous and enthusiastic Papal Zouaves, as many of them as have read, and are versed in SHAKESPEARE, are now prepared to answer the conundrum, that might be proposed to them, "Why is Popery like misery?" Their reply, of course, would be, "Because it acquaints men with strange bedfellows."

A Bad Note from the Crystal Palace.

MR. SULLIVAN's new symphony played last Saturday at the Crystal Palace was, we are informed, "inspired by a study of OSSIAN." This has misled many people, who think that its general idea must necessarily be equestrian, because suggested by the poems of an 'Ossy 'un.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Examiner (to Scotch boy in Free School). Where is the village of Drum?

Scotch Boy (readily). In the County of Fife.

[Prize given.]

Not very far, Sir, depend upon it, from over our heads. Not so far as to be out of the reach of a tolerably bold climbing boy. The place whence they came will be found out some day. Meteorologists, after all, will, as they have been warned before, have to go back to that ladder of ascent to the higher regions which was once afforded to an adventurous youth by a wonderful bean stalk. There they will find where dwelt the little fishes, and frogs, and fungi that occasionally descend to the nether earth in showers. There they will see the clods of baked earth pitched over to be taken for meteoric stones. And there they will discover the true source of the snowballs imagined by MR. SYMONDS to be natural. Your men of science, Sir, will learn, to their confusion, that those objects are moulded by fairy hands. They will behold the little elves at play, snowballing, on certain holidays in March, when some of the missiles with which they pelt one another, falling out of bounds, come down hither in the shape of those masses of snow described as above by MR. G. J. SYMONDS, but properly called not natural, but supernatural, snowballs. Need I say that I am in sober earnest

A SPIRITUALIST.

Harebrain Villa, March, 1866.

* * * Our correspondent's is an extreme case. He will find a strait-waistcoat, which may be needful, left for him at the Office.

How to Get Rid of a Difficulty.

IRELAND is a difficulty. The Island of Heligoland is being, we are informed, slowly eaten up by the Governor's rabbits. *Ireland is an Island: can't the Lord Lieutenant keep rabbits?* Aha! Have I touched you nearly?

ECCLESIASTICAL.

To Correspondents.—No, there is no Saint in the Calendar called St. Pancakes.

What Matins ought to be used in Chapels? asks HICHURCHICUS ANGELICANUS. The use of London is Cocoa-fibre mattins!



TWO MAY BE COMPANY, THREE ARE NONE.

EMILY AND FRED HAVE ARRANGED TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER, PART OF THE WAY.

Polite Guard cuts in (supposing E. unprotected). "THERE'S A LADY IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE, MISS."

[E. doesn't seem to see it.]

ANOTHER DROP FOR THE DRAMA.

WITH exquisite good taste a highly enterprising Manager engaged "a few of the survivors" who were rescued from the *London*, and has been paying them to appear every evening at his theatre, as a prelude to the gambols of Pantaloon and Clown. With a similar high notion of the duties of men catering to entertain the public, another enterprising Manager has hired "kind old DADDY," late of Lambeth Workhouse, to exhibit himself nightly in a new sensation drama, called *The Casual Ward*. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," when it is utilised in this way for dramatic exhibition; and flourishing indeed is the condition of the drama, when such magnets are deemed requisite to make a play attractive, and to draw a decent house.

In putting plays upon the stage, some of our Managers of late have greatly studied the realities, introducing real gas-lamps to illumine a street scene, and cascades of real water in lieu of simple paint. This mania for realities appears to be extending, and real persons are exhibited as well as real things. A murderer's "real gig" was once announced as an attraction, and perhaps we soon may see a real murderer on the stage, and be told he has been respited in order to appear there for a few more extra nights. Or haply a sensation play may be produced, with a real gang of housebreakers engaged expressly to perform in it, and a real safe provided to be broken open nightly by "the Alderman" and other lawful implements in vogue.

If the horrors of the casual ward be thought a fitting subject for dramatic exhibition, perhaps we soon may see a drama called *The Union Infirmary*, with a score of real paupers all lying really ill. Or a sensation scene of surgery perhaps might prove attractive, and a real leg or arm be amputated nightly, before a crowded house. The exquisite good taste which led a Manager to hire some rescued sailors for his stage, and turn the terrors of a shipwreck to theatrical account, perhaps may set the fashion for founding a new drama on any terrible disaster that the newspapers record. Playgoers will thus become familiarised with horrors, which they read of with dismay; and to some minds a

calamity may fail to cause regret, on the ground of its affording a good subject for the stage. No doubt but the Cattle Plague may somehow soon be turned to some theatrical account. To please the Cockney playgoer, real cows might be exhibited, and real cow-doctors employed to wrangle and dispute. The audience in this way might be readily prepared for a strong sensation scene, wherein a real pole-axe might make a real hit. The band might then strike up the tune the old cow died of (whatever that may be); and, as a touching climax, a "few of the survivors" might slowly stalk across the stage.

LAW AND POLICE.

A CABMAN being haled before the sitting Magistrate for assaulting a passenger, defended himself by saying that he always pursued this course on principle. In reply to a question from the Bench, as to what principle was involved, he said, "None but the brave deserve the fare." The Magistrate said he was fond of boxing himself. The *Plaintiff* was consequently fined five shillings, and the Cabman left the Court with his friends.

At the Old Bailey, SNOOKS, the Editor of the *Skating Mercury*, was indicted for libelling JONES, an actor. SNOOKS pleaded guilty, and apologised. The learned Judge said, that, after all, this was only a metaphysical question. SNOOKS had undoubtedly libelled JONES most grossly, and most indefensibly. But he (the learned Judge) was fond of skating himself, and therefore, as imprisonment would deprive a very admirable skater of a great deal of amusement if the frost lasted, he would sentence him to be fined.

The *Prisoner* hoped that his Lordship wouldn't make the fine too heavy.

The *Learned Judge*. Oh, no! You've only libelled an actor, and, as I am very fond of skating, we'll say £10, eh? Come, £10 won't hurt you.

The *Prisoner* thought that perhaps that sum wouldn't hurt him very much. The case was then concluded amicably.

THE SPHINX.

I THINK STODARE'S trick of the Sphinx, *i.e.*,

I thinks
The Sphinx,
Who winks
And blinks

in his box, one of the best tricks (I wish it was *tricks* for the sake of the rhyme) I've seen for many a day. I'm all the more ready to appreciate it, because I've found out how it's done, or rather, I *did* find out how it was done, only to discover more clearly how I had been done afterwards. Some people say it's done by reflectors. Oho! says I. Some that it's the drapery. Oho! says I, again. Some that it's animal magnetism. Is it? says I; but I won't tell, no, not a word. Howbeit, I discovered the trick—that is, I discovered how I could do it, and all I have to say is, that if COLONEL STODARE'S illusion is not managed better than I took it to be, he is, of all his audience, the most deceived. Sir, I determined, having made my discovery, that I would achieve a fortune. I wanted only a table, a box, curtains, a man, some one to play the piano, and the thing was done. I would go into the country and anticipate the Colonel's provincial tour. On my head, or rather on my Sphinx, be it! So, Sir, having collected sufficient funds to defray my preliminary expenses, I made my first appearance on any boards, not a hundred miles from town, as the proprietor of a new Egyptian Sphinx. I do not mind giving an idea of my plan. It was simple; all great ideas are. There was a box with a hole in it: into this hole, the man, made up like a Sphinx, had to thrust his head: he was concealed from sight by drapery, artfully arranged behind the table. I taught my man a speech about the oracles of Egypt, and on the eventful day begged him to dine as early as possible, so as to have his head quite cool for the evening's performance. He seemed a good honest sort of fellow (confound him!), and informed me that he was a distinguished member of a Temperance Society. He added that he generally drank water, which I subsequently ascertained to be a qualified truth. Upon his earnest representation that five shillings would make him a respectable man in the matter of boots and a shirt in his uncle's keeping, I gave him that sum on the morning of the day.

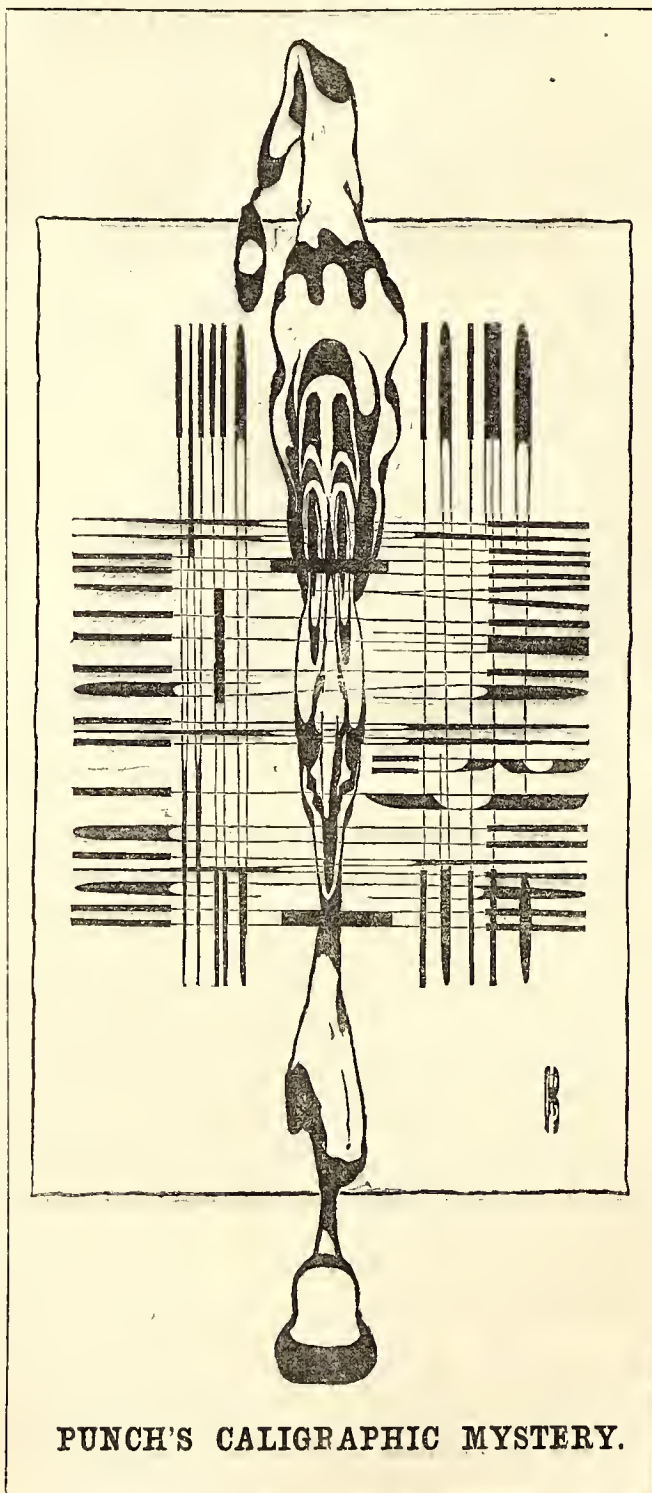
Eight o'clock came, and there was a tremendous house to see the Sphinx. For the most part, it did not represent money, but influence; and I was satisfied.

The dresser, who was to paint my Sphinx, had arrived; but the Sphinx-man himself had not yet appeared. This did not cause me very much anxiety, because, besides my implicit trust in his respectability and punctuality, I knew that he had undertaken to see after the lights and various little matters in front, while I was going through part the first, consisting of simple conjuring.

Part one was soon finished. The inexhaustible hat had come suddenly to an end, the magic plant refused to grow, and I had twice turned a laugh against myself, by failing to discover a card which I thought I had forced somebody to draw. I had also broken somebody's watch (value, *he* said, twenty guineas), in endeavouring to do the trick of finding the repeater in the loaf of ordinary household bread. With these trifling exceptions (I also lost a lady's diamond ring, and couldn't get the infernal cannon ball into the hat), everything had gone off very fairly. Sir, ten minutes were allowed for refreshment, and I retired: retired, Sir, to find my honest fellow, my Temperance villain, offering to fight the dresser, and refusing to put his confounded head into the box under eighteenpence more than his original terms. I saw that he was under the influence of liquor, and agreed to his exorbitant demands, with a firm determination of sending him about his business

on the morrow. He was pacified, and in three minutes more I was on the stage, prefacing the Great Sphinx trick of the evening.

I exhibited the box, showing that there was no deception. Judge, Sir, my horror when, on returning to place it on the table, I heard a voice—my man's—saying, hoarsely, in a bullying tone, through the drapery, "Two shillings more, guv'nor." I whispered—whispered! ha, ha! I hissed—"Yes," adding "be quiet, *bless* you," through my clenched teeth. I trembled. I hesitated. The audience applauded. "Come, desperation," said I to myself, "lend thy furious hold," and I opened the box. There was my Sphinx. Perfect. Admirable. Great applause. I began to explain him; he had been quiet for a few seconds only, confused by the glare and the audience: but no sooner did I begin to speak, than he objected to stop in that position any longer, and asserted that somebody behind was tickling his legs. I tried to laugh it off; but, with several horrible oaths, he announced his resolution (in strong Irish) of not stopping there any more under five shillings down. "Sure," cried some ruffianly accomplice in the back seats, "'tis TIM FOGHARTY, divil a less." "Ye lie, yer thief," says my Sphinx, and out he came with the box on his head, daring any one to tread on the tail of his coat. The ladies, screamed, the gentlemen struggled, I called for the police, they came and removed the Sphinx and *me*. The discovery of COLONEL STODARE'S trick has cost me nearly one hundred pounds. And, Sir, I found out that that unprincipled villain of a dresser had had a quarrel with my Temperance man over their cups, and *did* tickle the Sphinx's legs with his camel's hair brush.



PUNCH'S CALIGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

LADIES' PIGTAILS IN A LUMP.

MR. PUNCH,

MASTERS of Workhouses, Prison Turnkeys, and Warders of Lunatic Asylums, must be deriving some income now from the County Crop and Union Crop reaped from the heads of female convicts and paupers, and the locks shorn from those of lunatics of the softer sex. All that hair is doubtless the perquisite of those persons, and fetches a high price, being wanted for the manufacture of chignons.

I dare say, Sir, many of your fair and youthful readers will laugh heartily when they imagine the sources whence their chignons have been derived.

A chignon, however, is not necessarily a laughing matter. Goddesses and heroines are represented by ancient sculptors as wearing chignons. But the chignon of the antique is a natural chignon. It is not at all funny. It is an excess of hair arranged in a graceful form. The modern chignon, even if natural, is an excess of hair arranged in a grotesque form. The ancient and natural chignon was a device for disposing of a superfluity with elegance.

The modern and artificial chignon is the ludicrous imitation of a superfluity, justifiable by no rule of taste, except by the necessity of concealing a large wen, or other excrescence.

The mind that dictates female fashions must be extremely unintelligent and utterly devoid of all idea of principle in art. Little better can be said of the creatures that accept and acquiesce in all those fashions without regard to their absurdity. Amongst young ladies they, however, constitute, of course, a very small minority. By far the greater number go about groaning under the tyranny of fashion, and disgusted with the ridiculous things which its incomprehensible despotism compels them to wear. Their sighs blend with those of their sorrowing censor,

CRABWOOD SOWERBY.

Furzebloom Cottage, March, 1866.



DINING OUT IN A HUNTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

First Foxhunter. "THAT WAS A FINE 40 MINUTES YESTERDAY?"

Second Ditto. "YES; DIDN'T SEEM SO LONG, EITHER!"

[Curate is puzzled, and wonders—do they allude to his lecture in the School-room?]

ENTOMOLOGICAL JOURNALISM.

SUCCESS to the new publication named in the ensuing paragraph extracted from a contemporary:—

"SUBURBAN LITERATURE.—Last week there appeared an addition to our weekly literature, the suburban village of Hornsey having put forth a periodical which is to remedy all local abuses and supply all local wants. The name chosen is the *Hornsey Hornet*, and the profits are to be devoted to the relief of the village newsman, named KNIGHT, who lost his sight while working as a compositor."

The appearance of the *Hornsey Hornet* will doubtless be the signal for the outcoming of other kindred and alliterative insects in the neighbourhood of London. We may expect soon to see a *Hampstead Humble Bee*, and a *Wimbledon Wasp*. All these, of course, will be satirical papers, and regular stingers, to which, perhaps, the *Woolwich Working Bee* will be added, to be followed, possibly, by the *Dulwich Drone*. From the *Bees* suburban journalism will next perhaps go for nomenclature to some of the other *Lepidoptera*, and start a *Brixton Blowfly*, in the interest of the butchers, to keep up the price of meat. Then the *Coleoptera* may come in for their turn under the title of a *Kensington Cockchafer* or *Barnes Beetle*. The *Articulata* perchance will also be represented by a *Sidnam Spider*, a *Surbiton Scorpion*, and a *Clapham Cricket*. To pursue this train of thought much farther would be to descend to a depth of insect life of a degree too low to be suitable to the refinement of any reader except an enthusiastic entomologist. The condition requisite for the success of any new journal is that it shall supply some want. The *Hornsey Hornet* is calculated to do this. We trust that the issue of the *Hornsey Hornet* will raise a hornet's nest of subscribers around the head of MR. KNIGHT, the newsman, who lost his sight in fighting life's battle in the ranks of the Press.

THE COMING BOAT RACE.

ATTEND, all ye who wish to see the names of each stout crew,
Who've come to town, from cap and gown, to fight for their fav'rite
blue.

OXFORD.

First TOTTENHAM comes, a well-known name, that cattle-driving Cox'en,
Who oft to victory has steer'd his gallant team of Oxon.
O'er Putney's course so well can he that team in safety goad,
That we ought to call old Father Thames the Oxford-Tottenham Road.
Then comes the stroke, a mariner of merit and renown;
Since dark blue are his colours, he can never be dun-brown.
Ye who would at your leisure his heroic deeds peruse,
Go, read *Tom Brown at Oxford* by his namesake, THOMAS HUGHES.
Next SENHOUSE, short for Senate-house, but long enough for seven,
Shall to the eight-oar'd ship impart a *sen-at-orial* leaven.
Then Number Six (no truer word was ever said in joke)
In keeping with his name of WOOD, has heart and limbs of oak.
The voice of all aquatic men the praise of "Five" proclaims;
No finer sight, can eye delight, than "HENLEY-upon-Thames."
Then Number Four, no better oar, is sure to turn out game;
His heart's true blue, and "pulls it through," though WILLAN* is his
name.

Then FREEMAN rows at Number Three, in a free and manly style;
No finer oar was e'er produced by the Tiber, Thames, or Nile.
Let politicians, if they please, rob freemen of their vote,
Provided they leave Oxford men a FREEMAN for their boat.
Among the crowd of oarsmen proud, no name will fame shout louder
Than his who sits at Number Two, the straight and upright CROWDER.
Then RAIKES rows bow, and we must allow that with all the weight
that's aft,

The bow-oar gives a rakish air to the bows o' the dark blue craft.
This is the crew, who've donned dark blue, and no stouter team of Oxon,
Has ploughed the waves of Old Father Thames, or owned a better Cox'en.

CAMBRIDGE.

Now, don't refuse, Aquatic Muse, the glories to rehearse
Of the rival crew, who've donned light blue, to row for better for worse.
They've lost their luck, but retain their pluck, and whate'er their fate
may be,

* Cf. *Pickwick*. "Here I am, but I hain't a willan."—FAT BOY.

Light blue may meet one more defeat, but disgrace they ne'er will see.
We've seen them row, thro' sleet and snow, till they sank—"merses
profundo"

(HORACE forgive me!) "*pulchrior Cami evenit arundo.*"

First little FORBES, our praise absorbs, he comes from a learned College,
So Cambridge hopes, he will pull his ropes, with scientific knowledge.
May he shun the charge, of swinging barge, more straight than an
archer's arrow,

May he steer his eight, as he sits sedate, in the stern of his vessel narrow!
Then comes the stroke, with a heart of oak, who has stood to his flag
like twenty,

While some stood aloof, and were not proof against "*dolce far niente.*"
So let us pray that GRIFFITHS may to the banks of Cam recall,
The swing and style, lost for a while, since the days of JONES and HALL.
Then WATNEY comes, and a pluckier seven ne'er rowed in a Cambridge
crew;

His long straight swing, is just the thing, which an oarsman loves to
view.

Then comes KINGLAKE, of a massive make, who in spite of failures past,
Like a sailor true, has nailed light-blue, as his colours to the mast.
The Consul bold, in days of old, was thanked by the Patres hoary,
When, in spite of luck, he displayed his pluck on the field of Cannæ gory;
So whate'er the fate of the Cambridge eight, let Cambridge men agree,
Their voice to raise, in their Captain's praise, with thrice and three
times three.

The Number Five is all alive, and for hard work always ready,
As to and fro his broad back doth go, like a pendulum strong and steady.
Then FORTESCUE doth "pull it through" without delay or dawdlin';
Right proud I trow as they see him row are the merry men of Magdalen.
Then comes a name well known to fame, the great and gallant BURKE;
Who ne'er was known fatigue to own, or to neglect his work.
New zeal and life to each new stroke stout SELWYN doth impart.
And ever with fresh vigour, like Antæus, forward start.
Then, last of all in danger's hour, to row the boat along,
They've got a bow whom all allow to be both STILL and strong.
No crew can quail, or ever fail, to labour with a will,
When so much strength and spirits are supplied them by their STILL.

We've done our task—to you who ask the probable result,
We more will speak, if you next week our Prophet will consult.

PUNCH'S PROPHET.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



XYLANDER states that indigence made him undergo several discomforts. Had *Mr. Punch* lived in the times of the learned Augsburger, the former would have had pleasure in assisting the latter, but you see XYLANDER was born on the 26th of December, 1532, whereas *Mr. Punch* is writing of the 12th of March, 1866 (*Monday*), when at a quarter to five o'clock, MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose to introduce the Reform Bill.

And what EARL RUSSELL's Government offers in the way of amendment

of the Representation (of England and Wales only) is this:—

The County Franchise to be reduced from £50 to £14.

The Borough Franchise to be reduced from £10 to £7.

A Fancy Franchise, giving a vote to any person who has had £50 in the Savings' Bank for two years.

A vote to a Compound Householder whose holding is worth £10 a-year.

A vote to Lodgers who pay £10 a-year.

Abolition of the law that rates must be paid before voting.

Disfranchisement of the men in the Dockyards.

And these changes, and some smaller ones, with which *Mr. Punch* need not trouble the Households, are expected to result in the adding 400,000 persons, chiefly of the Working Class, to the present number of electors, which MR. GLADSTONE estimates at 900,000.

Thoroughly to understand what would be the operation of the proposals, Materfamilias (who is more interested in the matter than she thinks, for does not Parliament impose the Taxes?) should know that the figures, which have been carefully collected by the Government, show that at present the Working Class, which has been raising itself, and which continues to raise itself, by honourable industry and frugality to the franchise, has already rather more than a Quarter of the representation, the rest being divided among tradesmen, merchants, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, bankers, landowners, fundholders, and what are termed the Educated Classes generally. The real question before the nation now is, whether it is desirable to accelerate the process which admits the Working Man, and to lower the franchise to him, instead of encouraging him to rise to it. The passing the proposed Bill would raise the number of Working Men with votes to about 330,000.

There, Materfamilias, is the question, impartially stated, and you may make up your own mind on the subject. *Mr. Punch* will now give you a brief account of the Two Nights' Debates.

MR. GLADSTONE is a great orator, and when on a subject that suits him there is no man whose eloquence is more ornate or impressive. To-night his speech, which occupied nearly two hours and a half, was anything but an oration. It was not that the elaborate details into which he had to enter were too small and prosaic for effect. In his Budget speeches, he deals with much smaller things, and lights them up with flashes of wit, or with fortunate allusions. *Mr. Punch* sat very close to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (he proves it by saying that MR. G.'s first bang on the table was at the word "mis-spent"—now?), marked his brother statesman with respectful attention, and came away with the conviction that MR. G. had not put his heart into his work. He began in a grave and elevated tone, yet the House was not impressed, but broke into an instant laugh when he made a slip, which amounted to a bull, and spoke of a certain occasion in which "every other speaker approved, or was silent." "Are you bringing in the Irish Reform Bill first?" whispered *Mr. Punch*. "Every other usual speaker," said MR. GLADSTONE. It was a straw, which showed that the House was in a humour to chaff.

MR. GLADSTONE laboured for a long time to show that it was absolutely necessary to introduce the Bill, because so many Reform Bills had been promised and attempted. He then excused the Government for not having tried to introduce a grand general measure for settling the whole question, urging that such a measure would demand a very long series of debates, while very few nights were at the command of the Ministry. Of course he counted the nights very accurately, but such a reason seemed small and unworthy, when the magnitude of the subject was considered. But he sought to throw a qualified sop to Cerberus by hinting that if, in another Session, the other features of the question should be considered, the present Parliament was quite qualified to discuss them. The suggestion was adroit, but perhaps too adroit—at any rate, it excited no grateful response.

Then he plunged into the details with admirable lucidity, though without any

animation. *Mr. Punch* has often made honourable mention of his friend's love for Three Courses, but on this occasion he out-tripled Triplet, and calmly proposed to the Swells to do a rule-of-three sum, having for its two first terms the gross number of something, and for its third term the gross number of something, promising them as the fourth term a certain discovery. How they laughed, in frank admission of total helplessness! But nobody could misunderstand his statement, or his proposals, which *Mr. Punch* has already given. So, on went the speech, never flat, but never rising, or sparkling, and never adorned even by a quotation, until MR. GLADSTONE had recapitulated. Then he re-assumed the oratorical tone, and wound up with an allusion to the Horse of Troy, and with an eloquent appeal to the House not to regard the addition of the Working Classes to the constituency as that *monstrum infelix*,—not to say—

"Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta armis, mediæque minans illabitur urbi;"

but to welcome those classes as recruits, and thus to beget in them a new attachment to the Constitution, the Throne, and the Laws.

The Ministerial cheers had scarcely subsided, when MR. MARSH rose. He is member for Salisbury, is a Liberal, and has been an Australian legislator. He opposed the Bill, as leading to democracy, and he dwelt upon the corruption of democrats.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON (who was wounded at Inkermann) protested against disturbing a balance between town and country, a balance which LORD PALMERSTON had so sedulously sought to preserve.

MR. MARTIN (of Rochester, there are two Martins, and it would prevent mistake if one would call himself Swallow) objected to disfranchise the Dockmen. Newport is near a Dockyard.

SIR F. CROSSLEY spoke kindly, and supported the Bill as being as much as the country cared for at present. He thought that honesty was what was wanted in dealing with the measure.

MR. CRAWFORD, a Member for London, approved the middle course taken by Government.

MR. SERJEANT GASELEE (the Excitable Friend of PETO) protested against the Dockmen's disfranchisement. He sits for Portsmouth, where is a Dockyard.

MR. DUTTON joined in the protest. He sits for Cirencester, the pronunciation of which name in the 19th century the 21st may gather from the fact that there was a young lady of Cirencester who went to consult a solicitor, and when asked for a fee, she said fiddle-de-dee, I only came here as a visitor.

SIR HENRY HOARE approved the Bill, but would oppose it unless a solemn pledge were given for a re-distribution Bill next Session. We shall note his votes in April.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, an accomplished nobleman, strongly objected to this piece of a Bill, and, though a Conservative, boldly stated that the bribery question ought to have been grappled with, for that every general election cost upwards of £2,000,000, which sum for the most part went in degrading the people with bribes. Yet MR. MILL, he well added, could be returned free of expense. *Mr. Punch* was at dinner, or would have cheered LORD ROBERT.

MR. HANBURY, of the great brewing firm, expressed his respect for the Working Class.

MR. LAING, of Wick (who was sent out to light the Indian financiers), Liberal, said that MR. GLADSTONE's able speech led to an opposite conclusion to that of MR. GLADSTONE, and that the statistics showed that the working man had already 26 per cent. of the representation, and was steadily and rapidly obtaining more. He saw much danger in the measure. Moreover, it would lower the franchise to those who had not taken pains to deserve it. LORD PALMERSTON would never have approved this Bill. Here *Mr. Punch* may interpolate the remark, that LORD PALMERSTON's name seems likely to be used for many a day as MR. PITT's was, and also in the spirit of the pure SIR GALAHAD, in the immortal poem (*vide* another page) of BRAUNIGHIRINDAS—

"Moreover—what would ARTHUR say?"

MR. BAINES supported, and believed that there was exaggeration in the calculation as to the working men.

CAPTAIN GROSVENOR's neat maiden speech was in favour of the Bill.

After which there was a brilliant display of fireworks by the celebrated artist—

MR. HORSMAN, Liberal. He delivered a long speech full of smartnesses, hitting all round his own side, specially at

MR. BRIGHT, who, he said, ruled over EARL RUSSELL, and was the presiding spirit of this movement. Read this speech, Materfamilias, if you want to enjoy artistic sarcasm. Perhaps the hit most laughed at was the comparing MR. GLADSTONE to the Amateur Casual. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had plunged into a dark muddy pool, and had been soiled and shivering in questionable company ever since. He finished with scoff at the small but noisy party which had got up the Reform question.

The debate was adjourned, but not until MR. CHILDERS had carried the Second Reading of a Bill which may be much humbler, but which may not seem so in some thoughtful men's eyes, a Bill enabling Government to lend money for improving the dwellings of the Labouring Classes.

We don't care much about election petitions. Sometimes they are the result of rage, sometimes engines of extortion, sometimes undesirable proofs that pot is as black as kettle. But a name came up as that of somebody who would not proceed with some petition, and the petitioner's name is WELLINGTON SHEGOG. We must embalm such a name, as the greatest curiosity of nomenclatural literature.

Tuesday. MR. ROBERT LOWE opened the debate, and dwelt with exceeding savageness upon the horrible character of the Lower Orders, the perfection of our present system, and the danger of disturbing it. He was utterly unjust to the class to which alone an argument on this Bill could apply. But he trumped MR. GLADSTONE's Latin very happily.

MR. VILLIERS could not agree with him, and thought that the people, properly so called, had given signal proof of their fitness for political power.

Among the speakers was MR. ARTHUR PEEL, youngest son of the SIR ROBERT. His maiden speech was for the Bill, and the House took special and kindly notice of him, as English gentlemen might have been expected to do by a son of the great Commoner. He called MR. LOWE a Goliath of Logic, and favoured him with a well-flung stone.

MR. MILLER opposed, but his speech was chiefly remarkable for its preternatural courage. He actually revived poor dear old SIBTHORPE's *Timeo Danaos*.

MR. WHITESIDE was dashing, as usual. He regretted the days when LORD PALMERSTON reigned, and everything was quiet and no nonsense.

MR. FAWCETT's speech excited much interest. It was an able plea for the Working Classes, and an endeavour to show that they would not vote *en masse*, but in divisions, like other folks. He stated, however, that they would certainly, had they been in power, have plunged us into war for Poland.

MR. BRIGHT's speech was well constructed. He had to support the Bill, but to disclaim its authorship, and rather to grumble at it as not large enough. This was managed with much tact. He then went at MESSRS. HORSMAN and LOWE with great spirit, and charged them with being discontented candidates for office, MR. HORSMAN, he said, had set up a Cave of Adullam of his own, and as for MR. LOWE he was returned by LORD LANSDOWNE, who could as easily have sent in his butler or groom. He likened their party to a Scotch terrier, so covered with hair that you could not tell head from tail. Whether you like this sort of thing or not, the trained pugilist is very good at slogging.

LORD CRANBOURNE was effective in opposition, and pathetic on the selfish and reckless egotism of EARL RUSSELL.

MR. JOHN HARDY was perhaps rather post-prandial than statesmanlike, talked about cigars, and Birmingham firearms, and things that had not a very evident connection with Reform, and then

The Reform Bill was read a First Time, and the Second Reading was fixed for the 12th April.

To this admirable compendium of the Grand Debate, we merely add that there was little else in the week. On *Wednesday* a union of Scotch and Irish Sabbatarians defeated a Bill for preventing certain Irish railway people from depriving the public of Sunday trains. On *Thursday* the Conservatives showed their strength on the Oath Bill, and numbered 222 to the 236 who rejected part of the amendment which MR. DISRAELI had been compelled, by his party, to invent. We should not have liked to see his intellectual face over such a task—*invita Minerva*. And on *Friday*, in the Lords, EARL GREY made a long speech on Ireland, and recommended the destruction of the Irish Church, and the division of her income among Episcopalians, Catholics, and Presbyterians. He was cleverly answered in a "roseate" speech by LORD DUFFERIN. The Commons talked of Woolwich and Sandhurst, and Irish riots, and voted vast sums for combative purposes.



A SKETCH AT ALDERSHOTT.

"OH, YES, DEAR, I'M QUITE SAFE! I HAVE A FIRM HOLD."

GROSS CASE OF CLEMENCY AT WINDSOR.

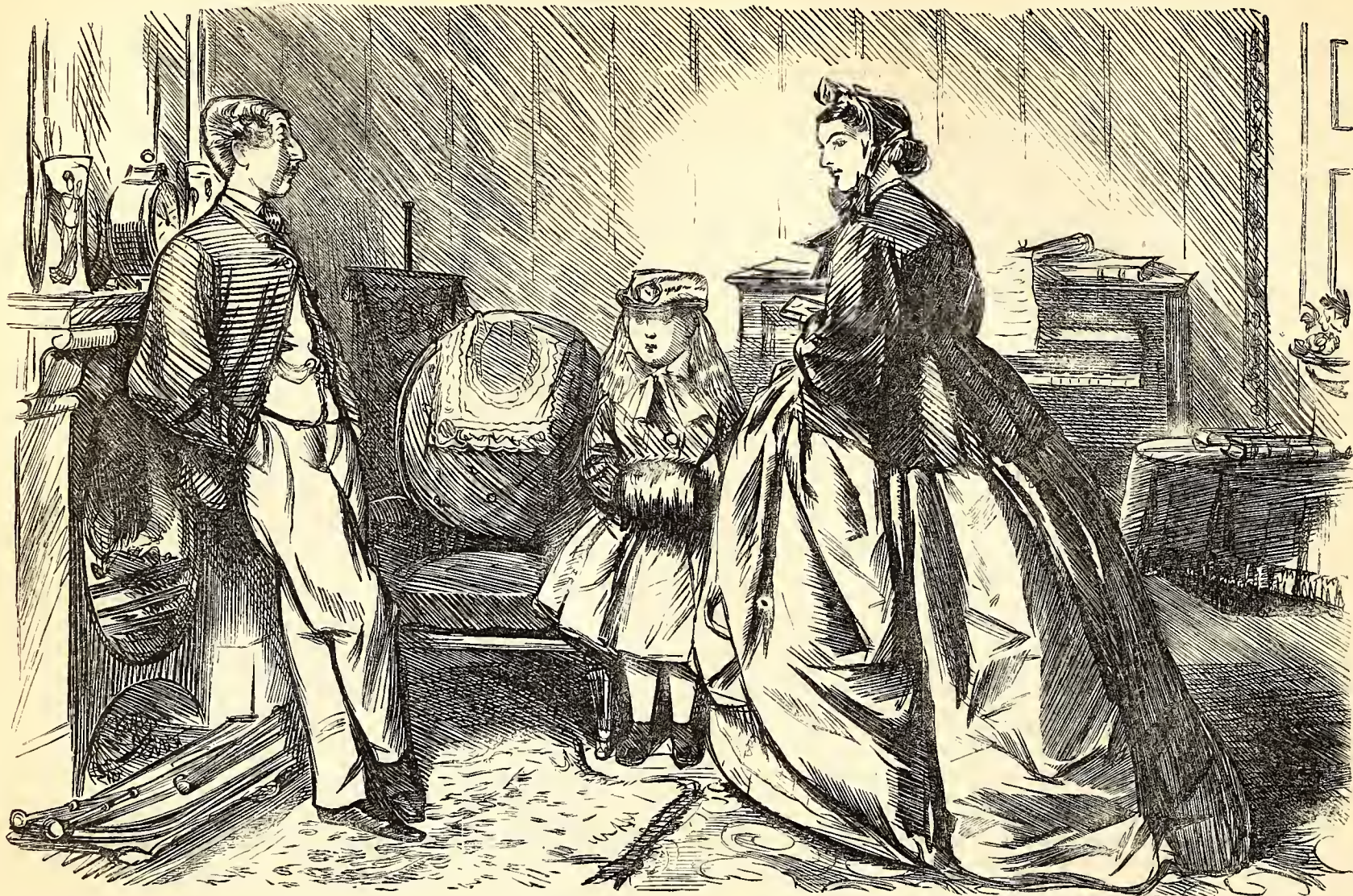
THE following case, related by the *Post*, is one which would, a few years ago, have been animadverted on by sentimental writers in language expressive of a feeling supposed to be excited in the minds of some persons by cruelty and injustice, even although the sufferers of that injustice and cruelty are other persons; a feeling which, in those years, used to be described by the single word "indignation," unexplained by the significant epithet "virtuous:"—

"A HARSH JUDGMENT.—At the last Berks Petty Sessions, held at the Town Hall, Windsor, before MESSRS. P. H. CRUTCHLEY and T. J. HERCY, GEORGE GALLY, apparently half-starved, was charged with stealing a turnip, the property of GEORGE ALLEN, Old Windsor. The poor fellow pulled a turnip on the previous Sunday morning, and actually ate half of it before he was detected in such a dreadful crime. The defendant pleaded guilty, and in default of paying a fine of 5s. and 6s. 1d. costs, he was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour in Reading Gaol."

Mistakes will happen in the best regulated newspapers. Reporters are occasionally inexact in reporting the administration of justice, especially the administration of justice by Justices. There is, however, no necessity for suspecting any inaccuracy in the foregoing narrative. In all probability there was no mistake. There is, indeed, internal evidence of truth. The statement, that the prisoner had eaten half of the turnip which he stole, exhibits a curious, and, doubtless, undesigned coincidence with the previous statement that he was apparently half-starved. When he pulled the turnip, GEORGE GALLY was on the brink of absolute starvation. He had about half recovered therefrom by eating half the turnip.

Starving people have no right to take turnips and eat them, even out in the open fields, and least of all on Sunday. March is not August, and turnips are not ears of corn: neither is England Palestine, nor is the year 1866 the year 30, or any year thereabouts. The only objectionable part of the paragraph above-quoted is its heading. The judgment therein termed harsh was very much the reverse. One rather hesitates to say that, in sentencing GEORGE GALLY to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour in Reading Gaol, the Windsor Magistrates dealt mercifully with that turnip-stealer and Sabbath-breaker. Mercy is one of those obsolete words of the pathetic kind whose mere utterance now provokes the sneer of everybody but an idiot. Let us then simply say that those Magistrates did not punish that offender so severely as they might have punished him. They sent the man to gaol. Was it not in their power to send him to the workhouse?

QUESTION.—The well-known house of RUSSELL, GLADSTONE & Co. have been drawing a large Bill without considering their Returns. There seems to be some doubt if Parliament will accept it.



OUT OF PLACE.

Mrs. Flouncey. "YOU'LL GO TO CHURCH WITH US THIS MORNING, MR. PIPPINS?"

Mr. Pippins. "HAW, WEALLY, THA-ANKS, NO! I—I WEALLY SHOULDN'T KNOW A SOUL THERE!"

WHAT THE SHEEP THOUGHT OF IT.

AN ancient shepherd, hight JOHN RUSSELL,
Once stout, though now sore shrunk in muscle,
Summoned, one day, his flock together,
Under the lead of their bell-wether—
"Dear sheep," quoth he, "Reform is needed;
I tried it once, and it succeeded.
Your wool's improved, and more's got off it,
Till each year's clip brings larger profit;
You've finer points, your joints cut neater,
Your mutton's juicier and sweeter:
Nay, you're not only better eating,
But there's more music in your bleating:
Till all who shear, taste, hear, or view,
Say, 'Bless the Bill of Thirty-Two!'
And even those who feared that movement,
Are driv'n to own your vast improvement.
Now, if Reform Bill number one
For fleece and flesh so much has done,
Think what ideal wool and mutton
Bill number two your backs will put on!
So to Reform what say you?—Ha?"
The sheep responsive bleated "Baa!"
"Baa me no baas!" the shepherd cried,
"My hobby I again bestride;
Some five false starts I on that hobby
Have made, and never reached the lobby,
But now, once more in the pig-skin,
I mean to run, and hope to win.
"Hear!" bleated here and there a lamb,
When slow stepped forth an aged ram,
With curling horns that, wide outspread
Like wisdom's wig, adorned his head,
"Up to Reform," quoth he, "You're warmed:

But *we* shall have to be reformed.
Permit me to observe, politely,
Active and passive differ slightly.
I can remember Thirty-Two,
And what it brought, as well as you.
One main result of our then votes
Was to cut certain sheepish throats."
Quoth RUSSELL, "Yes: some rotten brothers'—
To the great blessing of the others."
"True," quoth the ram—"true—with a *but*;
Their throats, who said so, were not cut;
But when you chose *that* lot for killing,
You never asked if *they* were willing,
Japanese style, the knife to snatch,
And cheerfully themselves dispatch.
The country, keen to have their lives,
Supplied the butchers and the knives.
Touching Reform Bill number two—
Death to *us*, p'raps, if sport to *you*—
There is one question I must put—
How many throats are to be cut?"
"The question's idle," quoth the swain,
"Yourselves shall deal the wholesome pain:
With your own hands let out the blood
That's wanted for the general good!"
"Thank you!" the ancient ram replied,
"The privilege should rouse our pride;
But, sheep or men, Sir, life is life,
And if you mean to use the knife,
Don't leave to *us* its application,
But go for butchers to the nation.
Proclaim our doom: let England view it . . .
If she likes, she'll send hands to do it."



THE REFORM BILL, 1866. FRANTIC EXCITEMENT!!!

Mr. Bull (*reads*). "MR. GLADSTONE SAID GOVERNMENT HAD DETERMINED ————" (*Snores.*)

Mrs. Bull (*reads*). "MR. LOCKE KING ROSE TO EXPLAIN ————" (*Snores.*)

The Bulldog (*reads*). "MR. LOWE SAID HE QUOTED ————" (*Snores.*)

LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND.

AUGUSTUS SMITH, of Scilly,
By Piper's Hole he swore
That the proud Lord of Brownlow
Should keep the waste no more.
By Piper's Hole he swore it,
And named a trysting night,
And bade his myrmidons ride forth,
By special train from London's north,
To venge the Common Right.

Where on the street of Drummond
Four Doric columns frown,
Where the gigantic STEPHENSON
On his own line looks down,
The stalwart navvies gathered,
From lodgings far and near;
Strong were the crowbars in their hands,
Stronger their hope for beer.

Loured the foul London gaslights,
And made the gloom more deep,
The million-peopled city's sons
Were in their early sleep,
When from the Euston Station
Glided the special train
That bore the force that went to win
Berkhampstead's waste again.

And sternly rode each navvy,
The crowbar in his gripe,
And scornful of the snob-made law,
A fire in every pipe;
They rode in solemn silence,
And not a navvy knew,
The leader whom he went to serve,
The work he went to do.

Thine old Red Cap, O Mother!
That train went rushing by,
Where Willesden bears JACK SHEPPARD'S
name
In holiest memory.
Where points to Heaven the spire
On Harrow's haunted Hill,
Where Pinner's perky stockbrokers
In cockney nests were still.

Through Bushey and through Watford,
And on to wild Boxmoor
That special train its weighty freight
Of rugged champions bore.

On, the steam-demon bore them,
Nor flagged upon the wing,
Until he lighted with his load
At Baptist-chapelled Tring.

Then spoke a voice accustomed
To bid strong men obey:
I know full well whose voice it was:
His name I may not say.
"This way," was all He uttered,
As brief was their reply,
The navy wastes few idle words—
The navvies grunted "Ay."

They marched three miles in silence,
The road was dark and drear,
But thought upheld the navvy's heart:
The pleasant thought of beer.
They reached Berkhampstead Common,
Or that which had been one,
Until by Ashridge's proud Lord
The feudal deed was done.

There, miles of iron railing
Scowled grimly in the dark,
Making what once was Common,
The Lord of Brownlow's Park:
His rights that Lord asserted,
Rights which they hold a myth,
The bold Berkhampstead Commoners,
Led by AUGUSTUS SMITH.

Spoke out the nameless Leader,
"That Railing must go down."
Then firmer grasped the crowbar
Those hands so strong and brown,
They march against the railing,
They lay the crowbars low,
And down and down for many a yard
The costly railings go.

Strong are the navvies' muscles,
The navvies work like men:
Where was the Lord of Brownlow,
Where was brave PAXTON then?
Where was the valiant GROVER,
The gallant STÖCKEN where,
And where was he who smokes the hams,
And makes the Earl his care?

Yes, where was grocer HAZELL,
Who raised the duteous song:

"As how a Lord like Brownlow's Lord
Could never do what's wrong?"
The Earl and all his champions
Were sleeping far away,
And ere the morn, upon the gorse
Three miles of railing lay.

"Hurrah!" the navvies shouted:
In sight a horseman glides:
See on his cob, with bob, bob, bob,
The duteous HAZELL rides:
To do his Lordship service
Comes riding through the mirk,
And bids the navvies let him know
Who brought them to their work.

Answer the stalwart navvies,
Who smoke the ham-smoker's game,
"Behold'st thou, HAZELL, yon canal;
Would'st like to swim the same?
If not, with beer this instant
Thyself and cob redeem,"
And round him as they spoke, they drew,
And edged him near the stream.

So down went BROWNLOW's railings,
And down went HAZELL's beer,
And from the gathering crowd upgoes
One loud and lusty cheer.
For carriage, gig, and dog-cart
Come rushing on the scene,
And all Berkhampstead hastes to see
Where BROWNLOW's rails had been.

And husbands, wives, and children,
Went strolling through the gorse,
And cried, "We've got our own again,
Thanks to your friendly force."
They cut green little morsels
As memories of the Band,
Whose lusty arms and iron bars
Had freed the Common land.

Bold was the deed and English
The Commoners have done,
Let's hope the law of England, too,
Will smile upon their fun.
For our few remaining Commons
Must not be seized or sold,
Nor Lords forget they do not live
In the bad days of old.

PROVISION FOR THE SICK POOR.

THE description given the other day at Willis's Rooms, by the EARL OF CARNARVON and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, of the brutalities to which the sick poor are subject in the infirmaries of most of the London workhouses, suggests two courses that might be taken in dealing with those wretched beings.

One course is that proposed by MR. ERNEST HART, and approved by the meeting which had heard the Earl and the Archbishop; that of levying a general metropolitan rate sufficient to make those infirmaries, placed under proper management, decent.

The suggestion of the other must be premised by the supposition of a case.

Suppose, then, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had prevailed on the Legislature to enforce the establishment of hospitals for diseased or worn-out dogs and horses. Suppose inspection of these institutions to have discovered that the animals were most infamously neglected and ill-used. Suppose the following to form a correct account of some of the particulars of their maltreatment.

Mad dogs are suffered to remain in the same kennel with dogs that are only blind or lame, and to run about amongst old or ailing horses. The kennels and stables are generally in a state of hideous filth. The veterinary surgeon can only give each of his patients half-a-minute a day, being paid at the rate of a farthing a head. There are no paid attendants; so that the sick creatures have mostly to nurse each other. One-third of the quantity of air necessary to health is allowed to each inmate of hospitals for poor animals. Medicines are administered to them with shameful irregularity. A glandered horse was found to have had no medicine for three days. Paralysed dogs, with gangrenous backs, were found lying in misery. In one instance, the authorities who

governed the animal infirmary established carpet-beating grounds close to it, so as to fill it with clouds of dust, and in another a mound of graveyard earth, piled up in the court-yard of the institution, excluded from its wards light and air.

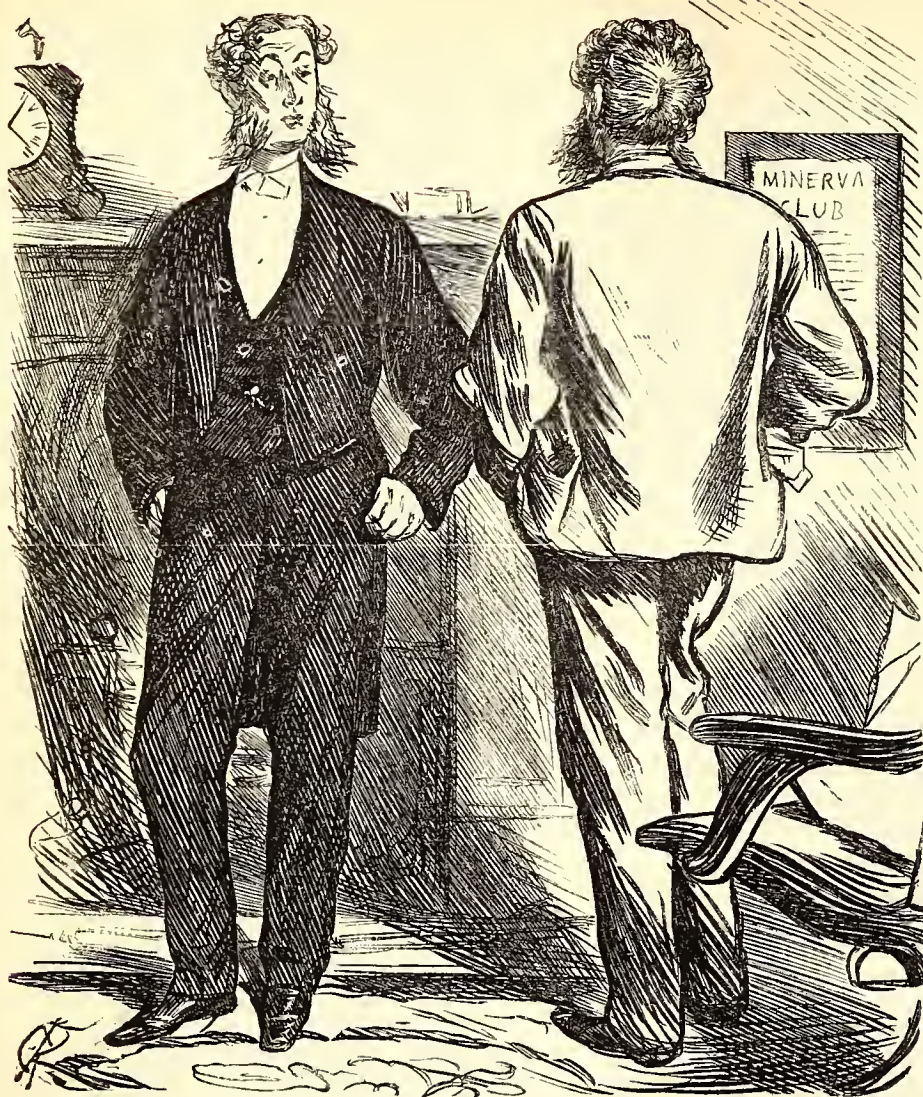
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals itself would consider infirmaries for sick brutes, in the condition above described, worse than no infirmaries at all. If expense forbade proper accommodation for the poor beasts, even that very society would probably conclude that the only possible alternative was that of killing them.

That also is the other course which might be adopted in preference to the one of levying a rate adequate to the humane treatment of the sick poor.

The question therefore is, shall the Poor-law Guardians of the various metropolitan Unions be empowered by Act of Parliament to shoot, hang, drown, poison, or otherwise destroy, decrepit and diseased paupers? Whether they would, if they might, destroy them, there can be no question. It would be cheaper to put paupers out of their misery than it is to let them die in misery. It would at least be just as moral.

Let it not be urged that the destruction of paupers would be repugnant to our common Christianity. Christianity can be by no means common where the poor are treated as they are in the metropolitan workhouse infirmaries, and their treatment has not for a long time been generally denounced every week from the pulpits of every denomination.

A DISCLOSURE which can only be made in words certainly "tending to a breach of the peace:"—One Irishman disclosing his religion to another.



HOBBIES.

Artist. "GREAT TREAT ON MONDAY NIGHT, WASN'T IT?"

Politician. "OH, YAAS, WERE YOU THAR? I THOUGHT GLADSTONE SURPASSED HIMSELF WEALLY—HIS PERWOWATION WAS MAGNIFIC——"

Artist. "OH, AH, BUT I'M SPEAKING OF JOACHIM AND THE KREUTZER SONATA AT THE MONDAY POP!"

Politician. "HAW!"

[Subject dropped.]

SERMONS IN AIR.

WALLS have ears, we all know. What we did not know, perhaps, is, that bricks and mortar have lungs as well; and that the analysis of what a building breathes may sometimes reveal strange and significant results.

Thus, DR. ANGUS SMITH, we learn from the papers, has lately been examining some specimens of air from a London Law Court—nay, from the very fountain-head of Justice, the Court of Queen's Bench.

We regret to find him reporting that this breath of the highest of all the Superior Courts is very bad indeed—the most deficient in oxygen (the life and health-giving element) "of any specimens found by him during the day, in any inhabited place above ground!"

Think of that—worse than the air of an East-End sweater's garret, or a West-End milliner's work-room, a Lambeth casual ward, or a Committee-Room in the New Houses of Parliament!

He considers the air of a room bad when, out of a million parts, it is deficient in 1000 of oxygen, workshops *very* bad when, out of the same quantity, they are deficient in 2000 parts of oxygen. In the Court of Queen's Bench, to every million parts of air there are 5000 parts less of oxygen than in the air of the Parks hard by. He goes on:—

"The moisture from the window was collected. It was perspiration in great part. It is putrefying, and discolours more permanganate now (a sure test of its impurity) than it did at first."

"Perspiration? How produced?" one is led to ask. Is it the quintessence of agonised witnesses, wrung out by cross-examination, or the insensible evaporation of conscientious scruples on the part of counsel? Is it concentrated effort of attention from bewildered jurymen, or hyper-saturated steam of sophistry from consummate special pleaders, condensed on the glass by its contact with the sunlight?

THE REFORM BILL IN A NUTSHELL.

HERE'S a Vote for the County to every fourteen Pounds holding, a let down from fifty: One hundred and seventy thousand, I ween, To the rank of electors 'twill lift ye.

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass,
'Twill enfranchise the mass,
But I'll warrant it won't satisfy any class!

Here's a Savings' Bank Suffrage, a notion absurd,
I've a notion 'twill meet small approval;
Here's a Franchise for Lodgers—but mind, not a word
About marking down seats for removal.

Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

All householders now by the ratepaying clause,
Sixty thousand or so, who are kept out,
The Bill will enfranchise—but is there no cause
Why some close boroughs ought to be swept out?
Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

For a Seven Pound Rental the Bill gives a vote,
Which may please our friend BRIGHT, and his party:
But the best of reformers row not in his boat,
And the cry for Reform is not hearty.
Chorus.—Let the Bill pass, &c.

A CORRECTION OF THE PRESS.

A CONTEMPORARY informs us that "Boulogne is preparing for a most interesting season, to be rendered so by means of an Exposition Internationale de Pêche," in a vast and splendid aquarium: and adds that—

"The port already presents a gay and thronged appearance, as a great number of English families are wintering there."

Our friends the eminent hands who habitually take every possible occasion for quoting the old fellow's statement that we English are accustomed to enjoy ourselves "*moult tristement*" are invited to attend to the word "as" in the foregoing extract, where it is used in the sense of "because." A great number of English families are wintering at Boulogne, and consequently the port thereof presents not only a thronged, but also a gay appearance. Let our friends above referred to learn to speak like true and not erroneous parrots, and addict themselves, in future, to remarking that we are wont to enjoy ourselves *moult gaiement*, after our peculiar manner, that of a particularly jolly people.

In any case, this analysis shows that the air of the Superior Courts must be very unwholesome to breathe, and justifies DR. SMITH'S conclusion that—

"Mere change of air will not purify a room like this, a current must pass through it for a long time until complete oxidation takes place."

We should like DR. ANGUS SMITH to analyse some of the air of the House of Commons—after, say, the debates on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill.

HONOUR TO A MAYOR.

"WAREHAM of the Cupola" is, it seems, laudably anxious that the world should judge it rightly. All that the Mayor, MR. FILLETER, did about the application to the PRINCE OF WALES for seven pounds, was done out of the Mayor's own head. It seems too that MR. FILLETER, as also might have been expected, is quite unconscious of the snub from Marlborough House, and says, "A more sensible, gentlemanly letter I never read. It is worth £5 at least merely to know under what excellent influences, and in what very good companionship the eldest son of our Sovereign QUEEN VICTORIA is placed." Well, here are five pounds out of the seven, and we are delighted to be able to add, that H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, as representing our Sovereign, QUEEN VICTORIA, has not been pleased to signify the slightest objection to MR. FILLETER'S taking, in commemoration of his intellectual demonstrations on this occasion, an addition to his present name, and being known for the future by the style and title of MR. FILLETER VEAL.

To LANDSCAPE GARDENERS.—Ornamental Water is made with plain water.

A PLEA FOR THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.



R. PUNCH it appears has, very unintentionally, administered what some kindly-disposed ladies, engaged in a charitable work for the benefit of the ballet, think is a rap over the knuckles to them, and a heavy blow and sore discouragement to their benevolent labours.

This is naturally the more mortifying to these ladies, as their work was suggested by *Mr. Punch* himself, setting forth the labours, hardships, and struggles of the poor little Fairies who shed a halo round Pantomime openings, help to make Transformation Scenes beautiful, and Bowers of Bliss supremely blissful. That letter revealed the seamy side of Fairyland—showed us the bowers of bliss without the blue fire and gas-jets, and introduced the reader to a very sorry transformation scene, from the Fairies' haunt on the boards to the Fairies' haunt in her cheerless Drury Lane garret, or her squalid Waterloo Road two-pair back.

Thereupon a Committee of ladies (whose names are given below*) took up the case of the Fairies. Their notion was to promote providence (by encouraging Fairies to invest in the 'Savings' Bank, and by paying a percentage on Fairy-deposits), to aid, by money and visiting, in cases of sickness and distress, and to help the acquisition of other means of employment by Fairies *hors de combat* from time—who does not spare even Fairies—or anxious, for any other reason, to change their way of life from Fairydom to the work-a-day world. *Mr. Punch*, under the impression that Fairies were admissible to the benefits of some of the existing Theatrical funds—at least, of the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund—has, it seems, put this impression into words which the kind friends of the Fairies think calculated to throw cold water on their attempt. Their spokeswoman writes to assure us that the two Societies we named "are not available for the Ballet *pur-sang*, but only for such members of the profession as have little parts to speak, or songs to sing,"—

"At least," she continues,

"We have MRS. STIRLING's assurance that ballet-girls cannot join them. But if they could, please remember that the money they would pay in would be lost to them, whereas it will be our great aim never to let the girls who join our Society, take out their Savings' Bank investments while in the profession.

"Surely, dear *Mr. Punch*," pleads our fair Correspondent,—

"You owe your offspring some reparation for that cruel Editor's Note appended to your kind notice and charming vignette in a late number, for you see it must entirely neutralise the good effect of the previous sentence, and that many a Paterfamilias who had felt for a crisp five-pounder while reading your suggestion about MESSRS. DRUMMOND, must have re-plunged his hand into the lower depths of his pocket on reading the asseveration of *Mr. Punch*'s own self that 'the ballet-girls are already provided for, if they choose.' Now, do please give us another little notice of our work, as being under your especial care, with a vignette representing the *Grand Punch* as protector alike of the fairy on the stage and in her own dreary home, and of the ladies who hope to follow and assist her there—while MRS. JUVY will surely permit us to head our list of patronesses with her (through you) illustrious name.

"And we earnestly beg of you to make it well understood that no gentleman whatever has anything to do with our work in any way, except by the liberal contributions they send to MESSRS. DRUMMOND'S. Ours is entirely a woman's work among women.

"And, oh, Reverend *Punch*! what a work might we not do if you would only go in for it in public, as we in private life! To raise the self-respect and tone, and to lower the petticoats of the whole *corps de ballet*, to purify the whole school of dancing of our day, to improve and refine the whole 'public taste,' making that easily led monster see that dancing and grace are not synonymous terms with kicks, and leaps, and undue exhibition of leg, and lessening the temptations, and encouraging the modesty of these poor girls, so many of whom are so honest and laborious, and so well deserving all help and friendliness that we can afford them.

"Help us, dear *Punch*, and you will have your reward. Your devoted adherent,

"A FAIRIES' FRIEND."

* MISS BAYLY, 5, Halkin Street, S.W.

COUNTESS DE GREY & RIPON, 1, Carlton Gardens, W.

MRS. ALFRED SHADWELL, 89, Westbourne Terrace, W.

MRS. FRED. WETHERALL, 30, Westbourne Place, S.W.

MRS. STIRLING, 3, Duchess Street, Portland Place, W.

MRS. BLAKELEY, 1, Park Lane, W.

(To whom Members may send their names, and Subscribers their money.)

We are delighted to make the *amende honorable* for even a semblance of disfavour, by printing this letter, and by authorising the Committee to put down *Mr. Punch* as Patron—as the only masculine being who can be trusted to have anything to do with Fairies, except from the other side of the float.

Mr. Punch loves the ballet—in all honour and purity—for he knows how much charity, self-sacrifice, and noble resistance to temptation it includes in its ranks; and he loves, also—in all honour and brotherly affection—the ladies who have the courage and womanly feeling to hold out the hand to their sisters in short skirts and white satin shoes, and to do what in them lies to encourage good and industrious ballet-girls in their poor little efforts at saving, to succour them in sickness, and lend them a hand in their struggles for an honest maintenance.

AN ASS AT AN ORGAN.

We are very indulgent to our friends the ultra-Ritualists, because we believe that as the poor boys grow into men they will be ashamed of their effeminate absurdities. But we must draw the line somewhere, and if we permit a good deal of millinery and mountebankery in a beardless young priest, we really cannot stand it in an Organist. We shall have it in the Pew-opener next, nay, it may become efflorescent in a Beadle. Just read this letter from a Church newspaper. It purports to be signed by the organist of a Church in the West of England.

"Sir,—Easter is fast approaching, and the Benedictines of ***** have promised to help us again, and are very anxious to make our service on that High Festival the most *devotional* in all the West of England. One gentleman of the community offered us two seven-branched candlesticks, but our Incumbent declined them, as he did not see his way clear to the using of more than the two lights ordered by the Edwardine Injunctions."

The Incumbent seems to have had a glimmering of sense, or else a sense of the ludicrous.

"We have magnificent vestments for the High Festivals, and this week a violet set has been presented to us for penitential seasons. The full ritual has already so far gained favour that he would be a bold man who would attempt to extinguish our lights or to rob us of our vestments and other accessories. The services are also gradually making a profound impression on some of the neighbouring gentry."

We should not wonder. And if some of the neighbouring gentry know the Bishop of the diocese, they might do worse than impart that profound impression. But here is the gem:—

"But we sadly want an organ. There is one on which we have our eye. It is nearly new, having been used only for a few months in a Methodist Chapel—for which we trust it would not be much the worse after being well incensed and exorcised."

Incensed and exorcised, because some fellow Christians have listened, for a few months, to its music! We have a strong notion that this organist is making fun of his incumbent and the gentleman of the seven-branches, and the rest of the green geese. If so, all right, except that his fun is dim. But if he be in earnest in his insolent folly, we hereby authorise any active young Methodist to incense and exorcise him—if he can find the fellow. For as of course this was a begging letter, we withhold the advertisement.

KINDRED AND AFFINITY.

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons by Mr. CHAMBERS to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Of course it will be opposed by all the Members of that Honourable House, if there are any, who delight in seeing the personal freedom of other people limited by prohibitions which do not happen to prevent themselves from gratifying their own inclinations. One of their arguments may be anticipated. They will probably urge that, if men are permitted to marry their deceased wives' sisters, other men will demand permission to marry other ladies to whom they are still more nearly related. But that they can do now. Let people desirous of restricting other people in a matter of taste turn to the Table of Kindred and Affinity at the end of the Common Prayer-book, and there they will find that there is nothing to prevent anybody from marrying (and pecuniary considerations may make a man want to marry) the sister of his grandmother.

Local Self-Misgovernment.

ROADS, botched with granite evermore,
The horse's friend bemoans.
The local Bumbles grind the poor,
But won't crush those rough stones.

A THOUGHT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

How just England is to the Island of Erin! Despite treason and rebellion, she, as represented by one of her great universities, Oxford, continues to award the Ireland Scholarship.

A Legend of Camelot.—Part 4.

THE pale wet moon did rise and ride,
O'er misty wolds and marshes wide.

Ⓜiserie !

Sad earth slept underneath the yew,
Lapt in the death-sweat men call dew.

Ⓜiserie !

O raven ringlets, ringing wet !
O bright eye rolling black as jet !

Ⓜiserie !

O matted locks about the chin !
O towering head-piece, battered in !

Ⓜiserie !

Three hats that fit each other tight,
Are worth the helmet of a knight !

Ⓜiserie !

He rose all shapeless from the mud,
His yellow garb was stained with blood ;

Ⓜiserie !

"Vat ish thish swimming in mine head ?
Thish turning round and round ?" he said.

Ⓜiserie !

He took three paces through the night,
He saw red gold that glittered bright !

Ⓜiserie !

Two Royal Heads of Hair he saw !
And One was Woven, and One was Raw !

Ⓜiserie !

"O Sholomon ! if there ain't a pair
Of dead young damshels shinking there !

"O Moshesh ! vat a precioush lot
Of beautiful red hair they've got !

"The prishe of it would compenshate
Most handsome for my broken pate !

"How much their upper lipsh do pout !
How very much their chins shtick out !

"How dreadful shtrange they shtare ! they
sheem
Half to be dead, and half to dream !

"The Camelot peoplesh alwaysh try
To look like that ! I vonder vy ?

"Yet each hath got a lovely fashe !
Good Father Jacob shend them grashe !

"O Jacob ! blesh the lovely light,
That lit the moon that shtruck the knight.
That married the maid that carried the Jew,
That shold (as he intensh to do)
The golden locks and shilver rings
Of Braunighrinde and Fiddleshtrings !"

Ⓜiserie !

Thus having given thanks, he drew
His two-fold weapon cutting true ;

Ⓜiserie !

And close he clipt, and clean and clear,
From crown and temple, nape and ear.

Ⓜiserie !

The wind in pity soughed and sighed !
The river beat the river side !

Ⓜiserie !

The willows wept to stand and see
The sweetest, softest heads that be,

Ⓜiserie !

In ghashtiest baldness gleam dead-white,
And sink unhallowed out of sight !

Ⓜiserie !

But, lo, you ! Ere kind earth could fold
Their shame within its bosom cold,

Ⓜiserie !

The moon had laught in mockery down,
And stamp a high-light on each crown ! ! . . .

Ⓜiserie !

Thrice muttering deep his mystic note,
The stillness of the night he smote :

Ⓜiserie !

Then, with a treasure dangling slack
From either shoulder adown his back,

Ⓜiserie !



He, whistling in his whistle, strode,
Nor felt he faint upon the road !

Ⓜiserie !

You may be sure that it was not
The road that leads to Camelot !

Ⓜiserie !

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.



We are not exactly certain who the two persons may be who are in such big letters wanted "BOTH TO ACT:" but, from the great stress which is laid upon their doing so, we are led to think that acting is not so much required of the remainder of the company, and that the walking gentleman and lady may perhaps be walking-sticks. Though common on the stage, perhaps, "utility ladies" are not abundant off it: and we could wish that ladies generally would try to earn the epithet better than they do. As for a "property man" being wanted in this company, we should like to know the company that a property man—we mean a man of property—would not be asked to join. It is not everywhere, however, that a man of property

WONDERFUL are the wants one every day sees advertised, and of all none are more wondrous than the wants theatrical! For example, do just look at this strange catalogue of some of them:—

WANTED, an ENTIRE DRAMATIC COMPANY, at the close of the present Equestrian Season, for the Summer, including Leading Gentleman, Heavy ditto, Juvenile ditto, First and Second Singing Low Comedians, Old Men, Walking Gents, &c., &c.; Leading Lady, Heavy and Old ditto, Walking ditto, Singing Chambermaid, Lady Dancer, and Scenic Artist (BOTH TO ACT), Leader of Orchestra, and others. Also several Utility Ladies and Gentlemen, Wardrobe-keeper, and a Carpenter and Property Man, both to combine Bill Posting and delivering. Stamps not required, as silence must be considered a negative.

It would appear from this announcement that a leading man upon the stage is regarded as a gentleman, while walking men are merely considered to be "gents." Of the grounds for this distinction we are not at all aware, nor do we know how long an actor continues to be "juvenile," nor at what age he is treated as one of the "old men." Then, how many pounds, we wonder, is a man required to weigh before he can procure an engagement as a "heavy" one? and what amount of salary could mollify a lady after the gross insult of calling her an "old ditto?"

would be asked to act as bill-poster, as in the above announcement is the case. But there are things done on the stage which never would be dreamed of being done in real life: indeed, the things done on the stage are often quite as puzzling as the slang of stage advertisements, whereof what we have quoted is a tolerable dose.

THE PILOT THAT'S NEARING THE ROCK.

I WISHED to praise the Budget
By GLADSTONE framed, my nation,
Still further, as I judge it,
To lighten of taxation;
And fondly I expected
To sing, for London's pleasure,
Of Commons, well protected
By COWPER's pending measure.

The hope I had contracted
To laud, in verses polished,
Yet more good laws enacted,
And more bad Acts abolished.
But oh, what sad delusion
Shall I have laboured under,
If impotent conclusion
Result from grievous blunder.

Why, RUSSELL, didst thou, heeding
The Demagogue's sole worry,
No haste when there was needing,
A crude Reform Bill hurry?
Plump on yon rock, appearing
So plain, in calmest weather,
With open eyes you're steering:
Confound it altogether!

But, you to wreck thus tending,
Obey no Maelström suction:
No, you yourself are sending
Your good ship to destruction.
No iron fate has bound her,
But only choice demented.
Ah! wherefore should she founder
When that might be prevented?

What, O thou, prone the twaddle,
To quote, of Whig tradition!
Would Mr. Fox, thy model,
Have done in thy position?
Self-sacrifice, from weeping
Hope's shipwreck, might insure us.
Then overboard by leaping
Oblige us, PALINURUS!

A NATIONAL DEBT OF HONOUR.

You are occasionally informed by the newspapers that a meeting has been held by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. The next time these gentlemen meet they will perhaps take into consideration, and report upon, a debt of about £6,100 which the nation owes to the surviving relatives of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY.

The sum above stated, and rather more, was so much money personally expended by ADMIRAL FITZROY on the public service, and never repaid to him. In particular, now some thirty years ago, "this conscientious surveyor, unwilling to quit his South American station without rendering his services in every way complete, had hired two additional vessels at his own cost to finish off the examination of the coasts of the Falkland Islands, and subsequently purchased a third, besides fitting out the *Beagle* to a great extent at his own expense." Was not this statement made by SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, at the Royal Geographical Society, in his anniversary address to that scientific body, delivered May 22, 1863? And did not the eminent speaker on that occasion also relate how, so long ago as 1829, "young FITZROY" gained credit by his discovery of the Otway Water in the Straits of Magellan, inasmuch that his commanding officer, CAPTAIN PHILIP KING, very much applauding what he had done, named one of the chief sea passages Fitzroy Strait?

Everybody knows the work that FITZROY did as chief of the Weather Office; a capacity wherein, having saved a multitude of lives, he finally, from over-exertion, lost his own. He died morally worth millions; fiscally worth less than nothing: in debt £3000. The late First Minister of the Crown promised to confer a pension on MRS. FITZROY, a promise

which was more than he found himself able to perform. Government can do no more than ask authority from the House of Commons for a grant sufficient to liquidate the debt which was all that the Admiral left behind him. The times are so bad; the nation is so poor, and is indebted to so many benefactors who had spent more than their all upon their country before they died!

The progress of a magnificent structure in course of erection by a grateful country in Hyde Park, shows, however, that Englishmen can contribute something out of their poverty in acknowledgment of true merit, even when its claims are not enforced by necessity.

In behalf of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY's widow and children, the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has formed a fund to be called "The ADMIRAL FITZROY Testimonial Fund," to whose Committee the Honorary Secretary in London is CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 55, Charing Cross; the Secretary and Treasurer in Liverpool is WILLIAM FERGUSON, Esq., Liverpool and London Chambers; and their London Bankers are MESSRS. COUTTS & Co.

Troublesome Things.

THERE are several varieties of a powder, said to be made of a species of camomile, sold under the name of Insecticide, or Insect-killer, as the Insecticide Vicat, Insecticide Dumont, Persian Insect-Powder, and so on, to destroy parasitical, bed-besetting, and other odious animalcules. But there is no powder, and, if there is any power, it is, to the disgrace of the police who possess it, not exerted, to get rid of those abominable and dangerous Crawlers, by which the streets are infested, the empty Cabs that creep along the curbstone.



LACE-UP BOOTS ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE; BUT IF THEY COME UNDONE!!!

A SMALL REFORM SUGGESTED.

MR. PUNCH,

WE are presented with a Reform Bill. I want you to fumigate, (I offer this word as a substitute for "ventilate," of which, with other overworked expressions and phrases, "infusion of new blood," for example, you must be a-weary), an anomaly that I think the proposed Statute of VICTORIA might redress.

I get into Parliament, after a toilsome canvass in hot weather up and down unpaved alleys, a considerable expenditure of wasted money, and possibly, the torments of an Election petition. I grow tired of Parliament, say, because the private bill business is too much for me, or my Constituents are too much for me, with their vigorous appetite for favours, and places, and pecuniary subscriptions, or the estimates for the London campaign, engaged in by costly sons and daughters, become inconveniently heavy.

I determine to resign my seat, and find I cannot be relieved of my trust, and issue a farewell address to the 153 freemen and other electors of Slumberwell without accepting the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, a pastoral appointment as fictitious as mermaids or the divine right of kings. I apply for this eligible situation, obtain it, and am gazetted as its fortunate occupant.

Possibly some fellow Member, as anxious as myself to escape from the diversion of listening to Counsel on Gas and Railway Bills, has already secured this hilly post, in which case I have to content myself with the inferior dignity of the Stewardship of the Hundred of Northstead, or it may be, Hempholm. Graced with one of these pretended preferments, I hear no more division bells. Is it necessary to maintain this sham? Would our exports fall off if it were slain? Why not banish it along with decayed oaths and declarations? Why cannot I write a letter to the SPEAKER, signifying my desire to dissolve my connection with Slumberwell, without being constrained to ask for the Chiltern Hundreds (a poor exchange for my thousands), or Northstead, or Hempholm? When a Bishop resigns his see (an unusual occurrence, I grant, but it has happened) he does not betake himself to an imaginary curacy; when a Judge retires from the Bench, he retreats into no fictitious Recordership. Would "Supply" be imperilled, if a

Member of Parliament were to disappear from the Treasury or Opposition ranks without this supposititious assumption of office?

I hope I am not rudely jostling the ark of the Constitution, in drawing attention to this rusty remainder of antiquity. I am neither democrat nor republican. I am willing to attend the SPEAKER's dinners and *levées* in a masquerade dress; I have no wish to see the Mace broken up and sold as old metal, or the Black Rod converted into fuel. If some real appointment could be assigned to retiring M.P.'s, if only for the space of a day, I would cheerfully take it. I would submit to be Chief Acrobat, or a Lord High Bedwarmer, or Umbrella in waiting; but I do protest against being obliged to accept an office which has no existence, except in the London Gazette, against the absurdity of being publicly announced as filling a Stewardship of which I can give no account, before it is permitted me to discontinue the letters M.P. after my name. It could not be more preposterous if I were proclaimed as having accepted the tenancy of a *Château d'Espagne*.

Is there an impassable obstacle to the abolition of this anomaly? and is it—fees?

I have my thoughts about a Lord of the Admiralty or Treasury being forced to seek re-election on taking office and emolument, but perhaps I am too headlong.

POTT WALLOP.

STIRRING STRAINS.

QUOTH DR. MACLEOD the other day at Glasgow:—

"There is no music in the world to be compared with the bagpipe. (*Applause.*) * * It is the music a Highlander understands best. * * There is something in the bagpipe will stir him when nothing else can. (*Great applause.*)"

Vara true, DR. MACLEOD. Here's your gude health, and a' your familie's! DR. MACPUNCH is a true Hieler, although till now he did na ken sae muckle of his bluid and bairthplace. As ye say, mon, "There is something in the bagpipe" whilk sae "stirs him" that he never can sit quiet when he hears it. Play the bagpipe anywhere in the MACPUNCH's neighbourhood, and it speedily will stir the MACPUNCH out of earshot!

ESCAPE OF STEPHENS.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, and feels it his duty to make them public. The circumstances preclude his affixing his voucher to their truth:—

No. 1.

DEAR JONES,—Here I am, all safe and sound. For the last three days before leaving Ireland I had a fatiguing time of it, as I was perpetually walking about with the police in search of myself. On Tuesday, previous to my departure, I had the pleasure of dining with his Excellency the LORD LIEUTENANT. We talked about the prospects of Fenianism, and he said he would give something to catch STEPHENS. I told him that I was the Head-Centre, but he wouldn't believe it. I am having a very pleasant time of it, as there is still plenty of money left: when it is finished I shall, I think, take to Spiritualism, or go on the stage as a star.

The report that MR. STEPHANOS XENOS is myself in disguise is calculated to produce a wrong impression. I admire the Greeks.

Yours truly, STEPHENS.

No. 2.

DEAR PUNCH,—Send me your next Number. I enclose my card and address. You may forward the number to me by a Policeman, if you like.

Yours ever, STEPHENS.

Can I do anything for you in Paris?

[N.B. The card and address were signed, "H. WALKER," one of his numerous aliases, "Nusquam Lodge."]

No. 3.

DEAR STODARE,—Can you enter into some arrangement with me for the hire of your room at the Egyptian Hall during the Season? I propose giving an entertainment to be called, "STEPHENS at Home, and the Police Abroad." It will be very amusing, as I have a large and varied wardrobe. I shall have a panorama painted, and exhibit a real live Dublin Policeman, who will dance, sing, and show in pantomime how he catches STEPHENS. Your terms must include the piano.

Yours ever, STEPHENS.

P.S. Talk of your Basket Trick! I'll show you one worth ten of that.

P.S. Advertise the Sphinx as the Head-Centre.

Yours S.



A Legend of Camelot.—Part 5 and Last. Gauwaine his Penance.

THE castle weeds have grown so tall
Knights cannot see the red brick wall.

Ⓜ miserie !

The little drawbridge hangs awry,
The little flowery moat is dry!

Ⓜ miserie !

And the wind, it sighs and sighs alway
Through the grey willows, night and day!

Ⓜ miserie !

And evermore two willows there
Do weep, whose boughs are always bare:

Ⓜ miserie !

At all times weep they, in and out
Of season, turn and turn about!

Ⓜ miserie !

But later, when the year doth fall,
And other willows, one and all,

Ⓜ miserie !

In yellowing and dishevelled leaf
Sway haggard with their autumn grief,

Ⓜ miserie !

Then do these leafless willows now
Put forth a rosebud from each bough!

Ⓜ miserie !

What time Gauwaine, with spurless heels,
Barefoot (but not bare-headed) kneels

Ⓜ miserie !

Between! . . . as fits a bigamous knight:
Twice widowed in a single night.

Ⓜ miserie !

And then, for that promiscuous way
Of axing Hebrews in broad day,

Ⓜ miserie !

He ever uttereth a note
Of Eastern origin remote. . . .

Ⓜ miserie !

A well-known monochord, that tells
Of one who, wandering, buys and sells!

Ⓜ miserie !

What time the knights and damsels fair,
Of Arthur's court come trooping there,

Ⓜ miserie !

They come in dresses of dark green,
Two damsels take a knight between:

Ⓜ miserie !

One sad and sallow knight is fixt
Dyspeptic damsels twain betwixt!

Ⓜ miserie !

They speak not, but their weary eyes
And wan white eyelids droop and rise

Ⓜ miserie !

With dim dead gaze of mystic woe!
They always take their pleasure so

Ⓜ miserie !

In Camelot . . . It doth not lie
With us to ask, or answer, why!

Ⓜ miserie !

Yet, seeing them so fair and good,
Fain would we cheer them, if we could!

Ⓜ miserie !

And every time they find a bud,
They pluck it, and it bleeds red blood.

Ⓜ miserie !

And when they pluck a full blown rose,
And breathe the same, its colour goes!

Ⓜ miserie !

But with Gauwaine alone at night,
The willows dance in their delight!

Ⓜ miserie !

The rosebuds wriggle in their bliss,
And lift them for his lips to kiss!

Ⓜ miserie !

And if he kiss a rose instead,
It blushes of a deeper red!

Ⓜ miserie !

And if he like it, let him be!
It makes no odds to you or me!

Ⓜ miserie !

O many-headed multitude,
Who read these rhymes that run so rude,

Ⓜ miserie !

Strive not to fathom their intent!
But say your prayers, and rest content

Ⓜ miserie !

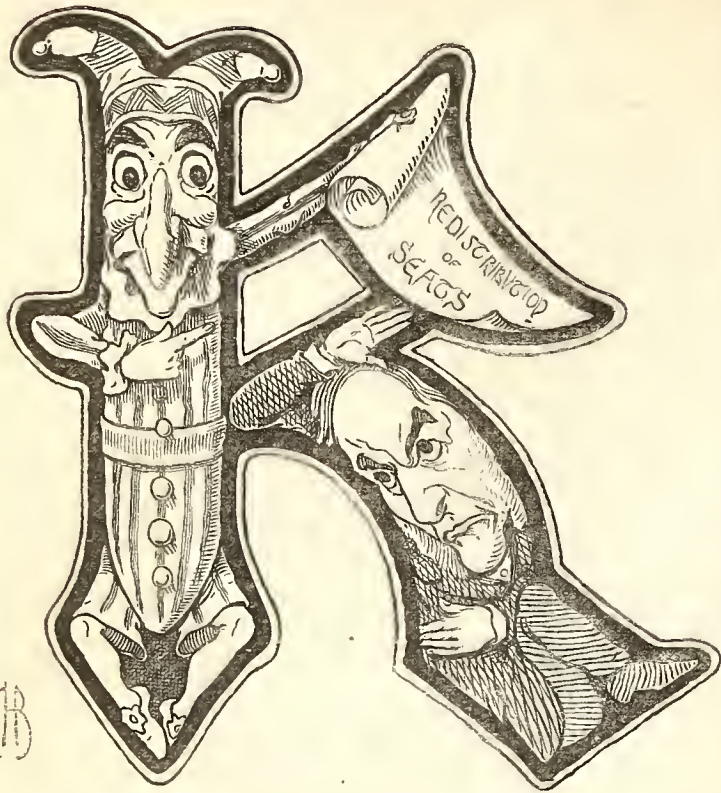
That, notwithstanding those two cracks
He got from Gauwaine's battle-axe,

Ⓜ miserie !

The Hebrew had the best of it!
So, Gentles, let us rest a bit.

Ⓜ miserie !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERMATIANs are sectarians in Arabia. We forget what their spiritual and temporal ideas are, nor does it matter to the narration that on *Monday, March 19*, British Spiritual and Temporal ideas came into collision, as will occur in a free country, and no harm done. Government had refused to appoint a Fast Day as a remedy for the Rinderpest. But the Bishops made their own appointments to that end. DR. TAIT, of London, fixed a day on which the Head of the Church had announced Her intention to hold a Court, and as it was thought incon-

gruous that the aristocracy, in gold and purple and fine linen, should be rejoicing at the Palace, while the rest of the people were in church, the day of penitence was put back, and fixed for the 20th. EARL RUSSELL moved, to-day, that the Lords' Committee should not sit, on the Fast Day, until the afternoon, and the proposal was accepted. Not so in the Commons. MR. GLADSTONE's similar motion was opposed by MR. BOUVERIE, who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the BISHOP OF LONDON. MR. GLADSTONE deprecated contention on such a subject, but MR. BRIGHT begged him to forget churchmanship and to remember statesmanship. The House was not to be subject to the will of a single bishop. LORD JOHN MANNERS wished to go to church. SIR GEORGE GREY thought that Members ought to have that advantage, if they desired it. ADMIRAL DUNCOMBE complained of the long yarns—we beg pardon—sermons, now usual. After more talk the House divided, and the Bishop's men mustered 259 to 112 Anti-Bishopites.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was questioned as to a Re-Distribution Reform Bill. He stated that Government would not consider themselves acquitted of their obligation until they should have introduced such a measure, but that they would reserve perfect freedom as to the choice of an opportunity for so doing. And they would do nothing about Boundaries or anything else, until they "saw their way" with regard to the Reform Bill. MR. GLADSTONE cannot deny that he and his friends have been obligingly favoured by journalists and others with the offer of every kind of political telescope.

LORD HARTINGTON, in reply to a question touching big guns, said that he knew nothing about an Oval Bore. He will know a deal the first time he gets a bad egg.

The Oaths Bill passed, after some Protestant growls from the usual quarter.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON very properly brought up the terrible story of the loss of the *London*, and an interesting debate ensued. The late inquiry was described as a white-washing affair, stress was laid on the refusal to allow witnesses to be cross-examined, and the mode in which vessels are "inspected" was represented to be cursory and careless. Government, as usual, eschewed responsibility.

On Navy Estimates a gallant stand was made for the Old Men. It was declared shameful to compel a vigorous old Admiral to retire, when it was notorious that a healthy and (reasonably) temperate party of 70 was a younger man than a party of 50 who was not prudent. But LORD CLARENCE explained that it was necessary to produce a flow of promotion. His argument will have produced a flow of strong language from the lips of divers irascible old Sea Dogs.

Tuesday. Two distinguished gentlemen took steps for the purpose of tripping up the Reform Bill. Neither is a Conservative. One is EARL GROSVENOR (heir apparent to the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER), who intends to move that it is inexpedient to discuss a Reform Bill until the Entire Scheme is before Parliament. The other is SIR WILLIAM HUTT, who was the other day EARL RUSSELL's Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and who intends, should LORD GROSVENOR fail, to move that the Reform Bill, if passed, shall have no operation until Re-Distribution of Seats shall be made. Two ugly spear-thrusts at the Trojan Horse.

MR. CARDWELL having affectionately exclaimed to the Governor of Victoria, "Come here, DARLING!" we had a discussion on the recal. The COLONIAL SECRETARY explained that he had removed SIR CHARLES because it was impossible for him to work well with certain influential colonists, and not because he had committed certain errors.

MR. COWPER, for Government, brought in a Bill for improving and protecting the 180 Commons within a radius of 15 miles of the Metropolis. He, SIR THWAITES, and three others are to be Commissioners for the purpose. In the debate MR.

SANDFORD gave offence to that eternal talker, MR. AYRTON, who scolded him for wanting to abolish the statutes of Merton. Certainly SANDFORD and MERTON ought not to be hostile. But do most folks know what the statutes of Merton are, or that from Merton proceeded the famous *Nolumus leges*? Touching the Bill, which is good so far as it goes, Mr. Punch expresses his and the nation's (which is tautology) obligation to the Chief Commissioner, and hopes that the improved and protected Commons will afford COWPER many a pleasant Winter Morning Walk—or ride.

People who take offices which a Catholic cannot hold, have to make a declaration that they do not believe in Transubstantiation. A Bill is introduced by SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN to do away with this. MR. GLADSTONE did not oppose it, but would like to deal with all Oaths and Declarations, *en bloc*, and so should we. It is certain that they hamper only those whose sense of honour would, without any such nonsense, keep them right.

Wednesday. The Bill for abolishing the tests that exclude Dissenters from the M.A. degree at Oxford University, and from its government, was eloquently moved by MR. COLERIDGE, in a maiden speech that exacted applause from all sides. One of his points was that nobody could remain a narrow-minded and acrid sectarian in presence of the glorious architecture and stately traditions of the grand old place. MR. TREVELYAN, nephew of LORD MACAULAY, and honourably known as the "Competition Wallah," made an excellent speech for the Bill. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would admit the postulates but not the Dissenters. MR. HENLEY thought that you might as well run after a pig with a soaped tail down High Street, in the hope of catching it, as expect good from mixed religious education, an illustration which might have seemed a little coarse from anybody but honest old grumbling MR. HENLEY. Some Members laid stress upon the value of the present system, as enforcing education based upon the Bible. But we are unaware that it is a tenet of Dissent to repudiate the Bible, and we have some idea that what Churchmen consult as the best dictionary of the sacred volume has been produced by a learned Dissenter, DR. WILLIAM SMITH. MR. LOWE stood up stoutly for the Bill and much more, and MR. GÖSCHEN, Minister, wished to strengthen the Church by freeing her from artificial supports. On division the Exclusionists had 103, the Liberals 217.

Thursday. We believe that poor old LORD WESTMEATH thinks that he is a Conservative, though he injures the Peerage deeply by showing how very silly may be a man who may yet be able to vote on a Bill affecting national interests. Let him, therefore, oblige us by placing his proxy in the hands of LORD DERBY, and by amusing himself for the future in some toy-shop, instead of the House of Lords. His remarkable demonstration to-day, when complaining of street dangers, roused even the kindly LORD STANHOPE to call order. WESTMEATH wanted to "pole-axe" the HOME SECRETARY because accidents occur. Not that such accidents ought not to be noticed, and severe measures taken. But there is such a thing as the accident of birth, and sometimes its consequences are WESTMEATHS.

EARL GRANVILLE said that various excuses, but not sufficient ones, had been given for the non-execution of the Wellington monument. His promise was not very full of brilliancy—he hoped that about August a model might be sufficiently advanced to be visible.

THE O'DONOGHUE was cool. He asked the Government whether they did not think it would have a good effect to let out any of the captured Fenians who could get bail. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND did not think it would have at all a good effect, but intimated that any Fenian, from America, who had not been seized, and who wished to bolt, might do so. Treason seems very funny to certain Irishmen, but Englishmen have worked too long and too hard for settled institutions and social peace, to regard revolts as amusing matters. It may be well that THE O'DONOGHUE, and the Fenians in and out of gaol, should understand that if the Irish Government, instead of only suspending the Habeas Corpus, chose to suspend the violators of law, an amnesty for the act would pass as rapidly as did the Act for the former purpose.

MR. WHITESIDE made a long attack on the Government in regard to the escape of the Head Centre. (If that man has any remorse he will howl to hear that Mr. Punch daily receives about sixty letters, enclosing the conundrum about a hair-dresser being a head-scenter). He was duly

answered, and told by SIR ROBERT PEEL that one of his insinuations was mean and paltry. There was a row, but SIR ROBERT was adjudged not to be un-Parliamentary.

Rather an interesting debate on the selection of architects to compete for the Temple of Justice. The competition was to be limited to six. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK beat the Government by 101 to 70, and carried a resolution that such limitation was inexpedient. MR. TITE, who built the Royal Exchange, spoke out very gracefully, and declared that he owed much of his own success in life to open competition. But he wished that the work had been put at once into the hands of the ablest man in the profession. So would Mr. Punch wish if there were an Ablest Man. Were a SIR CHRISTOPHER or an INIGO extant, there would be no difficulty. As it is, perhaps, if three able men could be induced to go into partnership for the single purpose of producing the Temple, the junction of positives might form a superlative. But we fear that the men are only too positive for this.

Friday. Last night before our Easter holidays. The CHANCELLOR brought in the Bill for reforming the system of Capital Punishments; *apropos* thereof, MR. JUSTICE LUSH has been awarding very capital punishments indeed to a batch of scoundrel garotters at Manchester. They have had sound floggings, and have bellowed like the cowards such ruffians are. A graphic account of the operation might, with advantage, be circulated in the form of a tract.

LORD REDESDALE made an elaborate exposure of the manner in which schemers get up Railway Companies, to the detriment of the public. How many gentlemen who have fallen from honest poverty into dishonest riches by such swindling must grin over their claret at 120s., when they read his Lordship's speech. The Senate adjourned till the 12th of April.

In the Commons, MR. T. G. BARING explained the precautions taken before granting a licence to a Cabman. They are very stringent, and all but useless. Among other testimonials, he has to prove that he "knows the town well." In this very Lent moment we are sneezing whenever we are not coughing, with an aggregate series of colds caught by putting out our head in the wet to rave at blockheads for driving in ridiculously wrong directions.

Some Government announcements brought the early Session to an end. MR. GLADSTONE, according to MR. DISRAELI, changed his front in the face of the enemy. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, by way of meeting the menacing tactics of friends and foes, consented to promise that if the Reform Bill should be read a Second Time, he would inform the House as to the intentions of Government with regard to Re-Distribution, and Scotch and Irish Reform. He would do this by Bills, which, however, he would not proceed with, until the Franchise measure should be safe. LORD GROSVENOR was advised to declare himself dissatisfied, and to adhere to his motion. MR. DISRAELI charged the Government with incessant change of opinion, with timidity, and with precipitation; and touchingly begged them to be frank with the House. Lent has not produced the best effects in senatorial tempers, and a good many bitter things were said. MR. GLADSTONE accused his opponents of regarding the Working Men, who are "our own flesh and blood," as an Invading Army, and LORD CRANBOURNE called this "sentimental rant," and reminded the House that it was the Power of Taxation which it was proposed to transfer. MR. HOPE said that MR. GLADSTONE's language was either an appeal to popular passion, or was simply rubbish. MR. FORSTER said that the reference to taxation would make the masses believe that hitherto taxes had been laid on for the benefit of the superior classes. MR. GÖSCHEN said that the City rule, in important matters, was never to haggle. There was more of this sort of thing; and the only point on which all agreed, was to secure the Motion for Adjournment, which was done by an ugly rush from dinners and cigars. The House of Representatives then was Counted Out until the 9th of April, when we meet for slaughter.

GOOSE AND SNAKE.

MR. TUPPER has written a Tragedy. The *Saturday Review*, of course, hisses it. When any man publishes a play he must be prepared for goose. The ridicule cast by the *Saturday Review* on MR. TUPPER's tragedy will perhaps be not very generally considered unjust. But it is one thing to cut up a book; another to attempt to stab the writer. The *Saturday Review's* criticisms of *Raleigh* conclude with the following rather characteristic remark:—

"It is not even funny, and this marks a distinct decay in MR. TUPPER's wonderful powers."

The Editor of the *Saturday Review* should engage a gentleman to revise his proofs.

Removal of Rubbish.

WANTED a few good STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES to clear away the BETTING MEN and other HUMAN RUBBISH, that, contrary to law, is found encumbering the pavement of Farringdon Street, and other public thoroughfares in London, and constitutes a Nuisance that ought to be Removed forthwith.

LITTLE BILL (BORN A.D. 1866), AND BIG BILL (BORN A.D. 1831).

(A Dialogue.)

Little Bill. I say, big brother!

Big Bill. Brother? How now, Sir? Keep your distance:

What Hop-o'-my-Thumb is this, that comes no higher than my shoe?

Little Bill. I'm Little Bill, the child of RUSSELL's age,—I want assistance,

So I thought 'twas only natural I should apply to you.

Big Bill. I doubt a blood relationship, so boldly though you claim one:

Look at my thews and sinews, my proportions, and my size:

You've but one leg to stand on, and that leg is a lame one,

And you've but half allowance of arms and ears and eyes.

In short, to judge you frankly by limbs, looks, and proportion,

I must decline all brotherhood with such a mere abortion.

Little Bill. Oh, cruel brother! what I want is cheering and not chaff of you!

Big Bill. Then go back to where you came from, and fetch the other half of you:

When you're all there—two legs, two arms, a whole head on your shoulders—

I don't object to talk to you, in sight of all beholders;

But in your present half-and-half condition of existence

I must decline to acknowledge you, much more to give assistance.

Little Bill (plaintively). Oh, this is hard—it's very hard—and in my heavy need, too!

When I so want an adviser, and a guiding hand to lead, too!

To raise a mere puff of fair wind, like that which filled *your* sails full,

To win a sprinkle of the praise, that was showered on *you* by pails full!

When I ask aid from a brother, so much bigger, wiser, older,

Instead of a warm helping hand, to be treated to cold shoulder!

Big Bill (contemptuously). And what right, I should like to know, have *you* to more from *me*, Sir?

If you would thrive as I have thriven, what I was you must be, Sir:

Sprung, like Minerva armed at point, from the great brains that bore me,

Child of true needs, and furnished for the work that lay before me.

What question might be made of me I stood four-square to answer,

A brawny babe, full-limbed and fair, the makings of a man, Sir!

So I was welcomed by the shouts of those who long had waited,

With joy proportioned to their hate who my appearance hated;

And in the balanced joy and hate that raged about my cot,

Grim Revolution hovered outside, but entered not.

As that rude storm my cradle shook serene I lay and smiled,

And storm and smile alike foretold I was no common child.

Since then my life has well fulfilled the promise of my birth,

Till hate and joy have shaken hands, and all proclaim my worth.

But *you*, who crept into the world at a Royal Speech's tail,—

As four had done before you, abortions born to fail,—

Where was the joy or fear that hailed *your* coming into life?

What storm-wind wrapt *your* cradle in elemental strife?

When they stript off the swaddling clothes that kept you dark and still,

What was the cry? "What *this!* why *this!* is only half a Bill!

Be your baby big or little, give us at least a whole one!

As for half Bills, it isn't worth the trouble to unroll one."

"Half a loaf" may be "better than no bread," if you will,

But certainly the proverb doesn't hold of half a Bill.

You *may* be, as you say you are, poor little Bill, my brother,

But I *can't* take one half's word for that until I see *the other*.

So, go back to those who sent you, and ere you ask my aid,

Beg them to make your other half, and come when that is made.

A LADY HEAD-CENTRE.

"SISTER DAVIDOFF, a nun of the *Sacré Cœur*, who has been an inmate of the Central House in Paris for the last 25 years, has just re-entered social life by particular indult of PIUS IX. She is a Russian, and sister to the MARQUISE DE GABRIAC. For many years past she has, it is said, been practically mixed up with all the goings on in domestic or fashionable life."

It would seem that *rien n'est sacré pour une nonne* brandishing an Indult. Pity MEYERBEER is gone, as he might have set the "Resuscitation of a Nun," as a song for the Imperial charade-parties, *e.g.* :—

Although I'm a nun,

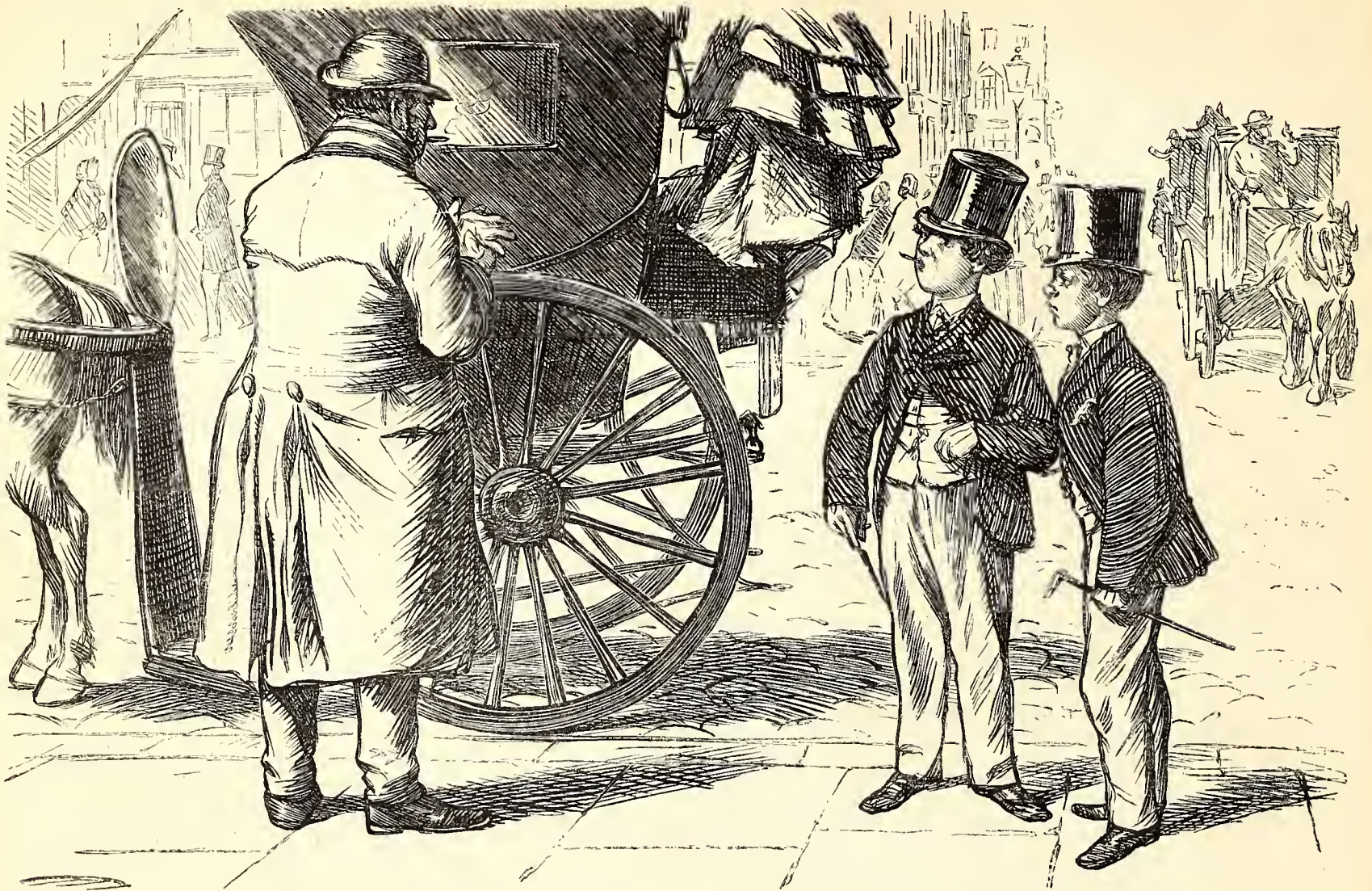
I am fond of my fun,

THERESA's gay patrons my wishes consult;

And excellent PIUS,

Perceiving my bias,

Indulges my tastes with his holy Indult.



LESSONS IN THE VACATION.

Public School-Man. "HE-AR, CABBY, WE'LL GIVE YOU EIGHTEEN-PENCE TO TAKE US TO BRIXTON."

Cabby. "WELL, I GENERALLY DO CARRY CHILDREN 'ALF PRICE, BUT I'M ENGAGED THIS MORNING, GENTS!"

DON'T NAIL HIS EAR TO THE PUMP.

SOME of our penny trumpets have been indulging in blasts of unwonted shrillness and sharpness, on the opposition from the Liberal side of the House to the Bill of the Government for the lowering of the franchise.

This is all fair enough, within limits. They may pitch into the *Times*, and as much as they please. It amuses them, and doesn't hurt the *Times*. They may describe MR. LOWE as "hating the people" only "less than he hates the parsons." MR. LOWE is quite able to keep his own head with his own hand. But what *Mr. Punch* complains of, is that these "organs" should lump up all Liberals who object to deal with an enfranchising Bill till they know what the Government purposes as to the re-distribution of seats, under the same head with MR. LOWE, as "recrants," "renegadoes," "stabbers in the back," "traitors in the camp," "miserable plotters," "wretched hirelings," and so forth.

When LORD GROSVENOR announces his intention to move, on the 12th of April, "that *this House, while ready to consider, with a view to its settlement, the question of Parliamentary Reform*, is of opinion that it is inexpedient to discuss a Bill for the reduction of the franchise in England and Wales until the House has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people," *Mr. Punch* feels himself obliged to say "ditto" to LORD GROSVENOR, because he feels that the motion is a perfectly reasonable one, and expresses very exactly the feeling of nine out of ten of the truest and wisest Reformers in the House of Commons, or out of it. As *Mr. Punch* includes himself in this category, he feels bound to protest against LORD GROSVENOR's being bespattered with all the phials of dirt that either *Jupiter Junior* or *Vox Stellarum* can empty on his head, because he has put into words what *Mr. Punch* honestly feels to be truth and sound sense on the subject of a Reform Bill.

"Tool," "cat's-paw," "decoy-duck," are very pretty words to fling at an opponent, but at all events they don't break any bones. But when our youthful *Jupiter* threatens us with flood and earthquake, typhoon and volcano-fire, as the consequence of postponing the single-barrelled Bill of the Government till the other barrel is added

to it, we must protest, in the words of HORACE, that the juvenile Thunderer

"Per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucrumque currum."

He is abusing his command of the celestial bolts, and rumbling and rattling out of a calm sky, in which we look in vain for portents of the terrors he piles up so liberally.

Mr. Punch must protest, still more emphatically, against such mischievous and malignant fustian as this—

"Does LORD GROSVENOR flatter himself that the sons of millions of his fellow-countrymen will leave his son in peaceful and tranquil possession of that colossal wealth which they have themselves created, if he denies to them the exercise of those first and just rights of citizenship—a deprivation of which, ever since the days of the Greek Republics, has implied dishonour and disgrace? Has he reflected how easily unscrupulous and violent men will lash great masses of Englishmen into a flame, by representing that the interests of great aristocratic houses, as interpreted by LORD GROSVENOR and LORD STANLEY, are in antagonism to the interests of the people of England?"

Everybody knows the old story of the Irish magistrate, who, seeing his enemy, the bailiff, in the hands of the mob, called out, "Don't nail his ear to the pump."

Mr. Punch is glad to think that the writers who try this sort of thing will find it not quite so easy as they think for "unscrupulous and violent men to lash great masses of Englishmen into a flame" by exaggeration and bad logic. In the meantime, as *Jupiter Junior*, and those who follow his lead, seem bent on putting to proof their powers in this line, *Mr. Punch* can only hug himself in the quiet conviction that all their efforts to distort objections to a half-and-half Reform Bill into opposition to a complete one, will be unavailing, and that Liberals in and out of the House will form and act up to their own views on the subject, in despite of the truculent and impudent rhodomontade of these most illiberal organs of "advanced opinion."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.

In the Army Estimates for this year a sum was voted for disembodied Militia.



PUDDING BEFORE MEAT.

EARL GR-V-N-R. "WHY, JOHN! BEEF BEFORE PUDDING!"
DIZZY. "HA! HA! WHAT AN ABSURD IDEA!"

"WHICH OF YOU HAS DONE THIS?"



H yes, which of you, you Quacks? Do you think *Punch* is not down upon you. You humbugs!

In the *Times*' Second Column appears an advertisement pretending to come from a Hungarian Baron, who is troubled with lumbago, and who begs that any person who has been cured of that disease will kindly let him know what remedy was effective.

In a month or so, we shall read another advertisement from some vendor of Quack medicine or ointment, referring us to the Baron's case, and perhaps containing another letter from him, full of thankfulness to Providence and the Quack for the remedy which was kindly sent in answer to his first appeal. The Baron, as a Christian and a philanthropist, will feel that he has no

right to withhold from his fellow creatures the glad news that there is a cure for affliction like unto his.

Again we ask you, Quacks, who is it to be? PUFF, with his Universal Balm; BOSH, with his Ubiquitous Essence of Hygeine; BLARE, with his Solvent Unguent Sedative; or SKUNK, with his Akosphoroscint Akesodunos?

We shall look out for you, Quack, whoever you are.

A GIGANTIC SCOTTISH JOKE.

SCOTLAND the Land of Cakes? Nay, Scotland is the land of better things than cakes. It was the partially happy remark of an Irish gentleman that to post a number of *Punch* to Edinburgh was sending coals to Newcastle. The only mistake in what the O'BOTHEREM meant to express was that of regarding this periodical as a jocular publication. But he was quite right in the point which he intended to imply: namely, that Scotland is the Land of Jokes. And here is one of them:—

"The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—'The health of LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HOPE GRANT. (*Great Cheering.*)' He stated that his gallant friend had descended from a very old family, whose name had been mentioned in Scripture; but, owing to the use of the letter *i* instead of the letter *r*, the name had been altered, the passage in which it occurred reading now, 'There were giants in those days,' when the word should have been 'Grants.' (*Laughter.*)"

This capital jok' was let off in St. James's Hall at a dinner given to the gallant officer, on whose name it turned, to celebrate his appointment to the post of honorary Colonel of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteer Corps. The utterer, and perhaps the author of the foregoing witticisms according to the *Post*, was a noble lord, the Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. HUGH MILLER, we know, was a Scot; and perhaps Scotland also claims his namesake JOSEPH. Not that the joke above quoted about the Giants and Grants is an "old JOE" by any means. On the contrary it is evidently a new FRANK. Seriously, however, we may remark that there appears to be a Scotch version of the Mosaic Records. That of Genesis is above quoted. The Scotch version of Exodus is the one cited by the Sabbatarians.

"The Rest is Silence."

"A wedding recently took place at Aldborough Church at which the bride, bridegroom, bridesmaid, groomsman, and two witnesses were all deaf and dumb."

Somebody, having threatened to write somebody's Life, was said to have added a new terror to death. The above group have lost two of the terrors of marriage. No scolding possible, and an inaudible belle-mère.

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.

UNDER this heading an able and useful contemporary hebdomadally answers all sorts of questions on all sorts of subjects: explains the origin of the custom of eating mince-pies at Christmas; fixes the precise date when toothpicks were first used in England; clears up the mystery enveloping "Jack Robinson;" reveals the maiden name of SHAKESPEARE's godmother; settles the question of the authorship of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper;" and displays generally an amount of encyclopædial knowledge only to be out-done by the erudition of *Mr. Punch* himself.

To that last-mentioned oracle of universal learning, whose shrine is in Fleet Street, questions are addressed every day and by every post, on every topic that can disturb the brain or the temper, from cattle-plagues to cosmogonies, from Reform Bills to Refuges; and it is through a desire to satisfy some of his most pressing querists that *Mr. Punch* has determined from time to time to ease their minds, by laying the questions they have raised and publishing them with his own answers subjoined, selecting in the first instance a few miscellaneous difficulties (in the proportion of about one to a thousand of those submitted to him), for final and authoritative settlement.

"She never told her love." *Shakspeare*.—Is it known what was the secret the lady shrank from disclosing to the object of her affections?

STRATFORDUPONAVONIENSIS.

[The older Commentators, WARBURTON, JOHNSON, MALONE, STEEVENS, "Orator" HENLEY, and ANDREW MARVELL are confident that she referred to a Prior attachment to the head of a religious community. The modern critics, DYCE, COLLIER, KNIGHT, HALLIWELL COWDEN CLARKE, DR. PARR, and WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, are equally certain that she was alluding to false teeth. It is a moot point, and will probably cause commentators not to speak to each other for many generations to come.]

"Who first used the expression "to go the whole hog?"

A LITERARY PORKBUTCHER.

[The great BACON. See his life by GEORGE SELWYN, privately printed at the Strawberry Hill press by KITTY CLIVE. It is remarkable that the common phrase of "carrying coals to Newcastle" may be traced to BACON's shining rival—COKE.]

"Quotations Wanted:—

1. "And the grave is not its gaol."—A.N.N.I.E.

[Are you not misquoting? You must mean a line in a well-known poem by a celebrated American poet.]

2. "The glass of fashion."—LOUDLEY TALKINGTON.

[You will find it, by a careful search, in "The Mirror for Magistrates," written by the notorious JUDGE JEFFREYS. See SIR WILLIAM JONES's Edition, Book XVIII., canto lxxxix.]

"Can you supply the exact derivation of the word Thraldom?"

ASYMPTOTES GRANDIFLORA.

[First came into use when DR. JOHNSON was so much under the influence of the clever and fascinating MRS. THRALE.]

"What is the Taliacotian operation?"—MEDICUS EXPECTANS.

[Ask your Tailor.]

"The Heir of all the Ages." *Tennyson*.—What is his exact legal status?"

LEX.

[State us a case and we will answer it. One thing is clear. He would be liable to Succession Duty—an immense sum. See CHITTY and WHITTY's "Reports."]

"How would you define a first cousin once removed?"

A DESCENDANT OF BISHOP COSIN.

[As a relation who lives next door but one to you.]

"Where can I find an account of the oldest Almanacks?"

ZADKIEL MOORE MURPHY.

[In the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*: see the *Three Kalendars*.]

"Can you, dear *Mr. Punch*, recommend me a Manual of Domestic Medicine?"—A YOUNG MOTHER.

[Yes: *The Doctor*, by DR. SOUTHEY.]

"I often see the letters C.B. after the names of distinguished persons. What do they signify?"—TYRO.

[Cherry Brandy.]

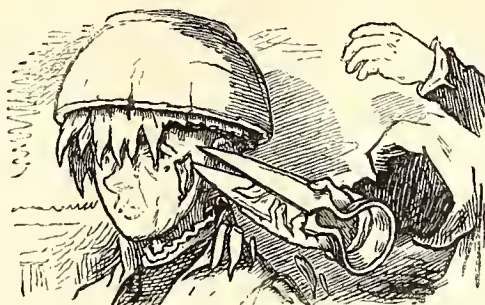
"I have seen it affirmed that a celebrated French Marshal stated he had been in the Peninsula in 1813-14, and in eleven battles, but never saw the back of the British soldier. Can you tell me who the Marshal was?"—CORDIAL INTENT.

[MARSHAL MAGNAN; and very magnanimous it was of him to say it. See the back numbers of the *Family Stove*.]

HAIR-DRESSING BY ELECTRICITY.



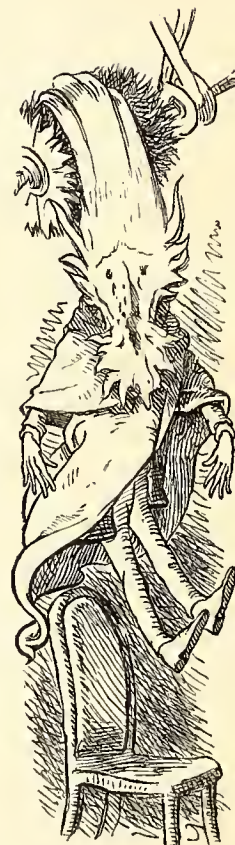
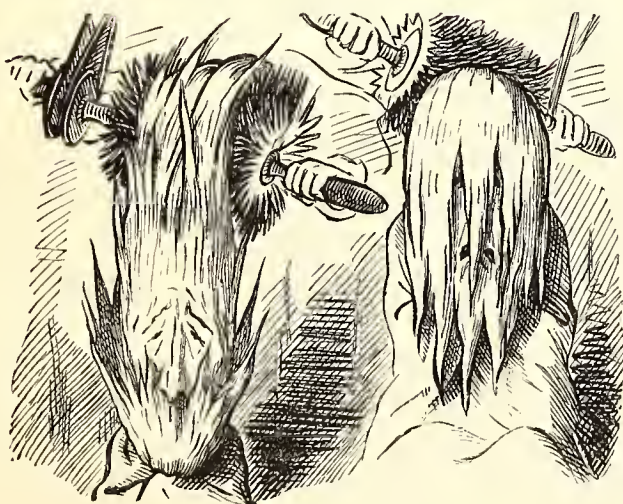
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SEARCHING FOR THE SIMPLE APPLIANCES OF



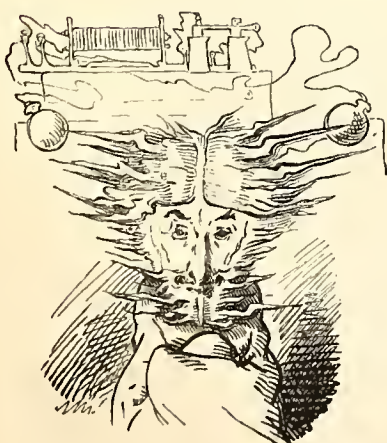
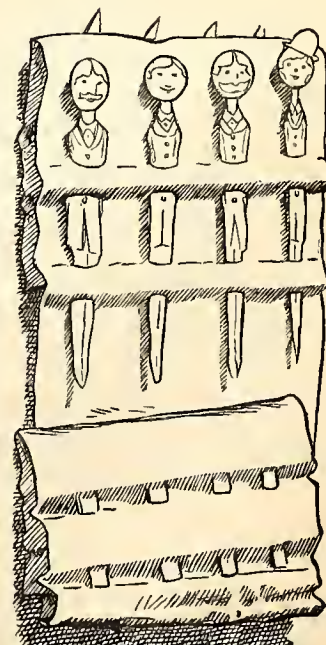
THE MIDDLE AGES ;

AND ENCOURAGED BY THE PICTURESQUE GARB
OF THE MODERN ASSISTANTS—DETERMINES ON HAVING HIS
HAIR DRESSED AT LAST.AND AWAY
ALTOGETHER

BUT AFTER BEING BRUSHED UP AND DOWN—



FORWARDS—BACKWARDS—

HIS HAIR HAVING BEEN PARTED
BY A GALVANIC BATTERY ;HE IS READY FOR A GLASS-CASE, A BAND-BOX, OR INDEED ANYTHING
THAT WILL PRESERVE HIM—

AS NEAT AS A NEW PIN.



IT IS OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW.

GUARD US FROM OUR GUARDIANS.

MY DEAR BROWN,

THANKS to a casual revelation of its horrors, some attention has been paid to our Poor Law system lately, and let us hope that public notice may lead to public good. The nation has protested through its mouthpiece, the Press, against the casual crowding of naked human beings in sties, where their humanity is speedily effaced. Where the Poor Law offers shelter it must also offer decency, and must provide inspectors to see that what it offers is properly supplied.

What manner of men, then, should we elect as Guardians, in order that the Poor Law may be rightly carried out? This, as you may know, is the month for their election: and here are a few words extremely *apropos* :—

"We have no hesitation in saying that there is a great deal of false economy practised by some well-meaning guardians. The very meagreness of the relief offered compels the recipient to apply again and again; whereas a somewhat liberal relief given in the first instance oftentimes prevents the necessity for a second application. The 'house-test,' as it is called, is too often applied in cases where a little out-relief would prevent them from becoming that which they too often do become after entering the house—perpetual paupers; for if once the threshold of the workhouse-door be crossed, the workhouse dress assumed, and workhouse society entered into, then are the seeds of pauperism sown, self-respect lost, and independence destroyed."

Penny wisdom and pound folly is the voice and vice of Bumbledom, Small shopkeepers are mostly now elected to be Guardians, and small shopkeepers are usually not gifted with large minds. As Guardians, who have the Poor Rates in their hands, they think a great deal more of the rates than of the poor, and care not how they pinch the latter, so the former are reduced. I thoroughly admit, therefore, that we have had enough of them, and should most heartily rejoice to see them make way for their betters, in the manner here proposed :—

"It would be well, therefore, if the ratepayers at the coming elections would return gentlemen of respectability, possessed of intelligence and sound common sense. They should be men who have time at their command, and willing to serve the Union at any moment. Mere talkers are not wanted."

Respectable, intelligent, well-to-do, and full of zeal and common sense, these, undoubtedly, are just the right men for the place. But will they let us thrust the greatness of Guardianship upon them?

Will they condescend to do our Poor-Law dirty work for us? Will you, or I, give up our leisure and our brains to go inspecting work-houses, and auditing accounts? Of course we shirk our duty if we decline to act, supposing that the post of Guardian be offered us. But we harden our skins somehow against the pricks of conscience, and turn a deafened ear to the call of public duty. And, after a good dinner, we prefer making inspection of the ash of a cigar, to making an inspection of a Workhouse Casual Ward.

Instead, then, of small shopkeepers, I wish a few big Swells would now and then consent to be Guardians of the poor, and thereby make the office a fashionable post. There are Lords who are "respectable" and not without "intelligence," and I believe that they have mostly lots of "time at their command." We might do worse than beg of them to do our Poor-Law work. Their taste for hunting might incline them to hunt up pauper grievances, and run the varmint "Bumbledom" once for all to earth. Instead of seeking some employment in directing Joint-Stock Companies and managing hotels, let them only condescend to act as Poor-Law Guardians, and, depend, our workhouse system would be speedily improved. You and I and others of the higher middle classes would no longer stand aloof from undertaking Poor-Law duties, when we found them undertaken by a Marquis or a Duke.

Yours serenely, EPAMINONDAS SMITH.

An Old Song.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that a new work by MR. FREDERICK CLAY, the well known amateur composer, will be played very shortly by some amateurs for a deserving charity connected with the Guards. The operetta is called "Out of Sight." Surely the title is more suggestive of a benefit connected with the *Police*?

NO MORE SENSATIONISTS.

"A SUPPLY of Natural Ink has been discovered near Buena Vista lake, California." Over here with a cargo of it as quick as may be. Who knows but that it may produce a supply of Natural Writers?

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The terms at Trinity will henceforth be called "THOMPSON'S Seasons."

THE POLICE AND THEIR PENSIONS.

ALTHOUGH upon occasion he may poke a little fun at them, *Punch*, as a Great Briton, is proud of his police. He knows them to be hardly worked, and he cannot help suspecting that they are hardly paid: and if perchance they casually sup on his cold mutton, well—cooks *will* fall in love with somebody or other, and, after all, it is a charity to help one off with one's cold meat. As the song, a trifle altered, says:—

"With a helmet on his brow,
And a truncheon by his side,
Forth struts the bold policeman,
Of Scotland Yard the pride!

Who can wonder that his whiskers should captivate the kitchen? Who can wonder if flirtation, combined with a good supper, be a weakness of the Force?

Being thus inclined to look with favour on policemen, *Punch* regrets to see a statement in the *South London Chronicle* that they are somewhat harshly dealt with in the matter of their pensions, as well as in their pay. To their Pension Fund all constables are forced to be contributors. (Doubtest thou, SIR RICHARD? "Thyself shalt see the Act.") Every man JACK, or, rather, every man BOBBY of them is compelled by law to pay; but when he wishes for his pension, it may happen he won't get it. According to the *Chronicle*—

"The key to the regulations is supplied by the construction placed upon the Act constituting the fund, and which provides that every constable *must* pay, while he *may* receive some return. No sooner is a police constable morally entitled to a pension by long service than he is subjected to a system of espionage. He has served during a period of fifteen years, perhaps, and ought to have a pension of, we will say, £20 per annum. He remains still in the force. To abandon his post would be suicidal; his superiors think him a faithful and most useful officer, and will not accept his resignation. The wishes of his chiefs bind him with the force of law, and he cannot afford to sever the connection upon which his slender chances absolutely depend. But should he by some mishap lose the good opinion of his superintendent; or, during six years of further duty that should entitle him to a larger pension, be reported upon by his sergeant, not only the advantage of his extra service, but the benefit of the completed fifteen years is at once held to be forfeited."

This is bad enough for BOBBY; but, if the *Chronicle* be trustworthy, "worse remains behind:—"

"Nor is it only when a pension has been earned and purchased, that the proper beneficiary is deprived of it. Pensions are given, and then exertions are made to induce the pensioners to give up their certificates, and the ruse succeeding, all proof of the grant is destroyed. Sick pay—supposed to be charged upon the Fund—is doled out to invalids, who must submit to the torture of reporting themselves for duty, and sinking upon their beats, again and again; a refusal to attempt the impossible task of doing duty in old age brings prompt dismissal, without a pension. Full pensions have been actually granted, and have then been stopped, after efforts to cajole from the men everything constituting legal evidence failed."

Punch sincerely hopes that somebody or other will contradict these statements as speedily as may be, and forbears in the meanwhile from making any comment on them. But should they pass unchallenged, *Punch* must take them to be true; and then his truncheon will be ready to rap upon the knuckles all who have a hand in doling out the pensions which are due to the Police.

GIANTS IN COUNCIL.

"At an adjourned meeting of the 'Reform League,' present, CAPTAIN ROGERS, MESSRS. ODGERS, BUBB, GILL, &c., &c., it was resolved that the Reform Bill, though not meeting just expectations, should be supported as an instalment."—*Star*.

ODGERS, ROGERS, BUBB, and GILL,
Do not much approve the Bill:
ROGERS, ODGERS, GILL, and BUBB,
Will not give the Bill a snub.
ODGERS, GILL, and BUBB, and ROGERS,
Go for manhood votes, and lodgers':
ROGERS, ODGERS, BUBB, and GILL,
Wait for something better still.
But, meantime, to aid it, club
ODGERS, ROGERS, GILL, and BUBB.

WHO ARE THE GREEN?

WE copy the following frantic address from the New York papers of the 1st inst.:—

"Head-quarters, Fenian Brotherhood, New York, March 1.

"BROTHERS, the time for action has arrived. The *habeas corpus* is suspended in Ireland. Our brothers are being arrested by hundreds, and thrown into prison. Call your circles together immediately, send us all the aid in your power at once, and in God's name let us start for our destination.—Aid—Brothers—help—for God and Ireland. (Signed), "JOHN O'MAHONY."

"God Save the Green!"

We have seldom met with a finer piece of sarcasm than that contained in the concluding aspiration, and no doubt MR. O'MAHONY reckons it again and again, as he pockets the material aid furnished by his deluded followers. Probably when the Fenian excitement is over many a poor dupe will become well aware of the full significance of the words, "God save the Green."

MUSIC FOR MISCREANTS.

AFTER reading the subjoined announcement in the obituary of the *Times*:—

"On the 20th instant, at 17, Great Cumberland Street, Hyde Park, after a painful illness and acute suffering, brought on by injuries he received from thieves in Bishopsgate Street in September last, JOHN SPURGIN, Esq., M.D., aged 69,"

—relief must have been experienced by every right-minded person who also read, in the *Manchester Examiner*, the somewhat consolatory information which follows:—

"GAROTTERS UNDER THE LASH.—The garotters whom MR. JUSTICE LUSH sentenced to the lash are being flogged in batches of four a-day."

Gratifying intelligence! Our Manchester contemporary, however, does not stint us to a statement of the mere fact that certain garotters are in course of being flogged, but further exhilarates us with the details of their punishment; telling us, first, that:—

"Yesterday GEORGE JONES, RICHARD COLES, JAMES MOLLOY, and ROBERT WILLIAMS received—the first two, a dozen and a half each, and the last two a couple of dozen each."

Eighteen lashes may be thought too few, and four-and-twenty not many enough to make that impression which the cat-o'-nine-tails ought on the only feelings that a garotter has; but there are lashes and lashes, and it is evident that the above-named rascals were flogged by a strong arm, with a will:—

"The punishment was administered in the presence of the Governor of the New Bailey, the surgeon, and two magistrates. The convicts all suffered severely, and, with the exception of JONES, howled at the first half-dozen."

To anybody who heard them, with an ear for the music of humanity, and a healthy feeling towards ruffians, their howling must have been more melodious than an oratorio. Its effect, in fact, was great:—

"WILLIAMS, who came last, and had probably heard the yells of the others, was moved partly by his apprehensions, and partly by the first fall of the lash, to complain to the surgeon that he was suffering from palpitation of the heart."

If MR. WILLIAMS had ever previously had the advantage of hearing any such music as that which affected him so powerfully when he came to hear it, he perhaps would, by its terrific influence, have been saved from having to make any of it himself. Whereas, although his heart very likely did palpitate with affright:—

"On being examined, he was found rather full in flesh, but quite well, and he was accordingly sent back to the post."

—to execute his own *solo* in due turn, to the great satisfaction of all his hearers except those who were, doubtless, rather instructed than pleased thereby.

Flogging has this great advantage over hanging, that it may be reformatory, and, if it is not so at once, may be repeated indefinitely. There will, we trust, be no necessity for encoring the garotters' involuntary vocal efforts at the whipping-post, for which thanks are due to MR. JUSTICE LUSH. For, concludes the narrative of their castigation:—

"The Governor (CAPTAIN MITCHELL) had visited each convict in his cell, and considered the flogging had had a very salutary effect."

The salutary effect of flogging would be much increased if the music which it awakes could be made to vibrate more extensively than it does on the ears of brutal scoundrels. The spectacle of the process by which the musical sounds are evoked, would enhance their efficacy. When a garotter is sentenced to be flogged, the time and place of his destined punishment should be advertised in low neighbourhoods. A select number of savages might be admitted by ticket to see him suffer, and hear him yell, and his whipping might take place close to the prison wall; so that the music that it would wring out of him might, being audible outside, exert its subduing influence on the dangerous classes assembled there.

TO DINERS-OUT.

It is stated in the papers that the Laureate's new Poem is on the *Death of Lucretius*. Whether this be true or not is not of so much consequence to you, Gentlemen, as the being able, when your pretty neighbour asks you who LUCRETIVS was, to offer her the information required. Do not, therefore, say that he was, (as you probably imagine) the husband of LUCRETIA. Mention that he was a Roman poet, born 95 B.C., and that he wrote a splendid philosophical poem, on the doctrines of EPICURUS, surnamed ROTUNDUS. Add that he was driven mad by a love-potion administered by a lady called LUCILIA, for reasons which MR. TENNYSON may possibly assign, and that he finished his poem in that condition of mind, after which he is thought to have destroyed himself. Here, certainly you may say, is a theme for another great poet. Upon second thoughts, you won't be asked the question now, as all good girls read *Punch*, but you may as well know as much as your pretty neighbour.

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.—He survived all his patients.



"SPOILING IT."

Lord Dabbley. "WA-AL, STREAKY, WHY I'VE HEARD—AH—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO—(yawns)—HAVE A PICT-YAR AT THE EXHIBITION!"

Streaky, R.A. "HAW, VERY PROBABLY NOT, M'LORD. WELL, I THINK IT ONLY—AH—GRACEFUL, M'LORD, WE SHOULD OCCASIONALLY FOREGO OUR PRIVILEGED SPACE FOR THE SAKE OF OUR YOUNGER PAINTERS—AH! BESIDES—I QUESTION IF I SHALL BE ABLE TO FINISH MY PUBLIC PORTRAITS IN TIME THIS YE-AR!"

GROANS FROM NORTH LONDON.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

"TRAVELLERS all, of every station" (as MR. BALFE sings), and I may add, at every station, as naturally turn to you in the hour of their distress, as they do in the hour of their joy. Hear a melancholy tale.

The scene is the North London Railway. On Monday last, I got in at Stepney (you have heard of the Bells of Stepney, Sir, and that this is, erroneously supposed to be the parish of all who are born at sea?) that I might go to Highbury. I suppose there is no harm in going to Highbury. Whenever, as the Scotch say, but I mean as soon as the train was in motion, a lad struck up a tune on a fiddle, and played three or four old airs very hurriedly and very badly, handed round his cap, and got out at the first station we came to, to get into another carriage and repeat the nuisance. Several city gentlemen complained most lustily against such unwelcome visitors. I thought we were lucky to have got rid of him so quickly. So I proceeded, in the best of temper, to Dalston, where, by some ingenious time-table planning, passengers have to change carriages, and wait ten or fifteen minutes. There we had a band of niggers, of whom I know that you are intensely fond.

When at last a train did come, I found I had got into a carriage where there was a man with a melancholy accordion. He played it, Sir, and begged. Do you like accordions, Sir? It happens that I don't. Do you like beggars, Sir? I don't.

Well, Sir, the next day, going in an opposite direction on the same line, I had to change my seat three times to avoid the same wretch, with the same instrument of torture. Again I found myself on the Dalston Junction Platform, where the previous days' entertainment was varied by having, instead of the niggers, a little boy and girl, aged about five and six respectively, with a whistle and some other instrument. Anything more horrible than the noise they made, I cannot conceive. It must have been instantly fatal to any quantity of old cows. I abstain from interpolating a Rinderpest joke, it is not because I am

deterred by your menaces, but because I am in no mood for jocularity.

Pray, *Mr. Punch*, suggest a remedy for our miseries, and believe me,

Your attached admirer,

A CITIZEN WITH NERVES.

[Does our Correspondent mean to say that the above atrocities were perpetrated in first-class carriages? If not, the subject has slight interest for the DUKE OF PUNCH and his aristocratic readers. But, if such were the case, we advise that the matter be brought before Parliament on its re-assembling. Is it for this that Railway Tyranny is permitted to ride rough-shod over the British hearth? Meantime, have "City Gentlemen" no toes to their boots, and have carriages no doors for the ejection of tormentors?]

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKING MAN.

ABOUT the question of Reform,
The public mind appears lukewarm,
And seems to doubt the pending plan
Of extension of the suffrage for the Working Man.
Sing hey, the British Working Man!
Sing ho, the British Working Man!
Extend the suffrage all you can,
By the rule of fair proportion, for the Working Man.

The Working Man! but who is he,
And differs, how, from you and me?
All men's conditions if you scan,
There is hardly any fellow not a Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

The Working Man, so called, is one
Whose labour by mere hand is done;
An Operative, Artisan,
Or Mechanic, is distinctively the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

We lately heard the Working Men
Called "fellow-creatures," but, what then?
Why, so 's the grinning African!
That was giving little credit to the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

A good Reform Bill would be meant
All classes well to represent,
But not to give a larger than
His due share in Legislation to the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

For him taxation is no joke,
It falls upon his drink and smoke;
The Income Tax but just began,
In a measure, to exonerate the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

There's no prerogative in hand,
Of horny palm to rule the land;
No virtue drawn from putty, tan,
Bricks and mortar, glue, or sawdust by the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

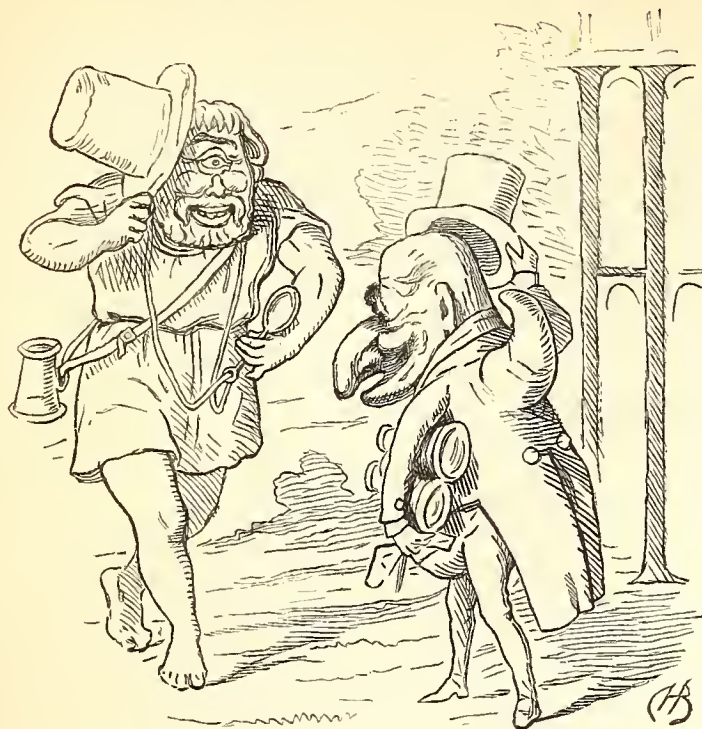
Above his last, a Cobbler may
Have something in the State to say,
A Tinker, too, above his pan;
So a hand in making laws allow the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

But handicraftsmen's upper hand,
Will never do to rule this land.
Shall we still march in Freedom's van?
Then we never shall be governed by the Working Man.
Sing hey, &c.

Talking to the Eye.

A MR. BELL, of Edinburgh, has invented a phonetic alphabet, the signs of which can be made to constitute visible speech. This kind of speech will, for the purposes of argument and persuasion, have a peculiar advantage. Say what you will in visible speech, everybody will be sure to see it.

PUNCH AND POLYPHEMUS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



ATS off, Gentlemen — a Genius!" quoth a friend of ROBERT SCHUMANN, when introducing some new music by CHOPIN, the composer.

Well, if one is to take one's hat off in reverence to CHOPIN, one ought to go upon one's knees, at least, when hearing HANDEL. So, open Sesame, young Cerberus, and let me squeeze in somewhere to perform my genuflexion, if you can't find me a seat.

Thus spoke the GREAT PUNCH at the Little HANDEL Festival, which was held the other day in the Crystal Palace Concert-room; and his magnificent humility so moved the stern policeman that an extra

chair was placed, on this occasion only, in the gorgeous private box.

My eye, what a crowd! was Mr. Punch's classic thought, as he placidly surveyed the worshippers of HANDEL, who had made a special pilgrimage, all the way to Sydenham, to listen to his songs. Three thousand chairs at least were all as full as coat-tails and crinolines could make them, and there were hundreds of legs standing at the sides and in the doorways, that the ears which they belonged to might hear *Acis* once again.

Once again! ah, yes, alas! *oimé! cheu fugaces!* I remember, I remember,

years ago at Drury Lane, Once I heard delightful *Acis*—now I hear it once again. PRISCILLA HORTON then was *Acis*, and how sprightly she was looking, and how splendidly she sang! And how all the town was talking of the CLARKSON STANFIELD scenery, and especially the moving waves that, with innumerable murmurs, broke upon the stage! By Jove, too, I remember that dear glorious old STANNY did it all for love, and wouldn't take a penny from MACREADY for his work. I should like to see such artists now-a-days, by Jove! To show my admiration, I'd let 'em draw for *Punch* upon precisely the same terms!

Thus prattling to himself, Mr. Punch, had no great trouble in employing the few minutes ere the overture commenced. Then for an hour and three-quarters, excepting to cry "Bravo!" once or twice to *Polyphemus*, he never spoke one word. *Intentus aures tenebat*, and he sucked in the sweet sounds as greedily as aldermen might swallow those of codfish. With a fair quartette of singers, and a not too noisy band, his rapturous enjoyment was undisturbed throughout, until the final chorus, when some fiends in human form came pushing at his knees in their snobbish scramble out. Mr. Punch intends to stamp out these offensive pests, and he was pleased to put his foot down on the dress of one vile snob, to whom he offers no apology for the sounding rent he made. One male snob feebly pleaded that he had to catch a train to take him home in time for dinner; as if a man had any right or reason to feel hungry, after such a feast of the "rare roast beef of music," as old HANDEL had been giving him! Better starve, than scramble, snob. Hunger is surely no excuse for selfish rudeness.

At Sydenham every Saturday, by paying half-a-crown, you may enjoy a charming Concert, which, a score of years ago, you must have paid a guinea for. "Think of that, *Master Brook*," as you sit over your claret; and drink success to MR. MANNS, the Crystal caterer of music. Remembering how many pleasant afternoons we owe to him, Mr. Punch, who has not "shwored off" yet, will join you in the toast. MR. MANNS, Sir, here is your goot health and all your vamily's, and may your pleasant Winter Concerts live long-while and prosper!

FAST AND HUMILIATION;

OR, SICK BEASTS v. SICK PAUPERS.

"FAST and humiliate yourselves, to avert the wrath of Heaven!" How? As we're used to fast in Lent, and pray one day in seven? The fast, that means our usual meal, *plus* salt-fish and egg-sauce? The prayer, that's three parts Sunday clothes, *far niente*, and, of course, The form prescribed by authority, and the lessons of the day? As the Pharisees must have fasted, and the Scribes been used to pray?

Is this "a fast unto the Lord?" Is this a bowing down To take the sharpness from his scourge, the blackness from his frown? Are these fine clothes the sackcloth that repentant Sin should wear? These scents and dyes the ashes that should stain the sinner's hair? Has Burlesque the Church invaded, having outgrown the play, Till parsons act, and *Punch* expounds the Lessons of the Day?

The Lessons of the Day? Yes, my brethren, let's give heed To their letter and their spirit, that e'en those who run may read: Where are these Lessons written? In the stock-pen, or the byre? In steamers' holds, where cattle in foul air and filth expire? In the sheds where milk's made out of grains, and fever out of muck? In the heat and thirst and torture of the seething railway-truck?

There are lessons here, my brethren—lessons we sorely need— They are not pleasant reading, but should profit us to read. Cruelty falls in curses, as mountain-mist in rain; Our cruelty to *cattle* falls in curse of plague and blain: But the real "Lesson of the Day's" on "cruelty to *man*," And must be read in workhouse ward, not in hold, byre, or van.

Rare matter here for fasting—not in the salt fish style: Ground for humiliation—not in broad-cloth and three-pile; Here's misery of our making, or permitting man to make, That must awaken wrath in God, if God hath wrath to wake. Here's plague, with stench its sire, filth and foul air its mothers— Here's "cruelty to animals"—those animals our brothers!

There is no lack of these lessons, our newspapers they crowd; Reports, inquiries, inquests, leading articles are loud; JOHN BULL reads, blushes, shakes with rage or sickens, and so flings The horror off, and turns the page, and reads less shocking things. But there's a sheet where such things stand for judgment by-and-by, Not for slashing social leader, or short sensation cry.

To-day it is a pauper's persistence not to die; The hard short bed, where aching bones and sloughing sores must lie: The vermin, fat mid hunger, waxing ripe on human rot: The ailment nursed as carefully as he that ails is not: The pauper nurse, the slattern meal, chance-medley, draught or pill, Till acute disease grows chronic, and a scratch gains strength to kill.

To-morrow, some new misery of untended slow decay, Till of a living pauper grave-maggots make their prey: Visiting Guardians arrive—quick, ere they pass the doors, Have the filth swept below the beds, the sheets drawn o'er the sores! Let another death-struck pauper, braving wrath of master, nurse, and Board, Reveal the festering horrors of a St. Giles sick ward.

Or 'tis a dying wretch, turned out just on the edge of doom, To the winter cold and darkness of the old men's common-room. "He groaned and coughed—most of us groan and cough—the groans grew low,

We heard a rattling in his throat, but the door was locked, you know. One had a candle-end and match—against the rules, 'tis true— And by its light we found him dead—but what use to make ado?"

Now 'tis a babe, the child of shame, forsaken and foredone; The pauper wet-nurse has her own, and her milk is scant for one. "'Tis dead!"—"No, 'tis so slow to die!"—"For the grave let's have it drest!"

"What's the odds of a few minutes?—Who's HILLOCKS, to protest, And disturb the lady-matron while she has friends to tea, All because little GREEN ain't dead when dead she ought to be!"

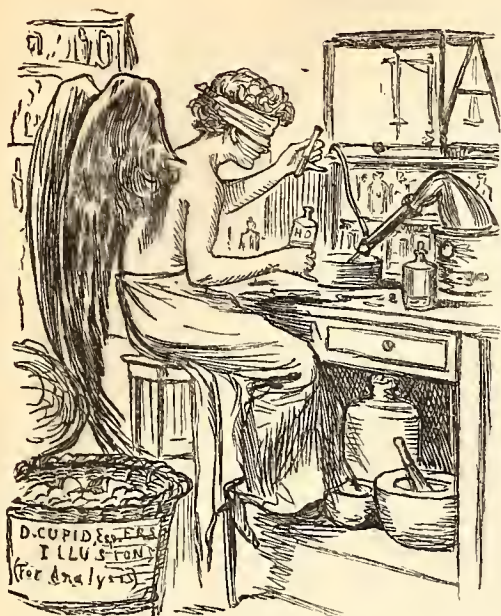
Fast and humiliation! Because our cattle die, Because beef's up at Leadenhall, we raise our helpless cry! And all this misery round us, whereof we know the seed, Not in God's mysterious judgments, but our own neglect and greed. Down on our knees, or, better far, up to our feet, like men, Blush that such things have been, and swear they *shall* not be again!

Opera Reform.

THE greater part of the Pit at the Opera was some years ago converted into stalls. There may be no necessity to lower the franchise for admission to the Opera House, but could there not be a Re-Distribution of Seats?

THE SCEPTICAL BEAUTY;

OR, A DRAMA OF DOUBT.



DISTINGUISHED man of science, to whom the world has much reason to be grateful, and by the side of whom the most eminent men may feel their inferiority, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, has recently been teaching that there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one way of acquiring it, that that way of acquiring knowledge makes Scepticism the highest of duties, all faith being described as 'blind' which accepts anything on any kind of authority but that of scientific experience. Imagine the child doubting whether it ought to trust, and the woman whether she ought to love till scientific habits of mind had verified the credentials!—*North British Review.*

"And why shouldn't we imagine it?"—*Punch.*

SCENE—An elegant drawing-room. Time, Afternoon.

ISABEL, a young lady, is discovered, reading. She occasionally glances at the clock on the mantel-piece. Her beautiful little dog, TATTERS, is on the rug.

Isabel. They are all gone out. I hear the wheels of the departing carriage. Stay. Mamma may have only said that she was going, and may be watching in the library, ready to pounce upon dear AUGUSTUS. (*Rises and goes to window.*) The carriage is certainly gone, if I may accept the evidence of my eyes, the double reflection upon the retina, uniting into one image. But for the library. I must investigate. (*Goes. TATTERS waits her exit, then tears a book to pieces, and returns to the rug, pretending to be asleep. She re-enters.*) No. But where is the second volume of *Falkner Lyle*? Tatters, you bad dog, this is your doing. Don't be a naughty little hypocrite, but come to his Missis.

Enter AUGUSTUS, in elegant morning dress.

AUGUSTUS. Am I not punctual, dearest ISABEL?

Isabel (*looking at clock, and at her own watch*). Yes, dear AUGUSTUS, allowing for the variations of ordinary watches, you are. Why you should be punctual, why you should be here at all (*sadly*) are unsolved problems. Mamma has signified that she disapproves of your attentions, and I must in future refuse to see you.

AUGUSTUS (*dejectedly*). Yet you called me dear.

Isabel. It is a word of common use, and implies that in the absence of certainty, I think you preferable to the rest of my acquaintance.

AUGUSTUS. Let certainty be no longer absent. I love you. My father is rich, and lives but to oblige me. My sisters are the best girls out, and are dying to be your sisters. I would strew the path of your life with flowers, and make every new day happier than the last. The least of your wishes should be—(*kneels, and TATTERS bites his leg*). Confound you, you little beast, I should like to—(*rubs his leg*)—I beg your pardon, dearest, but his teeth are as sharp as the de—, as needles.

Isabel (*mournfully*). Is it worth while, AUGUSTUS, to test your other statements, when a trifle like this discloses your falseness?

AUGUSTUS. My own ISABEL, it was love that made me angry, for if that little angel should be mad, and I should sink into an early but suburban cemetery, what hope should I have of ever calling you mine? Answer, dear.

Isabel (*smiling*). Your logic pleases me, I own. But, AUGUSTUS, pardon me if I analyse your propositions. You state that you love me. Let us pass over that for the moment, and investigate your second allegation. You say that your father is rich. I own that he is a courtly and charming gentleman, and his beard is beautiful, though probably dyed.

AUGUSTUS. I assure you, no.

Isabel. I reverence your filial faith, though it is baseless. You have hardly examined his toilette table, and if you had, the absence of colouring fluid might only show that he is dyed at his hairdresser's. But this is a trifle. How do you know that he is rich?

AUGUSTUS. You have been a welcomed guest in Norfolk Square. You see how we live.

Isabel. His taste and hospitality prove his education and generosity, but may also prove that he is living over his income.

AUGUSTUS. I see his bankers' book. His income is £5000 a-year above his expenses.

Isabel. I rejoice, for your sake, but where does he put his money? Bankers fail. Shares are depreciated. Companies burst.

AUGUSTUS. How right you are, but he has faith in Consols only.

Isabel. Purchased by himself? Brokers too often take a client's money and spend it, paying him the income, and so preventing suspicion.

AUGUSTUS. I have been with him to the Bank, and seen him take the dividends on £90,000.

Isabel. Lately, darling?

AUGUSTUS. Paradise is in the last word, and the last date was in January.

Isabel. He may still have sold out, but I do not like to believe it, and the next thing, my AUGUSTUS, is, am I to believe you?

AUGUSTUS. About my love, or about the Consols?

Isabel (*playfully*). Have I not said that we will assume the love, for the sake of argument only? Yet why should I? You are handsome—

AUGUSTUS. "I would, of course, seem so to you," as the *Angel in the House* says.

Isabel. Nay, you are. And your manners are pleasant. Perhaps you have vanity, and would please many. I did hear something about the Guards' Industrial Home performances and MISS LOUISA POLLENFORD.

AUGUSTUS. And you believe it?

Isabel. No, I believe nothing which is not proved, but given blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a lisp, and your own declaration (a year ago, I allow) that you liked a lisp, and you will admit that I have evidence worthy of examination.

AUGUSTUS. Granted, sweet analyst, but I dispose of it by stating that the POLLENFORDS all left town four days before the Guards' night. Assuming that I can prove this—

Isabel. Then another question arises—what is your interest in being so well informed of the movements of that family, AUGUSTUS?

AUGUSTUS. Simply that my brother REGINALD is spoons on LAURA, the second girl, and bores me eternally with her sayings and doings. Is LOUISA eliminated?

Isabel. I am too easily convinced, where my heart is interested.

[AUGUSTUS makes a rapid motion to kiss her hand, and TATTERS makes a rapid snap at his other leg.

AUGUSTUS. No, you didn't. ISABEL, why does your dog hate me? Would I could accept the omen I might deduce from his jealousy.

Isabel (*caressing Tatters*). He waz a zittle duck, he waz.

AUGUSTUS (*spitefully*). That zoological confusion is unworthy your intellect, ISABEL. How can a dog be a duck?

Isabel (*archly*). My AUGUSTUS, you do not suppose that I really mean that he is one of the *Anatidæ*, though he swims so well that we might call him one of the *Natatores*.

AUGUSTUS. Forgive me. I also can swim. Call me a duck.

Isabel. I know another bird to which I might compare a gentleman who is envious of a poor little doggie-woggie.

AUGUSTUS. The reproof is just. I am penitent. Now, dearest ISABEL, be true, and trust to my overcoming your Mamma's dislike?

Isabel. Your tone is grave and earnest, AUGUSTUS, and though this may be assumed (for I have seen how well you play in private theatricals) I will think you serious, and will answer seriously. How can I know that you love me?

AUGUSTUS. Have I not said and sworn it a hundred times?

Isabel. An unworthy reply, dear AUGUSTUS, to a pupil of PROFESSOR HUXLEY, but I am sure—at least I think—that you do not mean to insult me.

AUGUSTUS. You know that I would shed my heart's blood for you—in proof, has not TATTERS just bit a piece out of my leg? I would take him in my arms, but that he would also bite my nose.

Isabel. I think that you like me. Why should you not? I am called pretty, and I have some intellect. We have a baronet in the family, and we know very good people. Papa is not rich, but he is a Member of Parliament, and you are a barrister for whom he could get something from Ministers. And you say, Sir, that you *now* like dark eyes.

AUGUSTUS. Now and for ever, to say nothing of a Grecian nose, and a sweet voice, and the most graceful figure that ever—

Isabel (*smiling*). Ah! AUGUSTUS, when you flatter the jury your evidence is weak. How can I trust your assertions, which may be made in good faith, but which may be the reverse?

AUGUSTUS (*haughtily*). I will be trifled with no longer. One last appeal, ISABEL, and you are mine—or I leave the house for ever.

Isabel. Your manner frightens me, but yet I have strength to protest. Violence is not argument.

AUGUSTUS. I am not violent. But I will give you one proof that I am a man to be trusted, and, if this fails, farewell for ever, loveliest but most sceptical of angels.

Isabel (*agitated*). Speak, speak, AUGUSTUS!

AUGUSTUS (*solemnly*). I am a regular and diligent student of *Punch*.

Isabel. I am yours.

AUGUSTUS. Ecstasy!

Isabel. But, my own one, for my own character as a Huxleian, I must even have this proved. May I question you on the contents of his last six numbers?

AUGUSTUS. Willingly. But it must not be a Competitive Examination. Have I a rival?

Isabel. Dearer to me for that doubt, for once accept an unsupported allegation. You have no rival, except TATTERS. Now, Sir.

[The curtain falls as ISABEL, seated close beside AUGUSTUS, (TATTERS growling horribly,) points out the last Cartoon, and smilingly desires him to explain its merits.



“CHILDREN AND FOOLS SPEAK TRUTH.”

Mamma. “Now, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I WANT?”

Alice (who has watched the toilet proceeding with interest and curiosity). “THE BODY, MAMMA.”

MITTIMUS EXTRAORDINARY.

A POLICEMAN disguised in plain clothes lays violent hands on a gentleman whom he mistakes for a thief, and is himself mistaken for a thief by that gentleman, who stabs him, acting, as he supposes, in self-defence. The gentleman is taken to Greenwich Police-court, remanded for six weeks, and finally committed for trial, at the Old Bailey, by MR. TRAILL, who makes a speech, wherein he says that:—

“From the time of the first hearing his opinion was, that the case was of such general public importance that it ought properly to be sent to another Court, and this should be done in order that some expressions of the Judge before whom it would have to be tried might be elicited in reference to the employment of policemen in plain clothes; for until this were done there would be no alteration.”

Of course, the expediency of eliciting some expressions of opinion from a Judge about a questionable practice, is a very good supplementary reason to the only sufficient one for sending a man to be tried on a criminal charge; that is to say, the condition that the charge itself is tenable. Who can doubt that MR. TRAILL was satisfied that the charge on which he committed MR. FERGUSON was one which ought, *per se*, to go to a jury? Nobody, perhaps, who has not read what MR. TRAILL is reported to have proceeded to say:—

“There had been in the present case what might be termed a double mistake—a mistake on the part of the constable in supposing the prisoner to have stolen property in his possession, and a mistake on the part of the prisoner in supposing the constable had stopped him on the highway for the purpose of robbing him. He had, over and over again, in that Court thought it his duty to caution constables in plain clothes as to the manner in which they performed their duties, telling them that something serious would happen, by which they would suffer, and which it would be difficult to punish. The result of the trial would probably be the acquittal of the prisoner, but for the reason he had stated he thought it right on public grounds, and with the desire of the Police Commissioners, to send the case to the Sessions.”

In the opinion of MR. TRAILL, there had been, in the case before him, what might be termed a double mistake—had there? Other people will perhaps be rather inclined to consider that the mistake was triple; there having been not only the mistake of the constable, and that of the prisoner, but also the mistake of the Magistrate; a mistake, and a very

great mistake, made in committing a man to be tried for a crime on a ground that had nothing to do with the question of his guilt or innocence. Who is to reimburse MR. FERGUSON for the legal expenses which MR. TRAILL has obliged him to incur, to say nothing of the annoyance and anxiety which he has inflicted on him, merely to the end that expressions in reference to the employment of policemen in plain clothes may be elicited from a Judge? What opinion can be elicited from a Judge other than that, if policemen disguise themselves, and act in such a manner as to cause themselves to be mistaken for garotters, they must take the consequences? Could not MR. TRAILL have said as much as that himself?

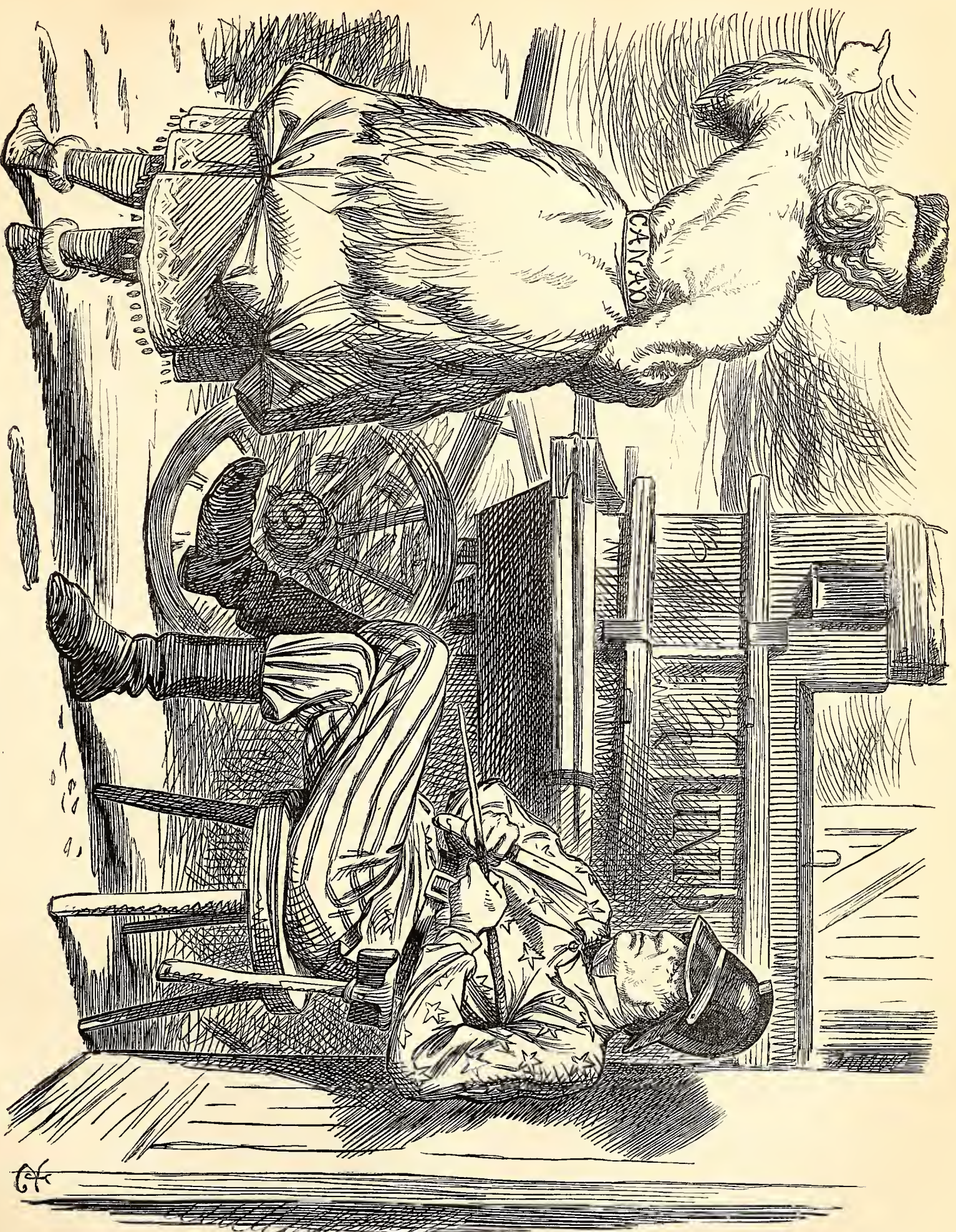
For once a case has arisen which proves the possible use of a Metropolitan Grand Jury. The bill against a prisoner who, in the opinion of the Magistrate that committed him, deserves to be acquitted, will surely be thrown out, and perhaps also some expressions in reference to his commitment will be elicited from the gentlemen whose business it is to take care that nobody shall be wrongfully placed in the dock.

FIGURE AND FACE.

OF the following maxim (which we find in a review in the *Star*) we cordially approve:—

“A man who aspires to be an artist of the highest class ought to understand that true art has no business with the hideous.”

But just you wait until the Academy opens, and the “Portraits of Gentlemen” and “Ladies” are revealed. No amount of hideousness will deter an artist from depicting a Guy, if the Guy, or his admiring friends, can pay a high figure for the high art. We shall illustrate this fact, when we shall have gone through the Exhibition. Smirking and scowling parties, look out, if you have been “making ‘Art’ hideous.”



THE YANKEE FIREMAN.

CANADA. "THEY SAY THERE'S FIRE AT HEAD-CENTRE HOUSE. IF IT SPREADS TO MY PREMISES—"
FIREMAN. "GUESS IT'S ONLY SMOKE, MISS. WAIT TILL IT BUSTS OUT."

READING AND RUNNING.

OH, the comfort and luxury of travelling in these times of daily, hourly improvements! Specially night-travelling. What equals the repose of the steady, equal-going "Express" on any narrow gauge? How you can throw yourself back, and lounge as if you were in your old arm-chair at home, where your grandfathers sat, as the song says. How speedily the dull night is whisked away, while one can read awhile by the bright light, invariably provided by the company for every carriage, or write notes, or draw, or sleep, just as the fancy may take you. Permit me to give an idea of the almost inappreciable comfort of a journey to Liverpool (for instance), or Holyhead; that is, a five, six, or seven hours' journey. Night is coming on, and you have provided yourself with various papers, which you will now (you have said to yourself cunningly) have an excellent opportunity of reading. You want to make extracts, and have taken care to bring a note-book and pencil. You start before daylight has deserted London, and, after arranging yourself in your rug, and placing your feet gingerly upon the hot-water bottle, you will get out your papers, and, congratulating yourself upon your forethought, will commence your perusal.

As a beginning, of course, you get hold of the supplement of the *Times*, and are frightened lest the readable part should have been accidentally, or designedly, omitted. You find it, however, and probably look round on your companions as if expecting their congratulations. With a feeling of disappointment at being unable to attract any notice, you unfold the paper, and, first of all, light upon "Army Intelligence from the *Gazette*," which you don't want to see. Your eye is next attracted by a paragraph about "Gigantic Hailstones in Normandy," half of which you read before it occurs to you that what you really do want to see is the Leading Article. This, in consequence of some previous vagary on the part of the paper-boy, entails much struggling in unfolding the news-sheets. It is difficult to execute this feat without grazing your opposite fellow-traveller, or digging your elbow into the ribs of the gentleman on your left or right hand, as the case may be. As you go through the process, you mentally determine that, for the future, you'll never travel without a paper-knife. Of course, you've often said you'd get it, but never have as yet. Having made enemies of every one in the carriage by this proceeding, you look round, perfectly ready to scowl and be defiant, but meeting with no open hostile demonstration, you will attack the Leading Article. In attempting this, you will be led astray for a second or two by the attraction of the Theatrical Advertisements. These you will renounce with the pomps and vanities of this world, and settle yourself upon the serious business of the Article. By this time, however, the train has got up its steam, and you are at full speed. What reading was when you started, is not what reading is now. The train is wobbling, as if every minute it would be off the line, and running over the embankment on its own account. You try to console yourself with the idea that this won't last long, and somebody gravely remarks that "there's some inequality in the line here," whereupon his fellow-travellers ascribe to him a wonderful knowledge of engineering, and decline any discussion with such a gifted being. They believe less in him as they find the inequality continues, and have set him down for an arrant pretender before the expiration of the next half-hour. The wobbling increases: if it wasn't for the arms to the seats you'd be banged up against one another. The first question is, therefore, how to sit still? If you settle yourself in the centre of the seat, with an elbow on each arm-cushion, and your two hands holding the paper before you, you will find that you have lost all control over your head, which waggles about as if you were teaching a piping bullfinch to sing.

You want to read this paragraph:—

"If Austria had justly appreciated the policy of Prussia, she might have satisfied herself that the latter would not be contented with a divided sovereignty in the territory which she had risked so much to acquire."

You go at it with a will. You cling to "If Austria," and are mastering "had justly appreci—" when a violent wobble shakes up the words and letters all together, and runs you into "a divided sover—". The paragraph will come out slowly in this form:—

Yourself (reading to yourself). "If Austria had just" (*bump into the third line*) "divided sover—" (*You try back, and, after some difficulty, find the first word, with which you grapple.*) "If Austria had justly appreciated the" (*bump, lurch into third line again*) "divided sovereignty—" (*Yourself to yourself.*) Confound that divid—" (*Bump. You begin at "justly."*) "Justly appreciated the pol—" (*bump into third line*) "divided sov—" (*bump, and lurch into five lines ahead*) "Schleswig, Kiel" (*You look for the word "justly" again, by way of a landmark.*) "Justly" (*terrific lurch sends you into another column*) "MR. O'MAHONY, on the other hand, and GENERAL—" Oh, that's about the Fenians! (*You determine to read about Fenians.*) "MR. O'MAHONY and—" (*bump back again into first column*) "Prussia—have satisfied—that—" and, finally, you give it up as a bad job.

Daylight fails, and is succeeded in the first-class carriage by the cheerful oil-lamp. You try your paper once again. The exertion of holding it close to your eyes, and as near the lamp as possible, is too much, not to mention that you have still to attempt some counteraction of the wobbling of the carriage. If you try to make notes while in the railway, the effort to decipher them afterwards will give you a wearying headache. Gentlemen Directors, if you can't stop the wobbling, at all events you can light up your carriages, in order that those, who have to run, may also be enabled to read.

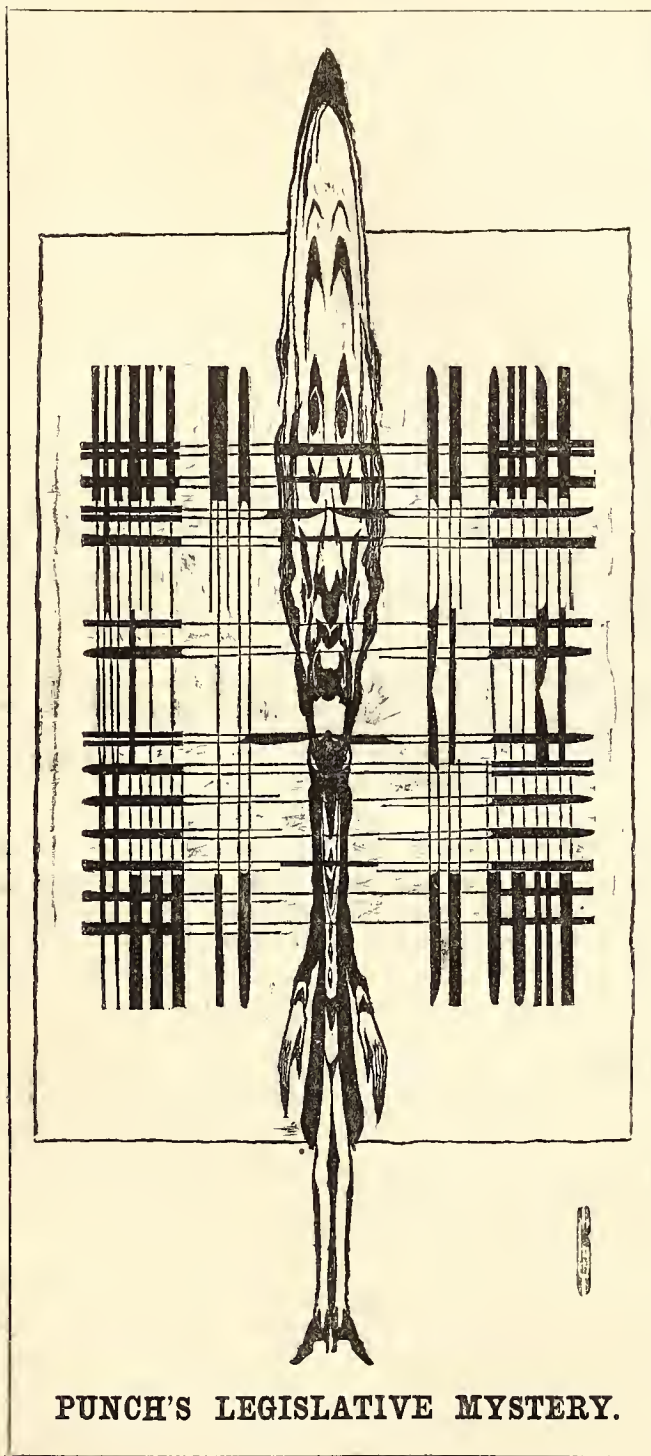
"HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

"A DISAPPOINTED Candidate" asks, apparently with some groundless suspicion that he has been hoaxed, if we can "quote any passage from a Latin poet showing the antiquity of the Shoe-brigade." Of course we can. Curiously enough, the line (no doubt) referred to was upon our lips only the other day, when we heard an old gentleman, a stranger to London, railing because he "couldn't walk a hundred yards without being pointed at—pointed at, Sir—by a parcel of dirty rascals, that bawl at you as if you did not know where you were." Here was an illustration of the truth that a liberal education softens the manners! If that old gentleman had read his *PERSIUS*, it would have touched him to think how the race he was maligning, gazed—probably unabashed—upon a *NERO*, as he walked the streets of Rome; and how the cynical stoic frankly avowed his delight in their little ways and their peculiar cry, which have come down to us, unchanged, through eighteen centuries. But in vain we murmured in an unclassic ear—

"At pulchrum est DIGITO MONSTRARI, ET DICIER 'HIC ES.'"

Those fingers—to which perhaps the feet of *VIRGIL* owed that exquisite polish which distinguishes them even now—were dirty fingers to him, and nothing more.

Happening to mention this incident, for the sake of its admirable moral, to our boy in the Sixth Form, we were assured by him that he had read the First Satire, and that the line ended, not with *es* but with *est*. Very possibly a *t* has crept into the Harrow edition.—Boys are careless with their books; and who would reject a version of a remark made 1800 years ago—a version whose truth is strikingly corroborated by the admitted usage of our own day—because it does not coincide with another version "to a *t*?"



PUNCH'S LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.



SELF-SACRIFICE.

Tom (To his little Cousin Reginald, who only came this half, and whom he diligently takes care of). "HULLO, REGGY! WHAT A' YOU GOT THERE? AN ORANGE? WHY THE MOST BEASTLY UNWHOLESOME THING YOU CAN EAT!—'T ANY RATE, GIVE'S HOLD AND LET'S SQUEEZE THE NASTY JUICE OUT FOR YOU!"

FROLICS OF THE FENIANS.

THE *Cuba*, the other day, brought news from Yankeedoodledom that:—

"A Fenian mass meeting, attended, it is estimated by 100,000 persons, was held on Sunday last, under MAHONY'S auspices, at Jones Wood, New York. The speakers urgently appealed for subscriptions to the Bonds, for the sale of which booths were erected on the ground. MAHONY announced that fighting had commenced in Ireland, and asked for sufficient funds to enable the expedition to leave for Ireland in six weeks."

An envoy from the coalhole, or other den, wherein STEPHENS was hiding, called CAPTAIN M'CAFFERTY, by way of confirming the foregoing statement, "declared that in Ireland the Fenians had ready for battle a disciplined army of 300,000 men: all they required were arms." The inference which the Captain's hearers might have drawn from this declaration, if they were capable of drawing inferences, would have been that fighting had commenced in Ireland without arms. And they would have been right. Fighting with fists, and with shillelaghs, which are not arms in CAPTAIN M'CAFFERTY'S sense, has never ceased, and therefore had begun for some time. But this was not what the President of the Irish Republic meant to say. The meeting over which, at least, MR. O'MAHONY presided, resolved that:—

"The suspension of the *habeas corpus* was an acknowledgment that Ireland was in a state of war, and therefore entitled by all the rules of civilised warfare to belligerent rights."

Thus, the British Government and Legislature, in suspending the *habeas corpus* in order to summarily apprehend, try, and if necessary hang Fenian traitors, in fact only constituted those gentlemen belligerents, and put themselves out of court so as to disentitle themselves to try them, and even so much as to send them to the treadmill:—

"The meeting, therefore, called upon their Government at Washington, without delay, to acknowledge Ireland as a belligerent."

In the meantime, for PRESIDENT JOHNSON will probably think a little before he acknowledges the Fenians as belligerents, MR. O'MAHONY

THE BOAT RACE.

CROWN them with bay—the victors—
For well they've earned their place:
Crown them with bay, Dame Fortune—
Thy favourites in the race.

But when the shout has died away
That hails the conquering crew—
Up, Cantabs! raise as loud a cheer,
To greet your drooping blue.

The Laurel-crown and bay-wreath
Are fair—but fairer still
Are patience, pluck, endurance,—
A firm unflinching will.

Some say that there are cravens,
Who'll fight when victory's sure;
But give me those who love success,
And can defeat endure.

Who still were staunch and steady,
Though not the conquering crew:
When other hearts were failing—
True Cantabs and true blue.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

Don't you marry for money, Sir, without taking care to have it settled on the survivor, and also being sure that the affection on which you calculate is organic. Even in that case you may have a long time to wait. It is astonishing how many years some ladies, old ones too, will continue to enjoy ill health.

Never try to explain to a woman what she is unwilling to understand. She will only think you very cruel. Women generally resent, as they would a corporal thrashing, the attempt to beat anything into their heads. They won't see the thing; they only feel the beating.

An Additional Instruction.

It should be the aim of the architect who builds a new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square (patching up the existing warehouse is of course out of the question) to make it the finest sight in Europe.

might try the experiment of invading Ireland, hoisting there the standard of the Irish Republic, and seeing whether the suspension of the *habeas corpus* would, if he were caught, prove any bar to the suspension of his own *corpus*; than which none could be fitter for the purpose of the proposed experiment, or any other.

But next, and lastly:—

"The Meeting resolved that all funds should be immediately remitted to JOHN MITCHELL, Paris."

The right man in the right place! MR. MITCHELL, at Paris, will doubtless know how to employ any amount of funds with which any persons may be fools enough to trust him.

It is rather satisfactory to know that—

"Great enthusiasm prevailed, and \$25,000 of Bonds were sold."

Had the amount been larger, it would have been more gratifying. The Irish-American Fenians are beyond our reach. We cannot hang or imprison them: but Irish will be Irish; and they fine themselves.

"TAKE THAT AMONG YOU."

WE find the following paragraph in several of our contemporaries:—

"On the night of March 19, the PRINCE OF ***** and PRINCE ***** dined at the ***** Club with a small party of its members as the guests of M. *****, their old tutor."

We have three things to say on these three lines, from which we have expunged the names, for a reason which will probably not occur to the writer of the paragraph. First, the gentleman lastly mentioned was not the tutor of the members, as above stated, but of the Royal personages. Secondly, he is not old, but in the prime of a valuable life. And thirdly, the party was entirely a private affair, and its being thus advertised is a new instance of the prevalence of the hideously vulgar American practice of holding nothing sacred, not even the Mahogany Tree.

A BIRMINGHAM BIRD.



HE House of Commons, as described by the Hon. Member for Birmingham, in a letter to his constituents, "is never hearty for Reform, or for any good measure." Moreover, "it is to a large extent the offspring of landlord power in the counties, and of tumult and corruption in the boroughs, and it would be strange if such a Parliament were in favour of freedom, and of an honest representation of the people." There exists in it, also, says MR. BRIGHT, "a dirty conspiracy" against the Reform

Bill and EARL RUSSELL; a "more dirty conspiracy" than any that has been seen there for many generations. He keeps harping on this phrase "dirty conspiracy." Perhaps friend BRIGHT does not commit a breach of privilege in abusing the House of Commons; but his reiterated application of the word "dirty" to the Assembly of which he is himself a member is remarkable. The remark which it suggests is a familiar adage relative to the bird that befouls its own nest.

"BYLES ON BILLS" OF MORTALITY.

MOST persons are aware that in classical times it was held ominous and ill-boding to allude to the end of life in a direct manner, and that softening terms were employed in reference to one's demise. We have, in youth, been taught the special meaning of the Latin *Abitio*, and the Greek *BeStoke*, likewise of *vixit*, and *fruit*. Moreover the custom has been transmitted to the present day. In French slang a person who has left this world is said to have torn the cloth of the billiard table, that being an offence for which one is utterly banished from its scene. This display of learning is intended as prelude to the introduction of a new and happy Idea just invented by MR. JUSTICE BYLES, and presented by him to an admiring Court at the Somerset Lent Assizes, in the case of RABBY v. HARVEY:—

"MR. MURCH. I understand, my Lord, that the plaintiff has another son, but that he has been abroad for thirty or forty years, and has not during that time been heard of.

"HIS LORDSHIP. Probably, then, he is farther off than abroad by now."

"Farther off than abroad." Henceforth let that phrase be admitted into English conversation on the ruling of MR. JUSTICE BYLES. A remote and delicate Idea.

BELLIGERENTS OF AN IRISH SORT.

WE recognised the Confederates as belligerents because the Federals constituted them such by blockading their ports. The United States Government cannot, with any justice whatever, attempt to retaliate on us by countenancing the Fenians. But, indeed, it would not if it could. The Americans are a magnanimous nation. Even if HER MAJESTY'S Ministers had made no attempt whatever to prevent British ship-builders from selling the Confederates vessels of war (whilst other subjects of the QUEEN were selling the Federals guns and ammunition) the countrymen of WASHINGTON would be too generous to take vengeance on poor us. On the contrary, they would, no doubt, study to return us good for what they might consider evil. But we must take care that we do not compel them to allow the Fenians, as they compelled us to allow the Confederates, belligerent rights. Therefore, if GENERAL SWEENEY and his Irish Republican army invade Canada, and are captured, we shall be under the painful necessity, in pure self-defence, of hanging every man Pat of them as filibusters and pirates.

Said the Papers.

"THE Bank of Holland has reduced its rate to 4½." "Then," exclaimed our young friend IGNORAMUS STUDS, "I am blessed if my laundress ought to charge me more than 4½ for washing my Shirts."

A MITRE EARNED BY A MAGISTRATE.

SCENE—*Ubivis*. SIMPKINSFORD and SNIGSBY.

Simp. If [the present Ministers 'go out,' who will be LORD CHANCELLOR?

Snigs. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, if I am Premier. I say, reunite the Mitre and the Woolsack.

Simp. Well, that is something like making both ends meet. But why?

Snigs. An Archbishop would be such a capital equity judge.

Simp. What knowledge could he possibly have of equity?

Snigs. Everything; by intuition. See how much an ordinary clergyman generally shows when he is "under the QUEEN in some authority."

Simp. Like *Justice Shallow*?

Snigs. On the rural Bench. His decisions are almost always based on equity—as contra-distinguished from law.

Simp. And as understood by himself.

Snigs. Who ought to understand equity better than the preacher of righteousness? *Cuique in sua arte.*

Simp. The REV. MR. GRAY, for instance, at Inkberrow, who, according to the *Birmingham Daily Post*, took it upon himself to order a policeman verbally, without giving him a warrant, to take EMILY BALLARD, aged 10, to the Redditch lock-up, had her confined between four and five days because he supposed that she had stolen a penny in church, and then, when she was brought before the Bench of which he was Chairman, in that capacity wanted to dismiss the case. There was equity for you.

Snigs. Equity supplying the deficiency of law in punishing a naughty little girl who could not have been formally convicted and sent to prison.

Simp. Clerical magistrate's equity.

Snigs. Yes; and how beautifully characteristic of the clerico-judicial mind was the little speech, as reported by the local paper, wherein the reverend gentleman so affectingly tried to place the paternal severity that he had exercised towards the infant sinner in an amiable point of view, and make the whole affair end pleasantly.

Simp. In vain.

Snigs. Unfortunately in vain. What did he say? "He never intended to go on with the case, and he merely sent her to the lock-up slightly to punish her. He himself considered that a child of her age was as able to know right from wrong as a child much older, and especially in the house of God, when the offence was doubly wrong. He intended to take no more notice of the case, and he hoped and trusted it would prove a lesson to the child. If a child eleven years old would steal a penny, she would steal a larger sum. The case would be dismissed, and the little prisoner discharged."

Simp. The "little prisoner!"

Snigs. Playful expression.

Simp. "Would be discharged."

Snigs. "And there," perhaps he said softly to himself, "would be an end of the matter." But no!

Simp. No, unfortunately. The child's friends insisted on having the case tried; and the reverend MR. GRAY's brother Magistrates regularly dismissed it. The reverend gentleman may remember this as often as he has occasion to read of certain other prisoners who refused to be discharged except with due formality.

Snigs. Poor parson.

Simp. His very brethren rebuked him.

Snigs. It was, indeed, painful. But let us trust that he is patient under his trial.

Simp. Yes; and that the result of the inquiry into this alleged case of clerical justices' justice, which SIR GEORGE GREY said in the House had been ordered by Government, will, if the case, as published, is proved, be the removal of the REV. MR. GRAY from the provincial Bench.

Snigs. To the Episcopal, of course!

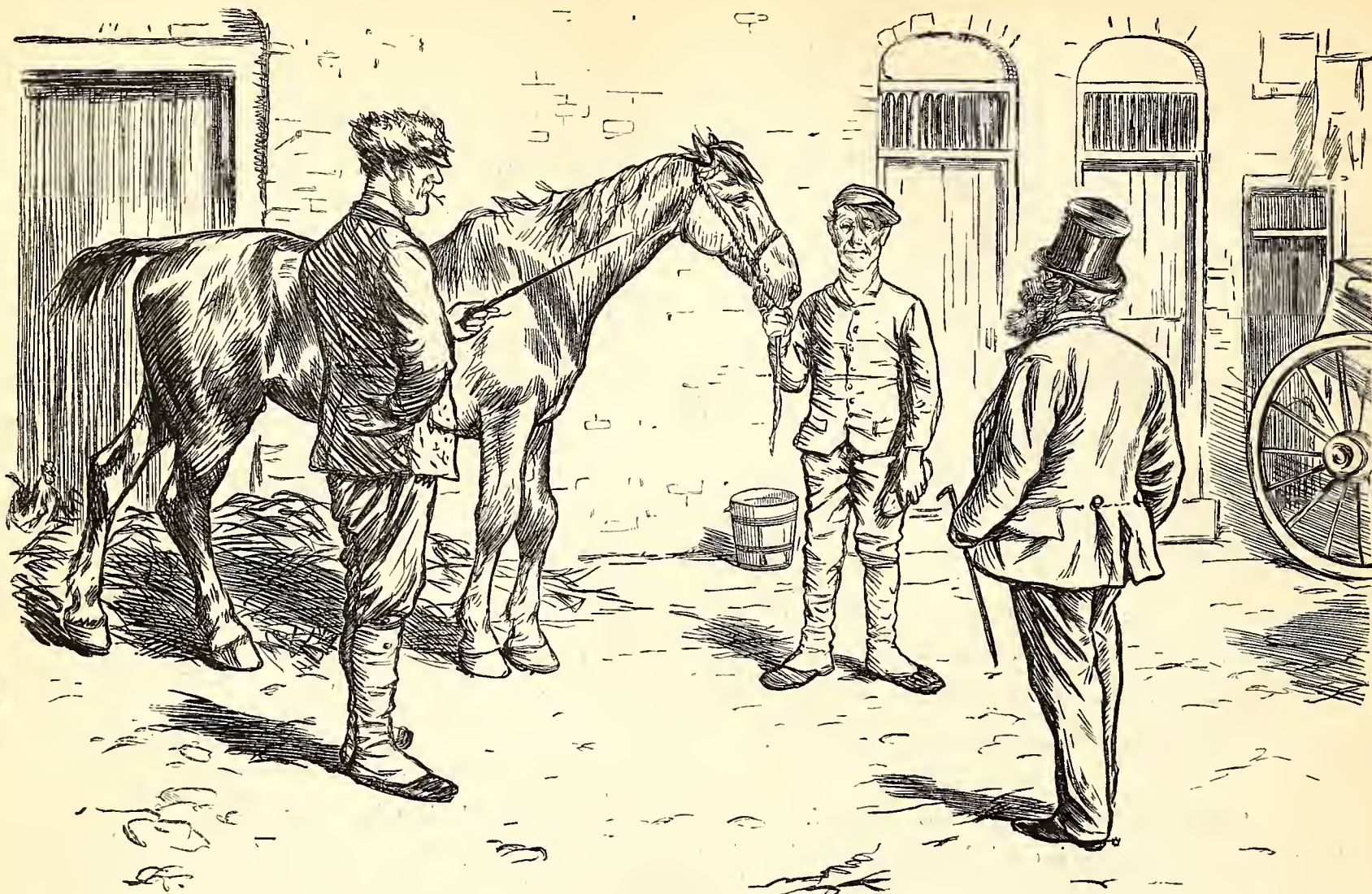
Simp. His mitre not being garnished with a pair of ears.

"SO THE PROUD TAILORS WENT MARCHING AWAY."

WE express no opinion on the controversy between MR. POOLE, the royal tailor, and his workmen. We trust that measures will be taken to stitch it up. But we must place on record the following statement made on behalf of the workmen:—

"MR. POOLE had in his employ a body of men that could not be equalled in the world."

None but themselves could be their parallels. And yet, and yet, the world knew nothing of its greatest men, though Piece-work has its victories as well as war. But now we are enlightened, we shall never omit to take off our hat, when we pass through Saville Row.



A VETERAN!

Civil Service Captain. "WILL—HE—AH—STAND POW-DAR?"

Dealer. "'POWDER?' WHY HE WAS ALL THROUGH THE BATTLE O' WATERLOO THAT CHARGER WAS!!"

TOUCHING SEATS, AND THEIR RE-DISTRIBUTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I ALWAYS appeal to you in my perplexities. I am in one now, and want your help. Papa and my eldest brother are constantly talking about what, if I understand them right, they call a "Re-Distribution of Seats." What do they mean? Has it anything to do with the pews in Church, or the chairs in the Park, or the pit-stalls at the Opera, or the ottoman on which CHARLES BRANDON places me, after a delicious whirl to the "*Juliet*" *Valse*? (*En passant*, he declares I'm the best "Revolver" he knows.) Or are those horrid Radicals going to seize and divide amongst themselves, (MR. BRIGHT to have his choice between Blenheim and Chatsworth) all the charming country-houses where we spend such delightful weeks after the Season is over, and have endless croquet, and archery, and hunting, and private theatricals?

Yours affectionately,

VILDA VAVASOUR.

P.S. I prefer to ask *you* this question, because I know, if I were to put it to Papa or FORSTER, they would give me some absurd answer, just suited, as they imagine, to a woman's understanding. But if you don't answer me, I shall attack C. B. He won't laugh at me.

[MISS VILDA VAVASOUR has unfortunately omitted to give her address, so with much reluctance *Mr. Punch* must leave the solution of her difficulty about seats to the gentleman who leads her to ottomans.]

Election Committees.

TOTNES.—MR. PENDER, having been unseated for bribery, is to be known for the future as the Ex-Pender.

YARMOUTH.—The corruption proved to have existed in this borough is attributed by the Radical papers to the Bloated Aristocracy.

BRIDGENORTH.—SIR J. ACTON says that Bridgenorth reminds him forcibly of the Bridge of Sighs, and more particularly of the line, "Make no harsh scrutiny."

SLIP-SLOP OF THE SNIP-SHOP.

THERE happens to be just now a strike among the tailors; but this really is no novelty, for the tailors always seem to be doing something striking. For instance, only look at their extraordinary advertisements. Here is one, for sample:—

A PANORAMA of NEW TROUSERINGS, in all the most picturesque colourings, for spring and summer wear, is now ready for inspection at [never mind the name.]

A Panorama of new trouserings! What a subject for an artist! We wonder what great colourist has been entrusted with this startling and most picturesque design. But our wonder is still more excited by the following, wherein, for fear of envy, we likewise suppress the name:—

ONE DAY after Remitting 14s. 6d. in Stamps or otherwise, you will have a PAIR of SNOOKS'S unapproachable TROUSERS sent you, carriage free.

Just for idle curiosity we might be "one day" tempted to remit the stamps requested, were it not for the strange epithet with which these trousers have been linked. What is the use of garments which you can't get into? for, of course, you can't get into trousers which are not to be approached. Well, here is a new word for farce-writers to use, and, doubtless, raise a roar by. Instead of calling trousers "unmentionables" and so forth, in future they may delicately be termed the "unapproachables."

Why Printing was Invented.

THE following notification to the universe is the last thing out—

"March 26, at St. George's Church, Somerset, by the REV. HENRY MIREHOUSE, MISS SAVAGE to MR. RICH, both in the service of the above reverend and respected gentleman."

Who next, and what next?

MR. CARDWELL'S FAVOURITE AIR.—"*Charlie is my DARLING.*"



GALATEA MARRIED.

(Restored by Mr. Punch from one of the Elgin Bas-Reliefs representing the fragment of a Wheel.)

SECOND PART OF ACIS AND GALATEA.

(AND ALL THAT IS WANTED IS A SECOND HANDEL.)

CHARACTERS.

GALATEA (*a Sea Nymph*).

GHOST OF ACIS (*a dead Sicilian Shepherd*).

DAMON (*a live Sicilian Shepherd*).

POLYPHEMUS (*a Giant*).

CHORUS.—Nymphs and Shepherds.

SCENE—*Same rural prospect as in Part the First.*

N.B. As the First Part, compiled and invented by the late MR. JOHN GAY, has not been written more than about one hundred and forty-five years, the public, always rather slow, may not have had time to become universally acquainted with the poem. Those who don't know it are hereby informed that the Poet PUNCH has followed, with exquisite accuracy, the verses of the Poet GAY.

Dedicated to MR. MANNS and the Crystal Palace generally.

OVERTURE.

Chorus of Shepherds, &c.

Now the fame of martyred ACIS
Rests upon a watery basis.
He's a River and can run,
While we dance and have our fun.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Ye shepherds brown, ye maidens white,
To me your mirth's distasteful, quite.
How can you dance, how can you sing,
Who saw that rock the Giant fling?
A grief that finds such rapid healing
Displays an awful want of feeling.

Air.

Hush, ye noisy cackling crew,
Your clumsy larks
And coarse remarks,
They bore me much, they do.

[*Rustic dance.*

Cease your songs and stop your jumps,
And leave me to my doleful dumps.

Recit. (DAMON.)

O GALATEA, if I might be heard—
To you I'd like to say a single word.

Air.

The word I'd say is single,
But married I would be:
I see your fingers tingle,
To box my ears, *ma mie*.
Yet is she wise who tarries?
Remember this through life;
The nymph who never marries,
Can never be a wife.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Don't stand there making those absurd grimaces;
You're not a patch on my lamented ACIS.

Air.

He *was* a love,
Likewise a dove,
But truth's in what you say.
And taking you,
Without ado,
May be the wisest way.

Go on wooing,
Sighing, suing,
"Buy your wedding suit from GROVE,"
And, Yes, I'll have you for my love.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATEA.)

Happy, happy, happy "*Oui*,"
We shan't fall out. No, we'll agree.
DAMON, you're a foolish boy,
GALATEA, gal for me,
Exchange a kiss! All wish us joy!

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy *Oui*
That thus transposes G. to D.

[A frightful roar is heard. Music expressive of a Giant's stamp.

Chorus.

Horror! Terror! Let us scream!
See the Monster POLYPHEME.
Lo, he comes with roaring clamour,
Stamping like a paviour's rammer.
Oath on oath, and bang on bang,
Comes the great Sicilian CHANG.

Recit. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Yes! Here we are again!
I thought I'd taught you, Madam, how to flirt.
Were you MISS PYNE,
(And would you were) I'd wed you, or I'd try.
Shepherds, were one of you of decent growth,
And worth my stroke, I'd smack him on the mouth.
But truce to wrath. Behold, I've sweetly smiled.
I'll paint my passion, and I'll draw it mild.

[They recoil.

[Smiles.

Air.

O wittier than MISS CHERRY!
(In FARQUHAR's play so merry)
Your manners quite
With hers unite
The grace of MISS KATE TERRY.

Your eyes my feelings fluster,
Bright as DEFRIES's lustre;
Your hand's my aim,
Your heart's my game;
I never tell a Buster.

Recit.

Fairest nymph, I pop the question:
Pray consider my suggestion.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

I own there's force in what you say,
But then you woo in such a way.

Recit. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Thee, POLYPHEMUS loves, by Jove,
Throw over that presumptuous Cove.
Take my worldly goods *en bloc*,
Three per cent. Sicilian stock,
Diamonds lately set anew,
Proof engravings done by Doo.
And carriage whose cream ponies stand—
Come, take the ribbons in thy hand.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Of "infant limbs you don't make food,
Nor swill full draughts of human blood?"
What made me think of such a feast,
I can't imagine in the least.

Air. (POLYPHEMUS.)

Sweeter banquets wait for you, Miss,
Iced meringues and golden jelly;
I've a cook, a *cordons bleu*, Miss,
Fit to rank with FRANCAPELLI.

Recit. (DAMON.)

Would you gain that pensive creature,
Telling with what food you'd treat her,
Is your *billet-doux* a *carte*?
Such a coarse appeal addressing,
Really is a course distressing
To a party full of heart.

Air.

I feel much alarm!
A dodge he is trying,
Which perhaps may out-charm
My glancing and sighing.

Her weak point, the sinner
Has found, not in vain,—
She knows a good dinner,
She likes good Champagne.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Peace, O peace, thou maudlin youth,
Likewise hear a piece of truth:
Make some other girl say "Yes,"
I shall be a Giantess.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATEA.)

The Scotch shall hate their mountains,
Great *Punch* abhor the Strand,
The French praise English fountains
Ere I { renounce } your hand.
 { accept }

Solo. (POLYPHEMUS.)

I feel much uglier, I declare,
Than DR. SCLATER's new Sea-Bear.

Duet. (DAMON and GALATEA.)

O pray don't { think me } teasing,
 { keep on }
Our marriage { it must } be:
 { cannot }

Damon. I cannot, passion freezing,
Galatea. Adopt a course more pleasing,
Both. Say, "Lady, you are free!"

Solo. (POLYPHEMUS.)

I'll say the word that snob will not.
DAMON, to PYTHIAS, and to pot!
[The Giant seizes DAMON (the scene is in Sicily) and throws him
away in the direction of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Ghost of ACIS appears.

I'm one of PEPPER's Ghosts. I shall not sing,
But make one joke. That chap has had his fling.
Further remarking I've no business here,
I'll take the liberty to disappear,
But bid you (ere my phantom from your eye shoots),
To Astley's, where you'll see me in *Der Freischütz*.
[Ghost of ACIS vanishes.

Recit. (GALATEA.)

Serves DAMON right for kicking up a shine,
He is a cure, love, so he'll like the brine.

Air.

Not exactly of a height,
POLYPHEMUS, faith we plight:
No more rage nor thirst for blood,
That's, *mon ami*, understood.
You must wash, and go to school,
You must have your clothes from POOLE,
And be gentle, meek, and mild,
Or—I talk to JUSTICE WILDE.

Chorus.

GALATEA, have no fears,
Yonder DAMON re-appears.
By his nether garments hooked,
As a sailor he is booked.
Now he'll learn to fight and brag
Underneath the British Flag!
In the galley, wanting thee,
He will have his Galley Tea.

Smile at that audacious pun,
And our Serenata's done.

PATHOLOGICAL PARALLEL.

A FIERCE frenzy sometimes seizes a Malay, impelled by which he runs amuck and tilts at all he meets. A similar mad malady occasionally overtakes an honourable Member when shutting his eyes to probable results he snatches up a rhetorical dagger, and rushes wildly into an Reform debate, startling one Minister, pinking another, and flooring a third with rollicking ferocity. If the savage is pardoned on account of the climate, the senator may perhaps justly complain if we make no allowance for the fervid atmosphere of the Commons. In any case much mischief is done by male furies of either class, between whom there is a very simple distinction—one being complexionally dark and the other superficially BRIGHT.

PIPING TIMES.

MR. PUNCH, I do not think you are a Scotchman; I never heard of the MacPunches of MacPunch, nor do I wish to. Now, be it understood before I write another line, that I think very highly of the Scotch, and, as often happens to profound ruminants, the more I *think* of them, the less I've got to say about them. I only write about the Scotch, to protest. *Sir, do you like their pipes?* I don't mean by this, the pipes, which, "with solemn interposing puff make half a sentence at a time enough." Those, *Sir*, are the tobacco-pipes, but those to which I allude are the National Pipes, I wince as I write the horrid name, the Bagpipes.

I have been told that they are inspiring in the field, cheering the Highlanders on to the fight. I have no doubt of their *utility* in battle; for such musical soldiers, as the French or Italian, would throw down their arms, in order to leave their hands free for stopping their ears, and run away from the horrid sounds as fast as their legs would carry them. Put SIGNOR MARIO at the head of a brigade, and I'll be bound he'd rather face sixty bayonets than one bagpipe. We, nationally, have to pay the piper, or pipers; that is, we support so many of these long-legged, long-winded gentry, who are attached to various Scotch regiments, including the Fusileers. Attached! did I say; the attachment must be all on one side.

I went to stay in the hospitable northern castle of an ancient Scottish chieftain. All the people in the place talked as if they were cracking nuts. Even the Laird himself had caught a twang from the pipes. I was welcomed at the Castle gate by a dounie wassal with a pipe. We were summoned to undress for dinner (I adopted the kilt out of compliment) by the sound of the pipe; the banquet was announced with a flourish of pipe; and when the whiskey toddy was steaming in our glasses, and I was at one with all the world, my host said he'd give me a rare treat. As he said "rare," I had no suspicion of his intention, and signified my readiness to acquiesce in any proposal emanating from the chair. He gave a signal, and there entered in full costume three pipers, with three sets of bagpipes. Resistance was useless, politeness was absolutely necessary. One of them began by making a low noise like the humming of gnats; another emitted a sound as if a large bee was stuck in the pipe—(by the way the bee must have remained in throughout the performance, as only the drone came out)—and the third's occupation appeared to me to be that of filling up the intervals when the others paused for breath, by sending a squeak, ventriloquially, somewhere up into the ceiling. My chieftain explained the different movements, historically; he told me about the BRUCE and the WALLACE, and "*Scots whar wee*," or whatever it is, and at last seeing how much I was delighted, he, not content with the number of musicians that had sufficed for the Royal Cole's orchestra, summoned a fourth piper, and commanded a reel. Oh! I felt so ill. They piped, and they footed, and snapped their fingers in derision of any music except their own: and herein I own I encouraged them as being the only means in my power for stopping their performance for some considerable time afterwards. *Sir*, they never stopped entirely; they sparred, as it were, for wind, or blew for breath. And what do you think they treated us to then? *Sir*, they played a wail. Had I not been so utterly wretched I might have made a conundrum out of this, about gigantic Scotch fisheries, playing a wail, &c. &c. At length they left us, and, miserable humbug that I was, I thanked them, not for going, but in so many hypocritical words for their kindness in obliging, &c., &c., just as I should have smirked gratefully at MISS GUSHINGTON TOPNOTE on her retiring from the grand piano, after

that "charming thing" which it was so kind of her to give us, and so forth.

In the morning I was awake by the bagpipe, and bagpipes met me at every turn. In the evening my host proposed that we should go and hear DR. NORMAN MACLEOD lecture at a *soirée*. I agreed, for, independently of my admiration for the Scotch Divine, I saw a chance of escape from a repetition of the former night's entertainment. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD was to say a few words about St. Columba (Gaelic) Church. No bagpipes here, and a goodly muster of people. A platform was before us, whence the lecturer would hold forth. A murmur of delight ran through the crowd. I craned, expecting DR. NORMAN MACLEOD. Up the steps, on to the platform, came—whom do you think, *Sir*?—a Piper with his confounded bagpipes. He was cheered, and he blew. I quote from the printed report, which appeared next day.

"He played several airs to the evident delight of his audience."

What an audience! I was among the "evidently delighted." Even bagpipes must come to an end, and at length DR. NORMAN MACLEOD ascended the platform. He commenced his harangue, and lectured—upon what?—the Church? no; St. Columba? no: he lectured us upon the bagpipes. He said,—

"There is no music in the world to be compared with the bagpipe." (*Renewed applause.*)

Emphatically I agree with him. He went on:

"You cannot improve the bagpipe."

I am sorry to hear it.

"There is music in nature that you cannot set down to the pianoforte. It is in the roaring of the winds, in the moaning of the waves, and in the cry of the wild bird; and all this you hear in the bagpipe."

There's a receipt for making the sound of the bagpipes! What a mixture!

"There is something in the bagpipes that will stir him when nothing else can."

I should think so. The next morning I pleaded business, and returned to my quiet rooms in Brompton. I sat down to my modest bachelor repast thankfully, and, when I had said grace, beneath my window came two dirty imitation Scotch boys with the Bagpipes! They pretended that they didn't understand English, and there was no policeman. So I went to my Club. Farewell!

HAPSBURG AND HUMILITY.

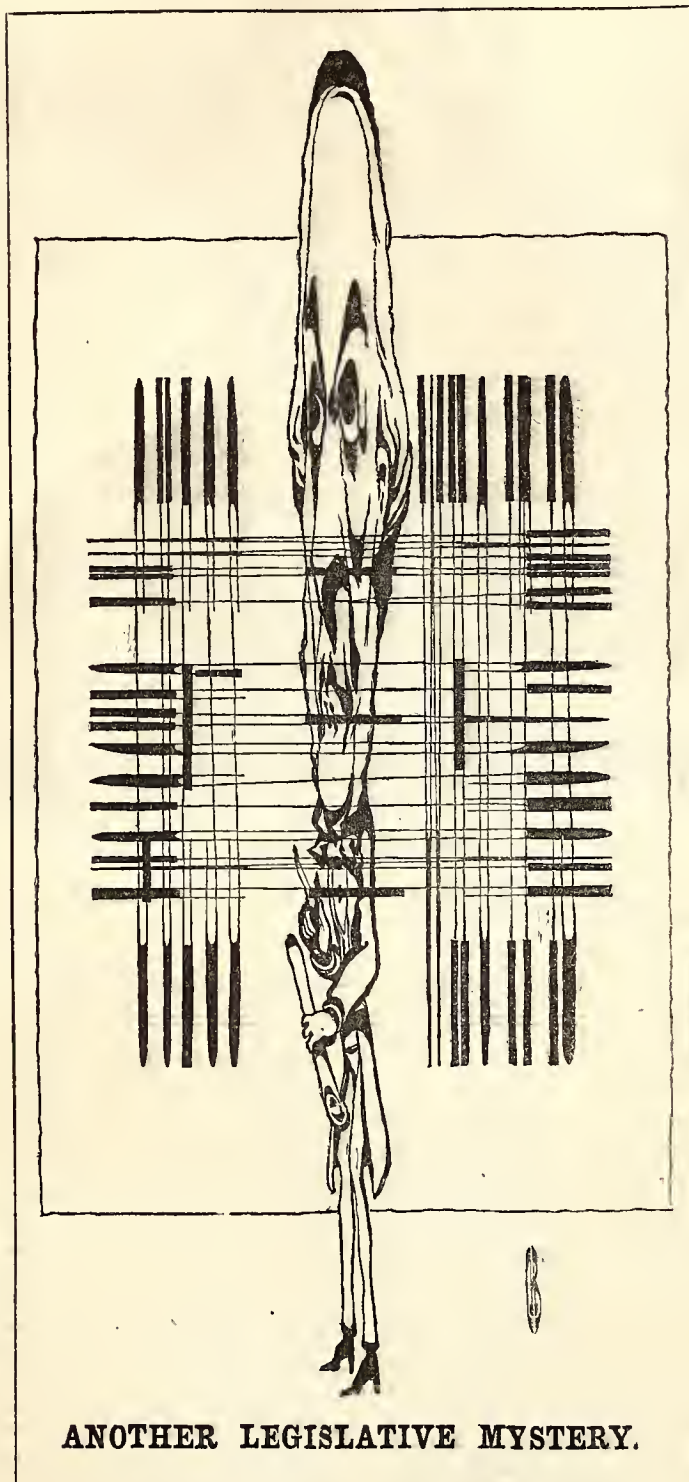
AMONGST the foreign news relative to Easter was a statement that:—

"On Holy Thursday, at the Burg, or Imperial Château of Vienna, in the salle of the Chevaliers, their Majesties, with the usual formality, went through the ceremony of the washing of feet of twelve poor men by the EMPEROR, and twelve aged women by the EMPRESS."

Did the feet of those two dozen poor people require washing? That is one question to be asked. In the next place did the EMPEROR and EMPRESS tuck up their sleeves and honestly wash them? To the first of these questions it is not sufficient to reply that the poor people were foreigners, and probably Germans. Their feet might have been prepared for presentation to Imperial Majesty. Unless, however, the feet really wanted washing, and were well washed, there was nothing but the pride that apes humility in the ostent of washing them. How, then, we may in the third place inquire without the least impertinence, were the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA off for soap?

CAN you recommend me any book containing a good account of the Royal Academy?—PETER PAUL PINGO.

Yes. PAINTER'S *Palace of Pleasure*, a curious book which you may pick up for a few pence at any old book-stall.



ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.



CONFESSION.

Old Lady (who can't stand her Page's destructive carelessness any longer). "Now, ROBERT, I WANT YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON I PART WITH YOU. CAN YOU TELL ME?"

Robert (affected to tears). "YES, 'M."

Old Lady. "WHAT, ROBERT?"

Robert. "'CAUSE I'M—(sniff)—'CAUSE I'M—'CAUSE I'M SO UGLY!!"

LORD RECTOR.

WHILE able and unable talkers, and others of the spouting sort, are going round the shallow political puddles, and lashing them into one knows not what mud splash and dirty water storms there riseth, brethren, in the very midst, as a silver fountain, one calm voice of a wise man. The Ages shall call him a great man, when much botching-tailor and Snob nomenclature shall be revised and infinitely corrected. From Caledonian pulpit speaking unto rough raw lads, that philosopher is worthy of your ears, even if for some moments you sustain an appreciable loss of CHANCELLOR SILVERTONGUE'S rhetoric, or more tolerable privation of QUAKER BOUNCE'S blare. For, regard him how you may, this THOMAS of Chelsea hath the root of the matter in him, while others do but wave branches, not altogether, it would seem, of olive. He goes for the Truth, when for the most part men are content to mumble truism, and not a few run jocundly away with lies. Uncomely may be the garb or outside form of his teaching, to those who love the trim gardens, but the Truth is with him, the *magna veritas*. Small effort maketh he to paint you a rosy-coloured picture, nor is he at all mindful to light it up with pantomime-ending fires, bringing down the curtain with frantic plaudits of the unwise. The best he has for you is Work—and Hope. You who will not be content with this, friends, away with you, and at the first corner you shall hear what not of your greatness and goodness and grandeur, and seven-league-bootedness in the onward course of perfectibility and all that sort of thing.

But this, we may say, is in no respect Chelsea ware. Understand him, however, before you go off howling, and it may be that such cynic utterance may be saved. Can we not bear, in this age of eternal butter and testimonial-plasterings of mediocrity, to be told that for the most part men who talk might more wisely hold their tongues, and act? Or, if to act out of their proper will be not in them, to be led by the wise and the brave. Is such meat too strong for non-muscular babes, and must they have well-watered milk, daintily warmed? Be it so, brethren, and see what muscle shall come of such nutriment.

Assuredly to the lips of the raw young Caledonians our THOMAS held no fantastic pap-boat of compliment. Work, he said, and hope, and hate lies, and talk not more than there is need. Truly, the lesson might not have been altogether so needless, for that in the same week there was a conspiracy of Wind-bags to let loose their contents over us. Notably bellowed Birmingham Wind-bag, silencing for the hour the less fatiguing clamour of factory wheels, to proclaim that our English Parliament is a sham and a farce, and hates all good, evidence, in a hundred noble laws and material prosperity, notwithstanding. Needs, one may say, that such blatant balderdash of factory Wind-bag should have rebuke. Brave old OLIVER had rebuked it, after his soldierly fashion, had such sorry talk come to his knowledge, perhaps he had rebuked it right out of the way, not without flagellation. For he was English, our OLIVER, and knew that our Parliament is rooted in English hearts, nor shall its short-comings shake it out of our love and trust, factory Wind-bags bellow they never so loudly. And THOMAS of Chelsea, in his way, altogether odious to Humbug, hath scourged Sham patriotism, and hath not done the work negligently.

One would fancy some able draughtsman presenting Wind-bag in full blast, and our calm THOMAS demanding what kind of hideous object is he who speaketh fluently but untruly. There is room for such picture, and it shall be remembered when Wind-bag hath altogether burst. Yet for those rough Caledonian lads THOMAS had his words of manly cheer, showing that if Life be mostly a struggle, there come sun-bursts for those who have the gift to raise their eyes, not so common a gift as is supposed. To be earnest, to be wary, to be hopeful, such were his noways dim and inarticulate teachings. Brave old man, wise old man. Amid the cacklings cometh his human voice, and all unspoiled hearts ring answer and thanks. You, young Caledonians, be proud that it was to you he said the words that teach the nations. Honour to you from all of us, from all good men, THOMAS CARLYLE! *Diceant Immo quibus placet hæc sententia.*

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.—STEPHENS.



WISDOM AND WIND-BAG.

CARLYLE. "For if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?" (*Loud cheers.*)

BRIGHT. "The House of Commons is little better than a Sham and a Farce. Parliament is never hearty in any good work. It hated the Reform Bill, it hated the Repeal of the Corn Laws, it hates this Franchise Bill."

GORGONISM IN PARIS.

SIR,

I MEAN to state a fact, and not to make a pun, when I say that the correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Paris appears to be extremely well posted up in the fashions that flourish amongst the ladies there.

That gentleman, in one of his recent communications to that Journal, gives a capital account of the barbarism into which Frenchwomen are relapsing in the matter of head-dress; and let me repeat that I am serious, and not attempting to joke, in applying the word barbarism to their monstrosity in that particular. Hairdresser is merely a colloquial synonym with barber; hairdresser and barber are not convertible terms. The only artist who shaves the ladies is the linendraper; and, after all, it is not the ladies, but only the parties responsible for them that are shaved. I merely say that a return towards the fantastic and ridiculous head-dress prevalent at a period in the last century is a relapse into a really barbarous usage. Not that I object to it, myself. On the contrary, it amuses me; and there is something more to be said for it than that, whereof anon. In the meantime the observer who writes from Paris to the *Post* tells us that in the French capital:—

"The female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies, and pendulous wreaths that hang under the chin. On the forehead of the fair one may be seen a number of small curls with a comic twist, whilst the back of the head displays an enormous lump of hair, which, instead of being kept together by the cabbage-net of three or four months ago, is now allowed to assume a more wild and picturesque aspect."

Here, Sir, I would, if I had been at my author's elbow, have suggested an emendation of his text. Hair, of the present fashionable colour, has been of that colour for more than three or four months. For "cabbage-net" I would have proposed the substitution of a term in which the word "net" would have been qualified with the name of another vegetable. It is good with boiled, aitchbone of beef, and LINNÆUS calls it the *Daucus carota*.

But, to resume my quotation—

"On the crown of the head and between the two distinct compartments of the hairdresser's built-up creations, a small dab of a something which is still called a bonnet, makes the fantastic 'get-up' exquisitely eccentric. The importation of blonde hair from Germany, and black locks from the regions of the sunny South, is now one of the most active branches of the commerce of France, and the barber has become a personage who gives himself all the airs of a Minister of State."

But he gives his customers the hairs of Germany and the sunny South, and perhaps also of sunnier and more Southern Africa, to suit those who like to wear their hair frizzled over their foreheads. I trust all these varieties of hair are well cleansed and disinfected.

Let me quote on:—

"He grants his audiences and accords his counsels on the same principle that M. DROUYN DE LÉHYS receives the diplomatic world. Before a Parisian barber of fame and name will receive a fashionable lady, she must solicit the honour by placing her name on his list for a certain hour and day. He will then not ask what particular head toilet she desires to adopt; but, with the decisive voice of a great general, he will tell her how her hair is to be dressed—an edict from which there is no appeal."

No, not although he constitute her an object fit to furnish the model of an ornament for the shield of Minerva,

"—nimbo effulgens et Gorgone s."

The consequence is that:—

"The domestic brush and comb, the cosmetics of ordinary times, lie neglected in the dark drawers of bed-room furniture."

Nice girls, Sir, these Parisian beauties, eh? Well, I suppose they will soon get back to hair-powder, of which you will then, perhaps, see a peculiar sort advertised in connection with the names of VICAT, DUMONT, or other manufacturers of a pulverulent substance, for the use of which unkempt locks may create a necessity. In the meantime:—

"We have got to such an elaborate mode of hair-dressing that no lady attempts to design and execute what may be called the landscape gardening of the capillary shrubbery of the head. Humble dressmaker girls, and those who used to be called grisettes in more primitive times, now spend their ten sous in having their hair dressed, and somebody else's hair stuck on the nape of the neck. For their locks must now be

"Rolled in many a curious fret."

So that, as already suggested, they get themselves made up for Medusa. Well, and so too, in a sense, and a measure, they turn beholders to stone. They ossify, towards themselves, the hearts at least, of youth. That is an advantage for the majority of parents, who cannot wish their sons to marry, even for money, under any but an enormous sum, in these times when female dress, ornament, and general wants have become so ruinous. The French style of head-dress will soon be imported; and will then, of course, spread like Rinderpest, to the great detriment of all men, except very old gentlemen, from matrimony. Here is one more extract, relative to a collateral subject:—

"Longchamps this year has told us that crinoline is dying out; but it dies hard, and has given birth to another nuisance, *la queue*—a painful long train, which only in our age was ever seen out of the salons of the Court."

Vive la queue! That tail entails all the more cost on those who render themselves liable thereto. Ah, Sir, if crinolines and *queues*, and head-dress à la Medusa, had been the rage in my foolish youth, I never should have worn tight boots, and eaten less than I liked, and tried to pinch my waist in, and to write verses in consequence of having fallen in love. You can't imagine how elegant a creature Mrs. BROWN was when she accepted BROWN instead of me. Had she then made herself a grotesque object, I should no more have envied BROWN than I do now. If I had been as handsome a young fellow as BROWN was, I might at this present moment be saddled with the encumbrance of that stout old party. My nephew will be preserved not only from the fate which his uncle might have incurred, but also from making of himself the ass that his uncle made. Young fellows can't fall in love any more now, thanks to the ludicrous and costly character of the existing fashions; which, therefore, whatever old CATO would have thought of them, do not wholly displease

THE ELDER PLINY.

EYE-ART.

MISS LAVINIA LOVING gave her second lecture on this interesting subject yesterday evening, in her boudoir, to a brilliant and select audience.

MISS LOVING commenced by observing, that she should, on this occasion, confine her remarks to the Ogle, the Slow Wink and what is familiarly termed the Leer—of private life.

The Ogle is of great antiquity. CLEOPATRA employed it with historical success, and the good St. Anthony, who kept his eyes so firmly fixed upon his book, tremblingly confessed its necromantic power. DIDO, waving her willow, when too late ascribed her sorrows to a timid recognition of this potent auxiliary. *Desdemona*, listening to her sable suitor's military reminiscences, no doubt availed herself largely of the "only witchcraft" open to her, and which he, *General O.* (the great Silly) with a proper eye to his own interest, should not have overlooked. All widows, accustomed to education in Eye-Art, were very happy in bringing forward their pupils.

Winks were of two kinds, the Quick Wink and the Slow Wink. The former had suffered much in polite estimation by mis-management. When unskillfully employed it was like gun-cotton, dangerous. To the Slow Wink no objection could be urged by the most fastidious observer. She, MISS LOVING, knew a very young lady who had corresponded with an undergraduate for an entire evening at the Gallery of Illustration by ocular telegraph—one slow wink signifying

"In solitude I dream of thee alone,"

and two slow winks in succession with averted vision being construed into

"Without love, life is but a weary waste."

The Leer of private life, MISS LOVING remarked, was too delicate an agent to be treated of in a popular discourse, a circumstance, however, which she did not deeply regret, as by persons like herself, not highly gifted with words, it was more easily imagined than described.

LETTER FROM A CABMAN.

SIR,

THINKING it right to state as I am not the Cabman as made the speech at Brighton, in support of Governmt, stating as follows:—

"He had had some experience in the small hours of the morning, and therefore he knew a little about the conduct of the class to which MR. LOWE and MR. LAING belonged during the hours from twelve to four in the morning, and he unhesitatingly avowed that were he to make public half he knew of what the so-called higher classes did when they came from their balls and parties he would be indicted for libel a hundred times."

I wold remark that I never knew worse of that class except its having partook of too much Sham, and consequentially giving preposterous Directions to Cabmen, and swearing awful when the same is comply'd with and that class is landed at publics of a low character but whose fault is that if a swell say Brandwater when Should say bayswater. Respectf^y remark, Sir, that the letters in the *Times* which complain of Streets having all the same names were Perfectly correct and Have myself had much Bad language from swells being late at Dinner partys Owen to that Foolish and insane practice wich I think sh^d be Look'd into by Parliament, and I ask you as a Man who is to know wich of the eleven devonshire Teraces to drive to nor the Nine Glorster teraces neither, and swell Speaking as if had swallowed a Crow and salvage as bears if you Ask them twice. Apolos^r for length of This letter wich I hope you will Take up, I am,

Your Obed^t Serv^t,

11, Bartelot Mews, Henry Street,
South Pimlico.

JAMES FODDER.



PROTECTOR AND PROTECTEE.

MISS GULPIN, BELATED AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN BLOOMSBURY, TILL AFTER SUNSET, BORROWS HER FRIEND'S MAID TO PROTECT HER FROM INSULT ON HER WAY BACK TO BELGRAVIA. THIS IS ALL VERY WELL; BUT WHO'S TO PROTECT THE PROTECTOR BACK TO BLOOMSBURY AGAIN?

A FEMININE OLD JURY.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH a lady, I am not at all nervous about my age. I am eighty-two, and as a lady I ask your advice, knowing you to be a perfect gentleman and a man of sense, and I feel assured you will politely give it, for I believe there is scarcely a clever girl in the kingdom that is not proud to be your Correspondent. My grandson, who is an Equity-draftsman, tells me that it is in contemplation to make an alteration in our juridical system, under which juries will be composed exclusively of old women.

Now I do think this very hard, but my relative says, that if I can go to parties and stay till two, and stand up in a country dance, and read my *Punch* without spectacles, I am qualified for any thing. Still at my time of life to be set to study BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries* on the Laws of England, and HALLAM'S *Constitutional History*, in order that JACK NOKES and TOM STYLES may be spared a little wholesome exercise of their brains is not complimentary to them, nor considerate to me. Of course I know the worth of woman's wit, and that age carries with it an air of authority, and I know further, that we of the "old guard" can stand our ground when simpering Misses (in military parlance—raw levies) would be put to flight. If therefore the Judges and the Legislature feel strongly that a great juridical reform is called for, I for one shall cheerfully go to Court in obedience to the mandate of my Sovereign. We live in trying times. I mean in times very trying to the temper, and I should like to know if you can devise any better means than those above suggested for raising our judicial institutions in public esteem. The majesty of the law must undoubtedly be upheld, and in order that it may be respected by the masses, it is necessary that its decisions should be consistent both with justice and with common sense.

Ever yours,

BARBARA OLDCASTLE.

P.S. Understand, I reserve to myself all my rights under Magna Charta, and write this letter purely without prejudice.

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

PUNCH'S PROGRAMME.

Now that our Great Men we invite,
To hoist their flag, and name their platform;
To put their creed in black and white,
And state their faith in this or that form—
Now BRIGHT and GLADSTONE "on the stump,"
Try "high falutin'," à la Pogram,
Why should not *Punch* with fashion jump,
And of Reform put forth *his* programme?

Pace JOHN BRIGHT—no recreant he,
Neither conspirator nor dirty;
He maintains sound Reform to be
In sixty-six what 'twas in thirty.
Thankful for rest, but not opprest
By nightmare fears of Revolution,
By needful change he's game to test
His faith in England's Constitution.

He holds—for aye, as for the hour—
All class dominion an evil:
Men-angels e'en, with unchecked power,
Would soon be apt to play the devil.
One class-rule may be somewhat worse,
Another class-rule a shade better;
But the best class-rule is a curse,
And of all curses the begetter.

The ruling class in times gone by—
Those "good old times" old Tories prate of—
Was that which snobs revere as "high,"
And still are proud to swell the state of.
Crème de la crème they were, no doubt,
With JOHN BULL's milch-cow's udder brimming;
Low people from the pale shut out,
And theirs the exclusive right of skimming.

All classes thus by one were bilked,
Till the flood rose and over-swept it,
The STATE Cow tired of being milked,
Kicked down the pale and those who kept it.
And the Great Act of Thirty-two,
Ushered the mighty middle class in,
Where Rank and Title hitherto
Alone had been allowed to pass in.

Since then the middle class has ruled,
And well it has fulfilled the function;
We're better fed and taught, more schooled
To tolerance, charity, compunction.
But though of class-rules this be best—
So huge its range from high to humble—
Class-rule it still must be confest,
And, as such, smacks too much of Bumble:

Shows too much reverence for the shop,
Not enough reverence for the nation;
Is prone a weak good cause to drop,
Too quick to shout "Centralisation."
Apt of its own faults to lose sight,
In passing judgment on its neighbour's;
Prompt to own Capital's full right,
But not so quick in owning Labour's.

And therefore *Punch* would have let in
To help choose our collective sages
The best of those who toil to win
By honest day's work fair day's wages.
So leavening what now needs must sour,
And quickening what now is slowest,
And drawing 'neath the base of power
Our largest stratum, if our lowest.

That so class-rule may be no more,
All orders joining to choose members,
To heal the hates and feuds of yore,
And stamp out faction's long-lived embers.
Into the Nation's Treasury
Each class its mite of wisdom bringing,
Till all round truths we come to see,
Many small lamps one great light flinging.

But all the more class-rule he hates—
Middle-class rule the more he'd leaven—
Letting hand-workers through the gates
That close the entrance of St. Stephen,

Through which to place and power you pass,
The more *Punch* holds those legislators
Who'd let the millions in *en masse*
To swamp all voice but theirs, as traitors.

And therefore *Punch* must wait to see
How seats are marked for distribution,
Ere o'er the Franchise Bill he's free,
To cry "Reform!" or "Revolution!"
The Law that lets each class be heard,
Admits each class's truths to weighing,
That law has *Punch's* best good-word,
'Gainst all abuse, and all gainsaying.

But down with any law—whoe'er
Its party god-father or mother—
Units by thousands that would scare,
And all voice but one class's smother.
And fair fall those who dare defy
Hard names from JOHN BRIGHT and his organs
Ere such a Bill they pass, at cry
Of Demagogues or Demogorgons.

THE HORSE AND THE FROG.

(A Fable or Fact?)



THE *Northern Daily Express* relates a wonderful story of a horse belonging to a gentleman at Newcastle, and labouring under an illness "which was attributed to the presence of worms," but turned out to have been caused by "a large living frog" which the horse was supposed to have swallowed when drinking. Of course, this so-called frog, having been duly attested, has been so preserved in spirit, that anybody who wishes may be able to satisfy himself that it is not

some sort of polypus. There is some little difficulty in supposing that reptiles are capable of existing as *Entozoa*. Everybody, to be sure, has heard of frogs and toads that have occupied the interiors of old women, or those of persons into whom old women have conjured them; but these alleged cases of toads and frogs in possession of the human stomach, formerly ascribed to witchcraft, have in later times been generally imputed to WALKER. Batrachians, during the Parliamentary recess, are often found, according to the statements of most of our contemporaries, in the hearts of solid oak-trees, and other equally odd situations; but the issue of a frog from a horse's stomach is a truly extraordinary thing to occur during the Session, and seems to show that little interest is created by the Reform Bill. We should be very much astonished at finding a frog about a horse anywhere but in his foot. The frog that escaped from the horse at Newcastle is probably a creature analogous to one of those toads in the conglomerate, of which we are afraid that PROFESSOR OWEN is still waiting for a specimen from SIR GORDON CUMMING.

Gastronomical Discovery.

THERE is Oxtail Soup and there is Calf's-tail Soup, commonly called CHESTERFIELD. Then—the rather since, besides, there is Hare Soup—there should also be Pigtail Soup. What was the reward offered for the man who should invent a new pleasure? Let it be left at *Punch's* Office.

"My lodging is on the cold ground." Will this entitle me to the new franchise?—QUERY.

TESTIMONIALS.

WE hear something about a testimonial being got up to MR. SOTHERN, to mark the subscribers' detestation of the libel, and their delight at MR. SOTHERN's just victory. No one grudges the piece of plate, the silver fork and spoon, the gold mug, or whatever form the offering may take, but we cannot help asking, would it not be better to let this matter alone? The libeller has been trounced, has confessed, has apologised, has been very inadequately punished by a Judge "who rather believes in spiritualism," and there an end. The Testimonial-fever is reaching an absurd height, and, now-a-days, every one takes the smallest occasion for presenting every one else with something or other "as a mark of respect," &c., &c. If every victorious defendant was thus honoured immediately upon the termination of the law suit in which he had been engaged, Westminster Hall would be the scene of numerous "most interesting proceedings." The inscription on a silver flower vase, or wine cooler, presented to a sufferer from libel, would be gratifying to the feelings both of the presentee and of the friends, who, around his hospitable mahogany, would be constantly spelling it out, and asking its history for years afterwards; and the pleasant tradition would be handed down from generation to generation. The inscription might run thus—

PRESENTED

TO

JOHN JONESMITH BROWNINSON,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT, CORDIAL ESTEEM, AND HEARTY CONGRATULATION,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BEING CALLED A LIAR,

A THIEF, A BLACKGUARD, AND VARIOUS OTHER NAMES,

BY A LOW SCRIBBLER,

WHO SUBSEQUENTLY APOLOGISED APRIL 1st, A.D. 1866.

BY HIS ADMIRING FRIENDS, ETC.

Then the conversation at dinner would awaken such pleasing memories, when this silver flower vase was placed in the centre of the table.

Guest (who has been waiting to say something ever since the soup, catches sight of the Vase). That's a handsome vase. *[To his neighbour.]*

His Neighbour (short-sighted.) Yes, very.

[Puts on his glasses, and having nothing to say, commences a close examination of the ornament.]

Another Guest (on the opposite side, who thinks that it would make a good subject for his conversation, leans towards the Vase, and says as if to himself.) Very handsome; there's something written on it.

Short-sighted Guest. Ah, yes, so there is, dear me! *(Examines it through his glasses more closely, and fails in pretending to discover the inscription.)* I can't read it, my sight's so bad.

[Turns, and says this to his neighbour, who, not knowing exactly what to do, says "Oh!" and laughs vaguely.]

Opposite Guest. This was presented to BROWNINSON.

[This he says across the table to Short-sighted Guest.]

Short-sighted Gentleman. Hey! was it. BROWNINSON *(addresses the host),* what's written on this, eh?

Browninson (wishing he hadn't displayed the Vase.) Oh, nothing particular; it was a testimonial given me by some friends. *(Resumes his conversation with City friend.)* So you see, I was obliged to sell out at—&c.

Short-sighted Person (not to be repressed.) Oh, that's very nice; when was it, eh?

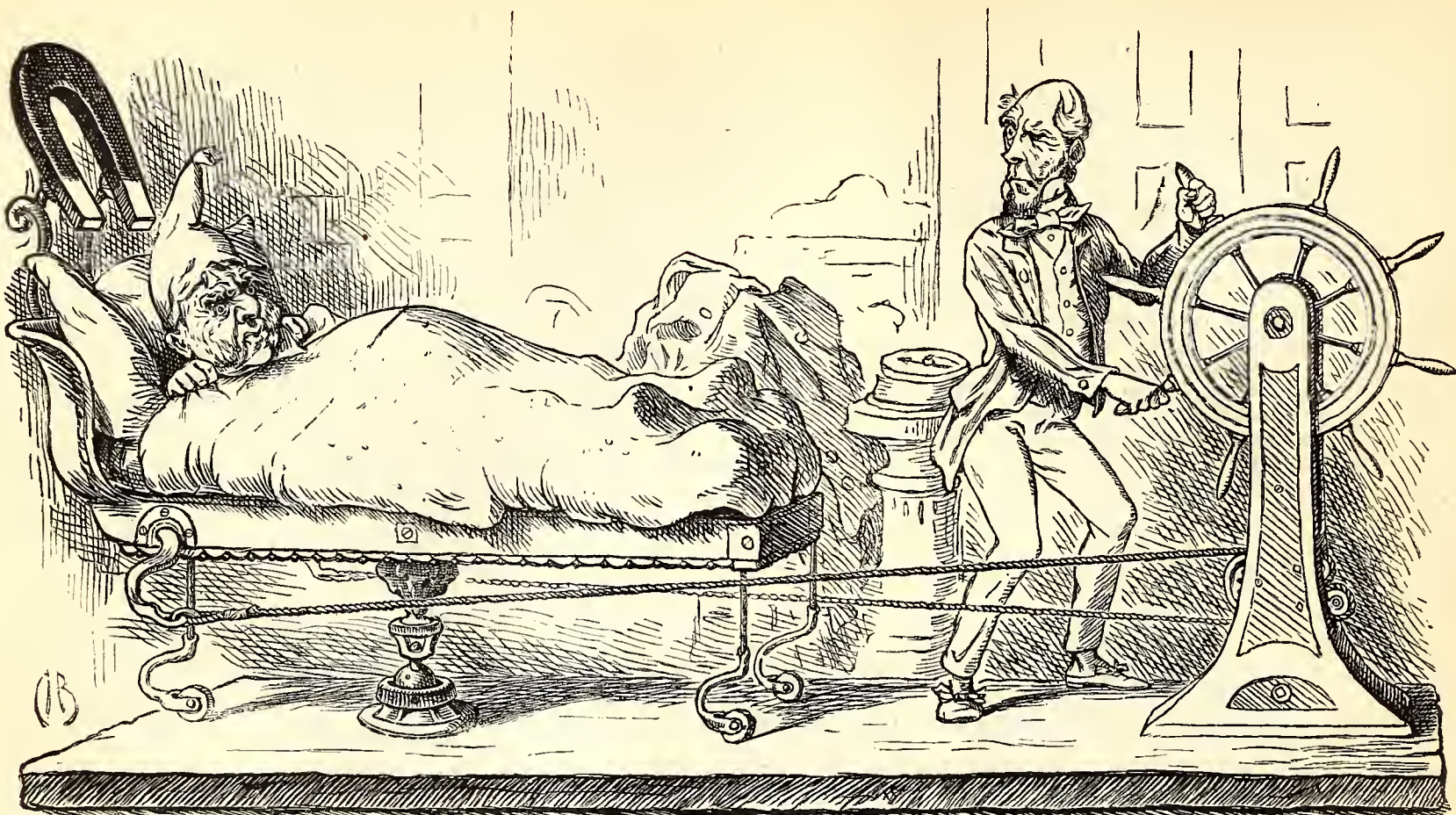
Browninson. Oh, you'll see the date. I forget exactly when *(resumes conversation with City friend.)*—buy for the fall was what I, &c.

Opposite Guest (jocosely.) I wish some one would give me a testimonial.

[Looks round and laughs; no one joins him, except the guest who has only spoken once since the soup, who smiles knowingly, as if there was some depth in the observation, into which it wouldn't do to enter before the present unappreciative company.]

Short-sighted Person (who has been trying to read the inscription, says, with a view to drawing the attention of the company.) I can't make it out. *(Laughs, and is joined by the guest who has only spoken once, and laughed once, since the soup.)* I can just read your name *(to the host)* and "congratulation," then there's something that *(peering into it)* looks like *(laughs)* "Blackguard" *(laughs and turns to his neighbour),* but it can't be that, ha! ha!

BROWNINSON is obliged to explain that it is "Blackguard," and has to tell the story. Ever afterwards the Vase is carefully locked away, until a new butler comes, and, being uninstructed in this matter, places the Testimonial in the centre of a large dinner-party. And the moral of it is this: let Testimonial-giving be rare, and justified by the occasion; but if there must be testimonials, look to your inscriptions.



THIS IS CAPTAIN LARBOARD AND HIS WONDERFUL BEDSTEAD,

BY MEANS OF WHICH HE HOPES TO PROTRACT HIS INVENTIVE AND USELESS EXISTENCE INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. OBSERVE—TO THE LEFT, A LARGE MAGNET; TO THE RIGHT, A SMALL WINDLASS—THE MAGNET INCREASING THE CAPTAIN'S VITAL ENERGY, WHILE THE WINDLASS REGULATES HIS BED BY THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS. HE IS SEEN IN THE ACT OF ROARING OUT TO HIS MAN—

"NOR-NOR-EAST, YOU OLD STUPID!—NOR-NOR-EAST! YOU MADE IT DUE NORTH LAST NIGHT, AND THAT, YOU KNOW, IS A GREAT DEAL TOO STRONG."

HOW WE KILL OUR PAUPERS.

ONCE upon a time said DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, "Don't talk to me of feelings, Sir! Punch has no feelings!"

Punch would be spared much sadness, if this were now the truth. If he really had no feelings, *Punch* could read without a pang the descriptions of the styes (or casual wards some call them) "where the poor are hovelled and hustled together like swine," and could hear unmoved the horrors which are told of the infirmaries that Bumbledom provides.

MR. ERNEST HART—a name that fairly fits the owner—has written an account of the way in which the sick are nursed in London workhouses, and all Londoners should know the facts he has found out. To this end *Punch*, who has some feelings, will condense the shameful tale.

At the Strand Union one surgeon attends six hundred paupers: two hundred of them suffering from acute diseases, and the others being imbecile and otherwise infirm. For his medicines and attendance he receives the splendid salary of one hundred guineas yearly; that is, three and sixpence yearly for every person sick.

At Shoreditch two hundred and twenty on the average are ill, and one hundred and forty epileptic or insane. One surgeon, a non-resident, is paid a skinflint salary to give them a short visit of two hours every morning, which allows him to devote to them just twenty seconds each.

Enough of evidence to show how short is the supply of doctors to sick paupers. As short is the supply to them by Bumbledom of air to breathe.

In all our army hospitals, Government gives 1200 cubic feet of air to every bed. In Clerkenwell and St. Martin's, Bumbledom allows about one third of that allowance, and in Greenwich is so liberal as to furnish not one half. Of course the use of air depends in a great measure on its purity, and this especially is needful to people who are ill. With the view, then, to provide the purest air for their infirmary, the Guardians of St. George the Martyr have wisely placed their sick poor in the midst of catgut-makers, and the boilers of old bones! Pity the poor martyrs in the parish of St. George! Nor in this are they much kinder than the Guardians of the Strand, who contrive to earn a pound or two by letting some spare ground just underneath their sick-room windows as a place for beating carpets, and distracting their poor patients with headaches and foul dust.

Disclosures such as these—and there are many still more shameful—surely ought to teach us not to put our trust in Bumbledom to take care of our sick poor. List to ERNEST HART—a HART that can feel for another—and no longer let the pauper sing in his sick room,—

"I am out of Humanity's reach,
To the winds I may sigh and may groan:
My complaints to the doctor ne'er reach,
For my nurse has a heart hard as stone."

The benevolent may know that a Society has been formed for the purpose of supplanting Bumbledom in illness, and improving the infirmaries supplied to workhouse folks. The scheme will doubtless be opposed by all the empty-headed parrots who prate about the virtues of local self-government, and the vices to which any central system of assistance infallibly will lead. But if we say that we are Christians, we must not shrink from Christian work. We must let no parrot cry dissuade us from our duty, even if we have to kick the Bumbles into space, and get fit guardians paid by Government to look to our sick poor.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

DEPEND upon it, Sir, your only basis of happiness in wedlock is disinterested affection. You must be capable of feeling happy simply in the constant endeavour to please your wife without even the reward of success.

Your wife does not appreciate your anxiety to preserve her health, and your efforts to restore it? Of course not, Sir. Do you expect her to like restriction and physic? Illness is caused by enjoyment, and requires indulgence. She wants to be petted, not to be cured. She does not like you to wish that she should be better in any way than she is; and the knowledge that you are trying to render her less burdensome to you, makes her think you selfish.

Do I suppose that your acquaintance abuse you behind your back? Not any more, Sir, than they abuse each other.

REAL ENTHUSIASM.—PUMPS is such a thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

THE POLICE AND THE PETTICOATS.



you will find it stated
in *Le Follet* that—

"The size of the crinoline is very sensibly diminished, but it cannot be altogether dispensed with whilst the dresses are so very long."

"Sensibly diminished!" Well, any diminution of crinoline is sensible. But we fondly hoped that crinoline had gone quite out of fashion, and that nobody now wore it but snobesses and servants. However, it appears that, if we wish to see the last of it, we must wait a little longer. We must wait, in point of fact, until long dresses are made

shorter. Meanwhile, the pavements will be blocked, and men will be tripped up, and will tumble on their noses, yet the ladies will not bate one inch of their circumference. Until the mandate of the milliners goes forth to shorten sail, the ladies, bless them! will not take in a single stitch of canvas. In order to reduce the length and breadth of their offending, we wish SIR RICHARD MAYNE would plant policemen armed with scissors at the corners of the streets, and give them strict instructions that they "sensibly diminish" all excrescences of costume, whereby any one may anywhere be anyhow annoyed.

THE A.B.C. GUIDE.

THE Member for Tynemouth, in his maiden speech, alluded to the "jargon" by means of which historical truths are impressed upon the undergraduate mind by coaches; and MR. CARLYLE more recently denounced the same system at Edinburgh. Its advantages are nevertheless considerable. A boy who has to grasp and retain the fact that the Deluge happened before the siege of Jerusalem, and the latter event before the Norman Conquest, has simply to remember the formula *Del-seejer-konk*; and by storing in his memory a few thousand pages of this agreeable reading, may have before him all the events of history in their proper order. It would doubtless be a gain if the same information could be conveyed through the medium of sense and not of nonsense; and we subjoin a short tale which will indicate at least the principle on which this might be done:—

A baldheaded Captain deliberately every Friday got horribly inebriated; jabbered (knowing little, maybe nothing, of political questions) republican sentiments to unappreciative visitors, who, exasperated, yawned zealously.

Any baby or neglected adult who has yet to learn his alphabet will find his task materially lightened if he will begin by mastering (which he will of course do without difficulty) the above engaging narrative.

THE SOLD ARMY SURGEONS.

SOME fuss has been made in the medical profession about an alleged breach of faith towards the medical officers of the Guards. Their grievance is, that whereas they were induced to enter that corps at the time of the Crimean war by the representation that promotion in the Guards was regimental, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has recently signified his intent to fill an appointment of battalion surgeon therein by brigade promotion. This they regard as the introduction of a system which will inflict serious injury upon themselves, who entered under that of regimental promotion; inasmuch as it is likely to prevent them from ever reaching the higher grades in the service to which they would otherwise rise in due course. From the reply of the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON to impertinent questions in the House of Commons, it appears that the Government has no intention to take any measures for compelling his Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to observe any absurd punctilio in dealing with the medical officers of the Guards as to the fulfilment of a promise dictated by past expediency.

This is the way to treat those snobs of Army Surgeons. What if,

"SIX TO ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN TO THE OTHER."

M.P.'s who in glass-houses
Do live in state and ease,
Don't take to throwing stones
At each other, if you please.
When you talk of changing parties,
And jumping of Jem Crow,
Just think how oft the word with you
Has been "About you go!"

If DIZZY's "cut for partners"
All round about the ring,
Left JOEY HUME's protection
For LORD GEORGE BENTINCK's wing,
GLADSTONE, ere "heaving at him"
His eloquent "harf-brick,"
Should think how *he* changed colours,
Ere he found one to stick.

When JOHN BRIGHT platform missiles
Would rake up for his foe,
And finds "Dirty conspirator"
The handiest mud to throw—
Let him think how in the Lobby
He stood with Tory swells,
Along of China questions
And of ORSINI shells.

Think how each fellow Member
Is both a man and brother;
If six to one, 'tis odds it is
Half-dozen to the other.
Seeing the fragile fabrics
That for M.P.'s use are blown,
Stones likely to break windows
Had best be let alone.

notwithstanding that there are plenty of medical men, there were during the last year only seventeen candidates for the Army Medical Service, [of whom seven were rejected? What though the *Times* is quite correct in the following statement:—

"That the public medical service is distasteful to the profession is shown in the small number entering and the large number of resignations after, as since 1850 up to the present time no less than 137 medical officers have left the Royal Navy, and during the same period 117 have voluntarily left the Army even after seventeen years' service."

A scarcity of surgeons in the Army and Navy is of very small importance in these weak piping times of peace. When war breaks out, then it will be soon enough to offer inducements sufficient to tempt medical gentlemen to accept commissions in the military and naval service. No doubt they will be caught as easily as others were caught before them, and the engagements into which it may be necessary to enter with them for that purpose, can afterwards, when peace is restored, be once more quietly broken, as usual, at the convenience of Head Quarters.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

To Mr. Punch.

REVERED SIR, my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,

NOT long ago you were pleased to notice the edifying array of ponderous, octosyllabic learning with which certain of our medical teachers here are wont to garnish the Examination papers set before their admiring pupils; and, knowing how greatly you will rejoice to hear that these laudable exertions are not likely to be fruitless among our ingenuous youth, I hasten to present for the diploma of your approving nod (yes, Sir, a five-pound note, if you please) this piece of very interesting and hopeful news. It is that a learned paper has just been read to one of our famed Medical Societies by its young and rising Secretary, on a remarkable case, lately met with in his practice, to which he has given the most worthy name of ANENCE-PHALATROPHIA; that is in the vernacular, under correction of your learned Toby, *the wasting of a non-existent Brain*, or, as it may be scholastically rendered, *the microscopico-mist-ological annihilation of nothing*. As was to be expected, the learned gentleman's observations tended somewhat to discredit the old Hypocratic dictum, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and leaned rather to the more congenial doctrine of *similis similibus gaudet*. Believe me, much respected Sir,

Your most dutiful grand-nephew,
SAMPSON AGONISTES SWIPES, M.D.
(The younger).

Edinburgh, April 4th, 1866.



TRUE COURAGE.

That Dreadful Boy. "OH, AIN'T MARGARET BRAVE, THAT'S ALL! LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS IN THE GARDEN, I SAW A MAN JUMP OVER THE HEDGE, AND KISS HER. SHE WAS NOT A BIT AFRAID, AND SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT WHEN SHE CAME IN!"

A NEW PAPER.

(From our Collwell Hatchney Correspondent.)

You will be glad to hear that there is to be a new Journal started in this neighbourhood. It is called the *Collwell Hatchney Intellectual Observer*, with which will be incorporated PEPPER'S Ghost, and the Cherubs floating, in the advertisement poster, after SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A reduction will be made on taking a quantity, and schools will be treated with liberally; that is, if the boys subscribe a halfpenny each per week, they shall receive one presentation copy between them. The Journal will be published in time for the earliest trains, even at midnight; as arrangements have been entered into, whereby a blank sheet can be issued at any hour, rather than disappoint the subscribers.

Every Subscriber will be entitled to a glass of beer, on payment of a fixed sum, at any time of the day. The Prospectus is as follows:—

First, Leading Articles and Sonnets, which will supply a want of the day.

Notices, Conundrums, Kettle-drums, and Secret Intelligence, from all quarters of the globe, including Leicester Square.

A Column will be devoted entirely to Stops, such as Full-stops, Semi-colons, Colons, &c., &c., which the reader can use, as he likes, throughout the paper.

Half a column will be given up to broken English. The English will be broken, in type, by the Compositor and talented assistants.

Every half-hour a Balloon will ascend from the Office bearing the Editor.

Two columns and a half will be retained on the Establishment for their long services.

The Second Part will be a Concert, with grand muffin and crumpet solo.

There will be Addresses to the Readers every other day, delivered from the front window of the Office.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages will be celebrated inside from ten to four.

The Editor's Brother will be at home all day, and ready to fight any one of his own weight, size, and general personal appearance.

We shall have Shipping Intelligence, Anecdotes, and we shall publish

any letters we can get hold of under the heading of, Yours truly, Correspondence.

There will be an Indian Contributor down-stairs. No deception: any one may see him through the area-grating.

There will be five columns devoted to everything that comes too late for insertion.

Whatever appeared in our last will be put in our next, and so on.

We have got MR. REUTER to lend us a telegram wire, and we intend to do something with it,

Sporting Intelligence will meet with the most careful attention. A boy will come up from MR. DORLING every day, to play with the Editor.

There will be a bonfire on Saturday afternoon after office hours, and a dance of policemen.

We shall charge Sixpence for the first twenty copies, Ten-pence for every succeeding copy, and a small sum, to be named by the Clerk as his perquisite, for the last.

If our kind friends in front will only reward our endeavours to please, we can anticipate nothing but—happiness for the future of a Paper which adapts itself so exactly to our wants, our wishes, and our West End.

And so we bid you heartily farewell.

A Dangerous Companion.

AMONG other scientific novelties of mechanism, we see advertised, just now, a "patent self-acting corkscrew." This must be, no doubt, a vastly useful article, but we fancy at the same time that it must be slightly dangerous. If a self-acting corkscrew were admitted to our wine-cellar, there is no knowing what a quantity of corks would be heard popping. Conceive the horror and dismay of a connoisseur in port at finding his self-acting corkscrew hard at work, and drawing all the corks of his famous "thirty-four," and still more precious "twenty!" How crusty he would look at seeing such a waste of all his fine old crusted!



HUNTING IDIOT,

RETURNING FROM THE CHACE, PROPOSES TO "CHAFF THAT ARTIST FELLER."

Huntsman. "WHAT'LL YER TAKE ME FOR, GOV'NOUR?"*Painter (without the slightest hesitation).* "A SNOB!"

AN OCCUPATION FOR GRAND JURORS.

MR. PUNCH has very great pleasure in making the subjoined extract from the law report of last week's proceedings in the Central Criminal Court:—

"THE CASE OF MR. FERGUSON.

The Grand Jury, in the course of the day, ignored the Bill that was preferred against MR. FERGUSON for wounding the policeman at Sydenham, and they at the same time expressed their opinion that in all cases where policemen in plain clothes were employed, some unmistakable means should be adopted, either by a staff or a warrant card, to show who they were, with a view to prevent the recurrence of a similar proceeding to the present."

Averse as *Mr. Punch* is to hazarding any remark that may tend to perpetuate a grievous bore to which housekeepers in the neighbourhood of London are liable, and subjected, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a million gratuitously, he nevertheless is bound to say that the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, that ignored the Bill against MR. FERGUSON, as *Punch* told them to do, proved that once in a way a Metropolitan Grand Jury can do a signal service to a public consisting of individuals any one of whom may, under circumstances, happen to be wrongfully committed for trial by an unwise Magistrate.

Grievous is the loss imposed on artists, literary persons, professional men, and others whose incomes are solely derived from their personal work, by the summons which drags them away from their occupation for days together to perform a merely nominal duty at the Clerkenwell Sessions House, or the Old Bailey. Horrid is the nuisance to which they are thus subjected, and great is their affliction in having to brook the insolence of the officials with whom they are brought in contact. For the future, however, any decent men who have had the misfortune to be impressed for the odious service of Metropolitan Grand Jurors, may derive some solace under their calamity from making a point of doing what is simply their duty, in throwing out the Bill against every prisoner whom they find to have been unnecessarily committed. Every gentleman will do wisely to consider that the case of a prisoner wrong-

fully or falsely accused, and committed on insufficient evidence, may be his own to-morrow.

One Magistrate may send a man for trial, on a criminal indictment, for having wounded an assailant in lawful self-defence. Another scruples not to consign a respectable man, foully accused, to the dock on the uncorroborated evidence of a single witness. The Home Office never notices these injurious acts of its stipendiary subordinates. Gentlemen who can sympathise with the victim of perjury in the witness-box, and of cynical obtuseness, on the police-court bench, to the anxiety and expense entailed by a groundless commitment, will therefore, when serving under compulsion on Grand Juries, perhaps, in future, be pleased to look sharply out for opportunities of throwing out Bills which are unfounded in law or unsupported by testimony, though backed by a Magistrate's mittimus. And, for the sake of everybody, their own inclusive, let them never forget to accompany their presentment with a weighty censure of the Magistrate.

A TELEGRAM.

DEAR PUNCH,

Albion Cottage, Old England.

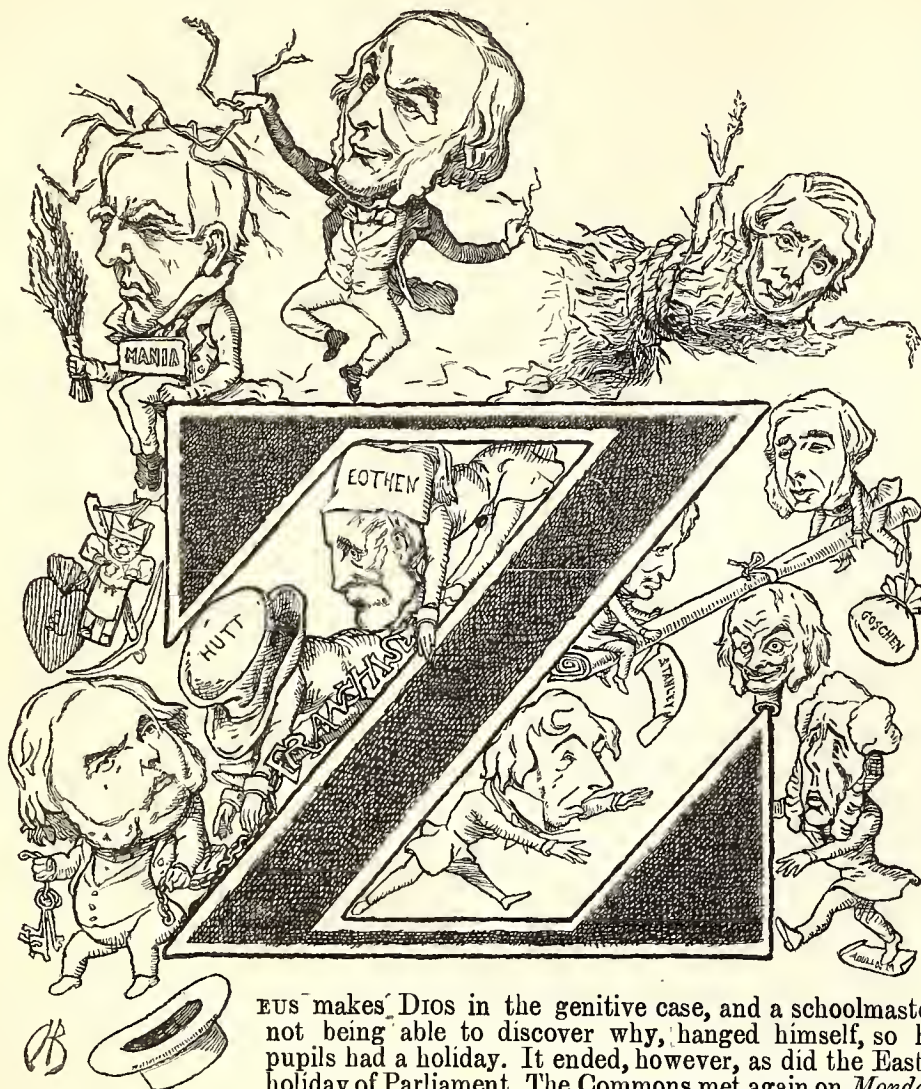
I AM desirous to be "up, down, fly, and awake," to everything, but the accompanying from the *Daily Telegraph*, just does knock me over:—

"In one thing alone do we differ from them—that we will not consent to have a truncated history of the British Empire, ending with the apotheosis of the ten-pound householder."

I have submitted this to various friends, and they all cry a go, except one 'cute young lady, who thinks it refers to the Underground Railway. Can you give any information on the subject? and oblige,

Yours truly,
NIX.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EUS makes Dios in the genitive case, and a schoolmaster, not being able to discover why, hanged himself, so his pupils had a holiday. It ended, however, as did the Easter holiday of Parliament. The Commons met again on Monday, April 9th. The SPEAKER re-appeared among them, and

gracefully thanked the House for its kindness during his illness. MR. ROEBUCK, on a Gas Bill debate, declared his conviction that there was not a single Gas Company in London that was not cheating. The House cheered him, and by a large majority sent the Bill of the new Company for consideration by a Committee.

Being the Opening Day, the House discussed Oysters. We are happy to say that the Ministers are awake to the importance of the subject, and will bring in an Oyster Reform Bill very soon. Due provision will be made for a large re-distribution of spat. By the way, would PROFESSOR AIRY call little oysters oysteroids?

Many matters were talked over, such as the National Gallery, which all condemn, and which is, we hope, doomed; (ha! ha!) the decay in the stone of Parliament Palace, whereon COWPER spoke comfortingly; and seat accommodation for the Members, whom MR. DARBY GRIFFITH wants to arrange in a semi-circle, French fashion. MR. GLADSTONE made some really good fun at the expense of MR. HORSMAN, who had complained that he had no regular seat. There was also Patent-Office talk. But *Mr. Punch*, who thirsts to chronicle the Great Fight, grudges every line to these small quarrels.

Tuesday. SIR JOHN GRAY moved a resolution condemnatory of the Irish Church. MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, for Government, agreed that the Church was a nuisance, but as Government could not at present abate it, he opposed an abstract resolution. The O'DONOGHUE spoke brilliantly against the Church and the Minister. MR. WHITESIDE made one of his best speeches, a dashing defence of the Irish Church, on the ground that its rights were bound up with those of all property, and also that though certainly a mere numerical argument showed that it was not the real Church of Ireland, it was dear to all the respectable people in the island. The debate was adjourned for a fortnight. "*Inter arma silet Ecclesia.*"

Wednesday. A Vaccination Debate. Government is bent upon carrying a complete system of compulsory vaccination, and a Select Committee, to which the Bill is referred, is not to alter its principle. And, Lawyers, you may like to know that we voted a trifle, (£600,000) towards the price of the Temple of Justice. Then we parted, on the Eve of the Battle.

Calmness, immediately before a great undertaking, is the sign of a Great Creature. Though evidence of *Mr. Punch's* greatness is absurdly supererogatory, he smiles, and interpolates a remark by a brother senator, who observed that the Reform Bill was not healthy, for the Heir of Westminster disagreed with it.

Thursday. The great *Punch*, mindful of the ancient traditions, and resolute

stare super vias antiquas, only there are no old streets left to stare at, (thanks to Railway Vandalism), utters one majestic invocation, and then rushes at his work.

"Nunc age, qui reges, Erato.

Dicam horrida bella.

Dicam acies.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

Majus opus moveo."

MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved the Second Reading of the Representation of the People Bill, inaccurately described as the Reform Bill, whereof it is part only. But as, in the Jacobite days, folks who did not wish to quarrel called CHARLES EDWARD neither "Prince" nor "Pretender," but "Chevalier," let us call this measure the Franchise Bill, and for short, the F. B.

MR. GLADSTONE, instead of merely moving the Second Reading, delivered a long and able address. He went into reasons for introducing the Bill. MR. JOHN MURRAY had kindly allowed him to see the new number of the *Quarterly*, just before its publication, and there is in it a slashing article against the Bill. This article received the honour of quotation by MR. GLADSTONE, and some of its statements he described (with a Shakspearian quotation) as lies. Some persons think that the writer is in the House. He then proceeded to dilate upon the improved condition of the working class, owing to religion, education, and the penny press, which latter he praised sky-high. He urged that the working class had five-twelfths of the income of the country, and only one-seventh of its electoral power. That they would not, as apprehended, vote *en masse*. That they will not be able to rise, in any fair proportion, to the franchise, for that it at present excludes any man who cannot earn 35s. a week. That calculations as to the expected transfer of power showed that, should the Bill pass, the working classes would be in a minority in 538 seats, against 120 seats in which they might be in a majority. He then adverted to re-distribution, and again refused to proceed with any other part of the subject until after the Second Reading. Then Ministers would review their position. It would be impossible for the new electors to come into existence till the end of 1867, so that there was plenty of time to discuss the Re-Distribution Bill; and if Members liked to give up the partridges, and have a late Session, Ministers, though they might be pale and languid, would come up to the work. After a few adroit lunges at MR. LOWE, MR. GLADSTONE concluded thus:—

"Enough and more than enough there has been already of bare, idle, mocking words. Deeds are what is wanted. I beseech you to be wise, and, above all, to be wise in time."

Sapere aude is *Mr. Punch's* favourite motto, and he does not say scornfully, with *Rob Roy*, "much dare there is in it." On the contrary, a truly wise man is the bravest man going. It occurs to *Mr. Punch*, while freely extolling his friend MR. GLADSTONE's genius, which was much more fully vindicated in this speech than in any which he has yet made on the subject, that his wisdom would have shown itself more richer in laying his Re-Distribution Bill on the table, and telling the House what was in it. Mark what was said by subsequent speakers.

MR. LOWE interpolated a defence of himself from the charge of having slandered the working classes, and declared that he had alluded only to existing constituencies. Something too much of this. MR. LOWE is, as MR. GLADSTONE said, a man of extraordinary intellectual power, but he is not everybody.

EARL GROSVENOR then moved his amendment, which is to the effect that we will not discuss the F. B. until we have the whole scheme of Reform before us. [Note, such of you as have not WALFORD or DOD at hand. HUGH LUPUS, Earl Grosvenor, born 1825, married the LADY CONSTANCE GERTRUDE, youngest daughter of the late DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. This happy incident in his life we mention for a reason.] The Earl said that he should not have moved his Amendment without having taken the advice of men in high position. He had for years been proud to follow EARL RUSSELL. But the Government, failing to consult the feelings and wishes of the great majority of the Whig party, and going for counsel to the BRIGHT party, had left their old traditions, and, consequently, some members of that House would prefer the interests of their country to their allegiance to the Minister. No Reform Bill would pass that was not in harmony with the feelings of the Whigs and the Opposition. LORD GROSVENOR is not in the habit of speaking, and it would be impertinence to call him an orator, but he acquitted himself in a manly and English fashion of a difficult and unpleasant duty.

LORD STANLEY seconded the Amendment in one of his best speeches. He inherits the DERBY power of rapid retort.

MR. GLADSTONE, in quoting the *Quarterly*, which had alluded to "the gallant American Confederacy," intimated that the Conservatives had desired to go to war for that Confederacy. They never, said LORD STANLEY, made any suggestion of the kind, but the nearest approach to a recognition of the Confederates was made by MR. GLADSTONE himself, who declared that PRESIDENT DAVIS "had not only created an army, but made a nation." Very well hit, LORD STANLEY. He grappled fearlessly with the Minister, and told him, point-blank, that he was afraid to trust the House of Commons. He knew perfectly well what his re-distribution scheme was, but was afraid to tell, lest it should be objectionable, and then the Franchise Bill would not pass a Second Reading. Very well, then let him look out in Committee. Moreover, there were schedules and boundaries to be discussed, and the fate of a constituency might depend on its Member's conduct to Government. It would be impossible to pass the Re-Distribution Bill this year, and who could answer for the events of twelve months? He scoffed at the BRIGHT invitation to a crowd, but warned the friends of the Bill that such a demonstration would array the upper and middle classes against Reform. LORD STANLEY added, that he would not oppose a Second Reading merely because he disapproved of portions of a Bill, but he wanted the whole scheme. He would not trust the most skilful architect who would not give in a general plan of a house, but wanted to build room by room, on the assurance that he knew his business. *Mr. Punch*, writing for the Ages, records that on a very important occasion, LORD STANLEY showed himself a gallant Parliamentary soldier.

MR. (ROCHESTER) MARTIN objected to the disfranchisement of the dockyard men. Had they not given up Easter Monday to help to launch the *Northumberland*? He supported the Bill. MR. HORSFALL, Member for Liverpool, opposed it. MR. JONATHAN PIM, Dublin, a Liberal, also opposed it as fragmentary.

The Secretary for War, LORD HARTINGTON (Whig, *pur sang*, son of a Devonshire by the daughter of a Carlisle), answered his Whig friend LORD GROSVENOR. He instinctively addressed himself to a sort of repudiation of the charge of seeking counsel from low Radicals, declaring that of four of MR. BRIGHT's demands, three had been rejected. He regretted that the Earl had separated himself from the party with which he and his Ancestors had acted. He believed that no one doubted EARL RUSSELL's sincerity. The young Minister's other arguments were neatly delivered, but he was not over-prudent, and did not seem to have been at drill under his chiefs.

Another JONATHAN arose, even the brother of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL. This sporting Tory general made a speech so amusing that nobody could be offended, though he gave his enemies some good hard pokes. He contended that Liberal Governments were always in mischief, the *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland was always suspended when EARL RUSSELL was in, and after dilating with great delight upon all sorts of disasters, which he attributed to a reformed Parliament, he turned upon MR. BRIGHT, and cheerfully assured him that the people would prefer that the Thames should flow with blood than that QUEEN VICTORIA should be turned away to make room for a Republic. Of course he opposed the Bill, and said that the re-distribution would make it worse. GENERAL PEEL ended by intimating that those who supported a Bill of which they really disapproved were, as ACHILLES said, faithful towards Hell. We suppose that he found out the name of ACHILLES when considering how to christen a racer, but who gave him the quotation?

MR. KINGLAKE having awarded himself praise for extorting the promise of a Re-Distribution Bill, and MR. BANKS STANHOPE having declared that though LORD PALMERSTON was buried, the country remembered his principles, and that the House would not be dictated to by MR. BRIGHT, we adjourned about one o'clock. Ladies will take notice that MR. AYRTON wished us to go on till three or four, and protested against the "uxoriousness" which made Senators so eager to go home. Really, MR. AYRTON! Have you been reading POPE?

"Shall, then, UXORIO talk away till dawn,
Bear home at six, and make his lady yawn?"

Friday. MR. BAXTER, of Montrose, spoke neatly for the Bill. SIR BULWER LYTTON, against it, gave a true artist's testimony to the character of the humbler worker, but urged that, while the correction of abuses was reform, the transfer of power was revolution. His felicitous phrases and apt anecdotes delighted the House, and the cheering was unusually protracted. Another intellectual treat, of a different kind, was then offered to the Commons by MR. MILL, who argued that this was a Conservative measure, as it provided for the representation of classes, not numbers; and he drew a hopeful picture of the many reforms which he believed would be effected by a House in which the influence of the working class should be felt.

Everybody then rushed away to dinner, leaving the SPEAKER to the tender mercies of MR. LIDDELL, who opposed, MR. HANBURY, who supported, MR. SELWIN (not SELWYN, if you please), who opposed, and SIR F. GOLDSMID, who supported.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU had been engaged, he said, for some time, in picking little pieces out of the speeches which MR. GLADSTONE has delivered during many years, and he favoured the House by reading

these scraps in proof of MR. GLADSTONE's self-contradictory habits. MR. GLADSTONE showed how profoundly he felt so terrible an attack, by smilingly correcting his Lordship for improperly introducing the word "and" into a quotation from SHAKESPEARE—perhaps a more fatal epigram was never acted in the House.

The HOME SECRETARY energetically argued that an increase of the constituency was a national gain, and also declared that a Re-Distribution of Seats was a vital part of Reform. SIR GEORGE went at his work with all his usual rapidity, and with an animation which he does not always exhibit.

MR. LAING contended that the real difficulty arose, not from any demerits in the working classes, but from their great numbers, and he predicted many evils from democracy, especially the overthrow of the wise political economy which the educated classes had only lately comprehended.

Midnight came, and with it adjournment. The uxorious went home to supper, and the luxurious to gin-sling and cigars at the Clubs, where also was discussed the event of the day, the Great Metropolitan, well won by *Treasure Trove*. For races must be heeded as well as Reforms.

"FOLLOW MY LEADER."

THERE's a game that's played in a certain place,

Not a hundred miles from St. Stephen's,
Far better than Rounders, or Prisoners' Base,
Hop-Scotch, or Odds and Evens.

This pretty game for little M.P.'s,

—And woe betide the seceder!—

Means "Go where I like, and vote as I please,"

And its name is "Follow my Leader."

The M.P. who joins in this nice little game,

Must never care what's before him;

Be it water to drown, or timber to lame,

All he has to do's—get o'er 'em.

Though a bog's in the way, or a nice stiff clay,—

Of his steps no picker or weeder—

He must flounder on as well as he may—

'Tis the rule in "Follow my Leader."

If he see a gap wide open stand,

When his leader a bullfinch rushes,

He must not swerve to either hand,

But face the blackthorn bushes.

Though never a rag be left on his back,

And every briar's a bleeder,

He must bark to the whip, and hunt with the pack,—

Or it isn't "Follow my Leader."

If there's a bridge across a ditch,

In the line his leader's making,

And the leader choose to go in full pitch,

His header he must be taking.

No matter how black, no matter how green,

Mud below, and a-top duckweed are,

He must go the whole hog, and emerge unclean,

But faithful to "Follow my Leader."

No doubt this nice little Westminster game,

Can boast its *rationale*,

Though it might be hard to approve the same,

Out of STUART, or MILL, or PALEY.—

That when Reason says "Right," and party "Left,"

No M.P. is bound to heed her,

Or he'll find himself put in the stick called "cleft,"

By the players at "Follow my Leader."

You're in the train and must spin along,

Nor meddle with brakes and buffers;

If you are right when your party's wrong,

And you say so, your party suffers.

As balm for a bruise, or detergent for dirt,—

(Says your Parliament special-pleader)—

There's no pain in blows, and no stain in dirt,

When they're got at "Follow my Leader."

THE WORST FOR A HUNDRED!

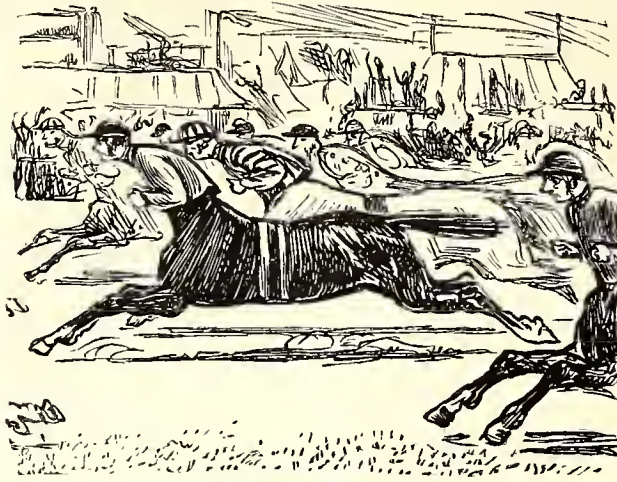
WHAT kind of medicine ought to be given to a child ailing with a cruel father? A mild aperient! (*A milder pa-rient.*)

WHAT the builders of the Iron-clad *Northumberland* wish? That she would give them the Slip.

WHAT A PITY THE RACE OF CENTAURS HAS BECOME EXTINCT!



DEGRADING SPECTACLE! UGH!



EXCITING RACE.



"ANY SPARRERGRASS, MUM?"



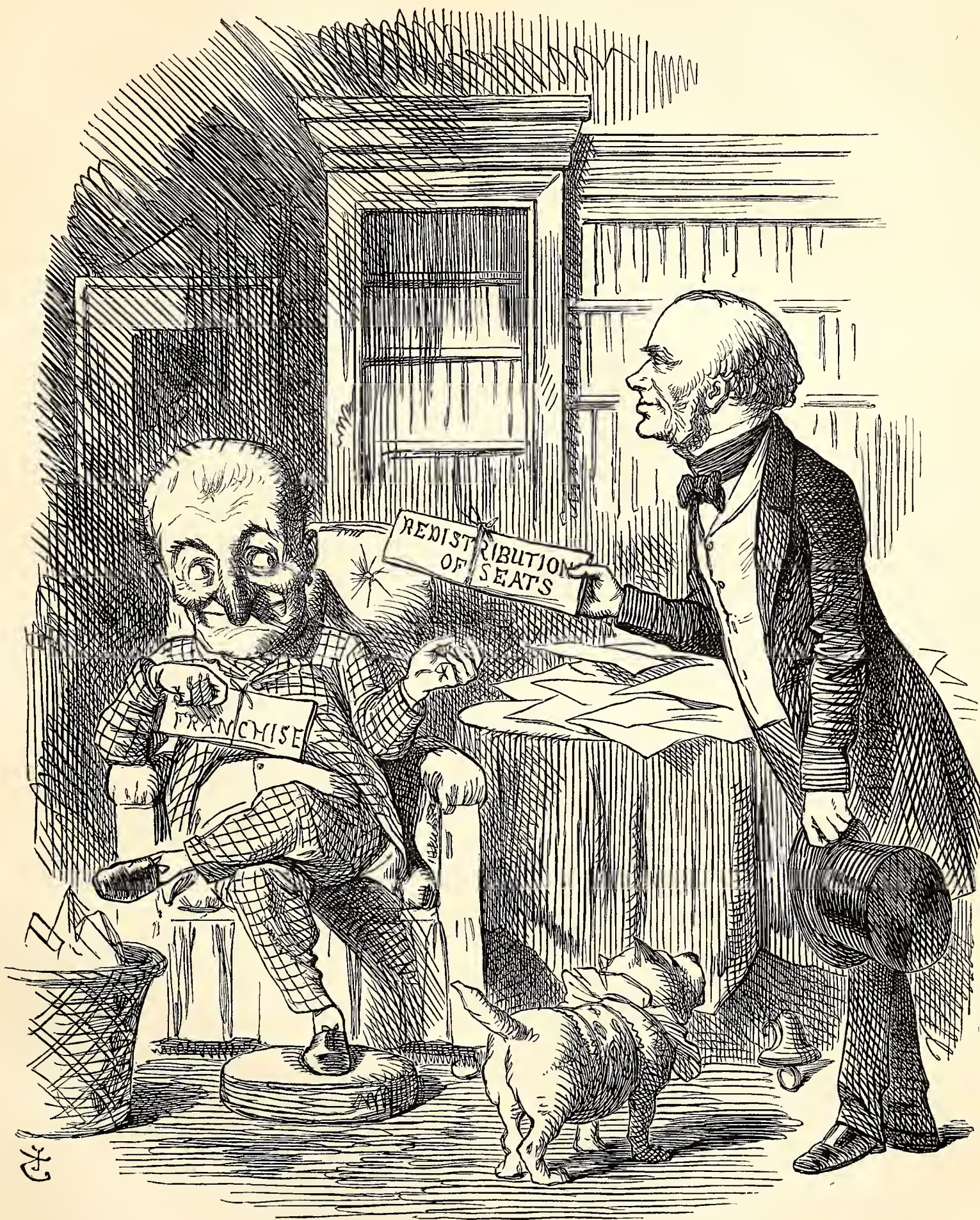
BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S.



CENT 'ORSEGUARDS.



THE "ROW."



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

MR. PUNCH. "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, JOHN. IF YOU HAD BROUGHT THAT BEFORE, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO WORDS BETWEEN US."

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been studying the Pictorial History of England on a new principle; in other words, I have been to the National Portrait Exhibition. I have seen a thousand pictures of my countrymen and countrywomen, of whom nearly everyone is a Worthy or an Unworthy, and all playing a part in the great British Drama. In the first Act I revived my acquaintance (my original introduction being through MRS. MARKHAM) with ROSAMOND CLIFFORD and WILLIAM WALLACE; in the closing scene I bowed to ARA-BELLA CHURCHILL and the DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

I have gone through so many reigns, seen so many great men and beautiful women, had my thoughts drawn to such a number of reddened scaffolds and bloody battle-fields, noticed such extraordinary diversities of gowns and bodices, kirtles and fardingales, jewels and trinkets, modes of dressing the hair, and fashions of artificial stimulants applied to the female figure, ranging over the entire millinery and dress-making of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts—to say nothing of robes and surcoats, doublets and trunk-hose, jerkins and scaly armour, wigs, beards, and moustaches, sleeves slashed and heads sheared off, that I am a little confused in my recollections of the Exhibition, and unable to do more for the present than gossip about my general impressions. As proof, I find myself in the retrospect assassinating the wrong man, or executing a duke who died peacefully and ducally in his coroneted four-poster. I am continually making mistakes in the series of HENRY THE EIGHTH's wives, and, in Plantagenet times, interpolating a HENRY where a RICHARD rightfully comes, or omitting an insignificant EDWARD altogether. By incessant practice I have mastered the names of the "Cabal," and no longer confuse PHILIP and ALGERNON SIDNEY. The various Dukes of Norfolk (every other beheaded, or imprisoned for the best half of his life in the Tower), of Hamilton, Richmond, and Northumberland, the conflicting Earls of Essex, the succession of Fairfaxes, mix themselves up in a historical kaleidoscope, wherein much of the material is crimson as blood and sable as night.

Two questions will be asked about the Portrait Exhibition, the answers to which had better at once be supplied in your pages. Where is it? What is it?

Where is it?—In the arcades and galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, once thronged by the visitors to the International Exhibition seeking beer and buns, sandwiches and sherry, partaking of dinners approved by a committee of taste, and light refreshments not always satisfactorily represented by heavy pork-pies. These arcades, where you can no more madden waiters already in a distracted frame of mind from having to attend fourteen people at a time, all equally hungry and thirsty and clamorous, but in which you may, instead, feast your eyes on the likenesses of twenty generations of the good and the evil, the ugly and the handsome, the craven and the brave, resting undisturbed in their frames, and untouched by all perplexities of carving, except in connection with gilding, are divided into roomy bays, in any one of which you may come to an anchor with satisfaction, may hanker after a bold seaman or a subtle statesman, with the restraining reflection that the police have their eye upon you and the pictures day and night, or, anchorite though you are, may be witched by some saucy NELL or imperious LOUISE, who had kings for her lovers and queens for her baffled rivals.

What is it?—A collection, hung by reigns, of more than a thousand portraits of men and women, and graceful and lovely children, reaching

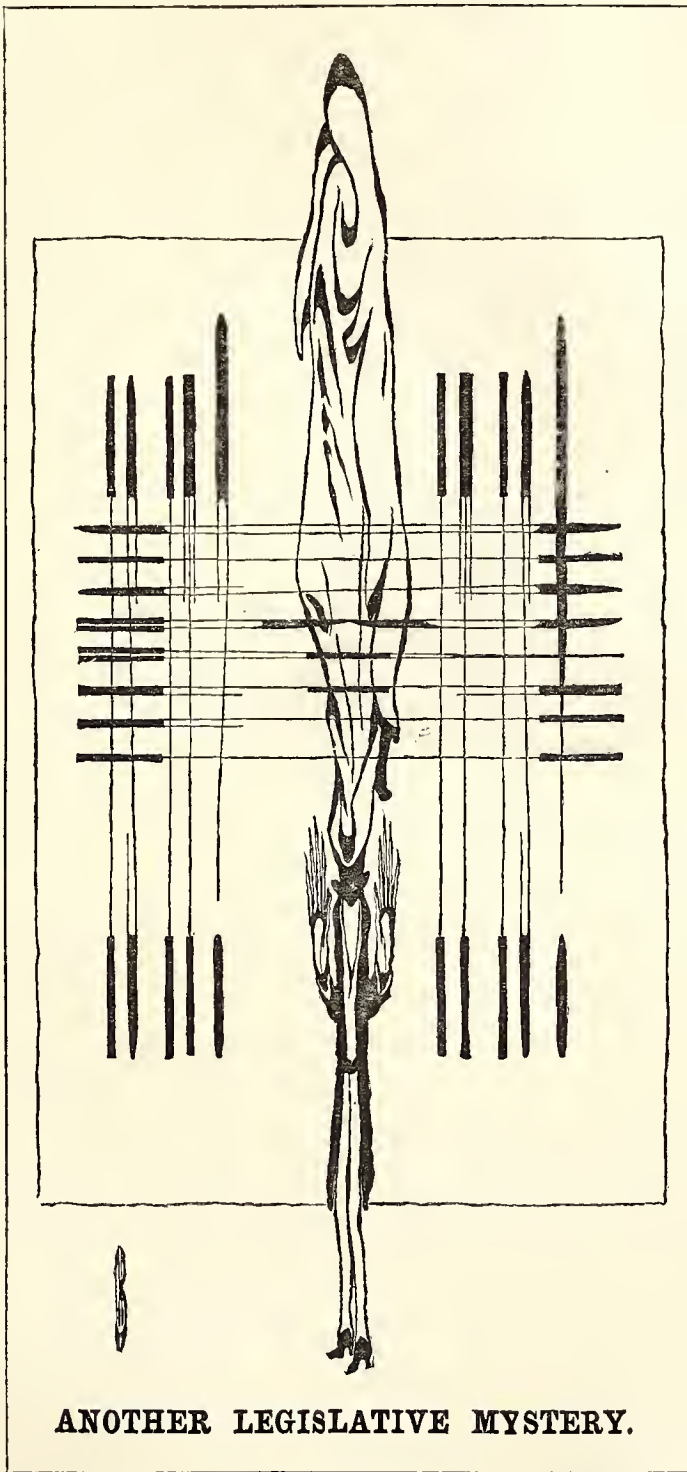
from the time when WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM kept the Privy Seal of England, and WYCLIFFE preached Protestantism in Lutterworth Church, to the days when JAMES THE SECOND flung the Great Seal of England into the Thames, and JEFFREYS had to hide himself at Wapping, to escape a thrashing or something worse; a long line, not of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, or Masters of Hounds, or City aldermen, or provincial mayors, but of kings and king-makers, cardinals possessing all the cardinal virtues, bishops whom WORDSWORTH has celebrated in his poem of "*We are Seven*," bishops sometimes translating but oftener translated, great ministers like BURGHLEY, great ministers like BAXTER, jesters and judges, dwarfs and divines, wits and

warriors, scholars and sailors, musicians and physicians, astronomers and astrologers, loyalists and royalists, round-heads and republicans, martyrs and confessors, reformers of a kind differing from GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, standard-bearers and carriers, poets and painters, courtiers and carpenters, sextons and surgeons, some famous, some forgotten, all claiming and filling their niche in the National Walhalla.

Husbands and wives long parted are once more side by side; friends see each other's faces after centuries of separation. FULKE GREVILLE gazes down on PHILIP SIDNEY, ERASMUS can again gossip with SIR THOMAS MORE, RIZZIO is playing the violin near MARY Queen of Scots, SHAKSPEARE and BEN JONSON are close enough for more "wit combats," and BEAUMONT and FLETCHER have only a wall between them. You may be fascinated by all styles of woman's beauty, from the eyes and shoulders of HORTENSE MANCINI, which say "Dangerous" as plainly as the boards of the Royal Humane Society on the Serpentine, to the grand, thoughtful, enduring face of ELIZABETH, Princess of England and Queen of Bohemia, suggesting good thoughts and great deeds, and assuring us of a noble woman's noble life. You may see countenances crafty and cruel, faithful and false, as wise as they are ugly, as pretty as they are inane; you may try to extract the secrets of men's lives from the expression of their features; you may read the whole history of a reign in the red line that is proxy for a mouth in MARY TUDOR's face; and you may form a rough estimate (particularly if a married man) of the amount of her sister ELIZABETH's milliners' bills, from the variety and magnificence of her dresses. But now for a first warning. Are you well up in the history of your country? If not, if a Civil Service Examination would have terrors that no prospect of an income of your own could allay, before you visit "Arcadia" and mingle with the heroes and heroines who people its realms, read HUME, peruse SMOLLETT, consult LINGARD, enjoy MACAULAY, loiter over FROUDE, beg GRAINGER, and borrow LODGE.

For a second warning, O young man, if thou art going with the beloved of thy soul, if thou art pledged to escort beauty that now enwraps itself in Lyons silk and Cluny lace, and will get many a hint from the mantua-making and hair-dressing approved by its ancestresses and foremothers, be ready with thy dates and facts, thy apt stories and fitting quotations; be prepared in the Wars of the Roses, the queens of the eighth HENRY, the favourites and great captains of ELIZABETH, the sorrows and sufferings of her cousin MARY; throw thyself into the battles and sieges of the Rebellion, pass a "self-denying ordinance" against Operas and Theatres and Balls, and shut thyself up in thy closet with CLARENDON and RUSHWORTH, with FORSTER and CARLYLE, that there may be no confusion in thy statements between HENRY's three KATHARINES, between the CROMWELL of the Reformation and the CROMWELL of the Commonwealth, between PRYNNE and PYM, between CHIFFINCH and CHICHELEY, between ORLANDO and GRINLING GIBBONS.

MARKHAM CLINTON.



ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE MYSTERY.



AN AWFUL DESPOT.

Recruit (appealingly). "BUT, SAIRGEANT—"

Drill Instructor (taking him up with terrible abruptness and contempt). "'BUT, SAIRGEANT!' NOT A WAR-R-D! BAH! I TELL YE—YE CAN CONCEIVE NOTHIN'—AND YAIR MIND'S MADE O' DAIR-RT!"

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA ;

OR, THE GAME OF BRAG.

PRUSSIA was a robber,
Austria was a thief;
Prussia and Austria
Stole a Danish fief.

Prussia said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you drop your bone."

Prussia said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Out of Holstein? No."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Of you in alarm."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight;
Austria said to Prussia,
"My intention, quite."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you do the same."

Prussia said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Hit me, and you'll see."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Come, this brag won't do."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Sir, the same to you."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I'll the Diet try."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Thank you, so will I."

DIET AND REGIMEN.—Those who live on *Sponge Cake* must often eat *Humble Pie*.

LAUNCHING BY "LEVITATION."

MR. PUNCH,

So the *Northumberland* remains stuck hard and fast, and the question, how to get her off, awaits solution. There are objections against attempting to buoy her with bales of cotton, or trying to lift her with balloons. These operations would require rather more than an easily procurable quantity of cotton, silk, and gas. The whole pavement of the town of Basingstoke was, some years ago, raised by a crop of toadstools springing up beneath it, and this fact has suggested the application of expansive-fungus-growth power to raising the *Northumberland*, which no doubt it would be equal to, if we could grow large enough mushrooms, but, in the present state of horticulture we cannot; although they do sometimes, particularly in the Autumn, when Parliament is not sitting, attain to vast dimensions.

Sir, though I am certainly not a universal sceptic, I am as certainly a sceptic on one particular point—the subject of Spiritualism. That is to say, I doubt whether the sort of faith or philosophy so-called, is founded on any basis of truth whatever. Your discernment will see that this incertitude about the possibility that Spiritualism is not all humbug, is, in the estimation of that common sense which repudiates the supernatural, equivalent to an implicit and unhesitating belief in it, and the whole of its alleged marvels.

As a notoriously confirmed believer in Spiritualism, then, permit me, through the medium of your ubiquitous periodical, to propose that, by way of an *experimentum crucis* for testing its truth or fallacy, a trial be made to move the *Northumberland* by the forces it is said to be capable of exerting. Being an iron vessel, the *Northumberland* might be expected to prove sensitive to any influence of a nature similar to that of magnetism.

Spiritualists and their opponents, I am sure, will alike agree that if it is true that spirits can lift MR. HOME from the floor of a drawing-room to the ceiling, and carry him about there, they may also be able, for aught we know, to lift a ship into the water. All that would be wanted

would be a sufficiency of spirit-power. That would be insured by the agency of a sufficient number of hands. All hands, then, Spiritualists, on board the *Northumberland*, with MR. HOME at the head of you, and after him MR. WILLIAM HOWITT, MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, and me, if you will have me.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN would perhaps consent to attend and see fair play. FARADAY would not come, unfortunately, nor SIR DAVID BREWSTER, which is not so much to be regretted, for perhaps the *Northumberland* might seem to him to move, and yet he might not be sure if it moved or not, as in the case of the table.

I need not enlarge on one immense recommendation of the attempt to stir the *Northumberland* by the aid of Spiritualism. That is the absolute inexpensiveness of Spiritual force. It is well known that MR. HOME religiously abstains from taking sixpence for the manifestations which occur in his presence. MRS. MARSHALL, I believe, is a paid medium, and that is the reason why, not wishing to propose the expenditure of five shillings of the public money on a *séance*, I did not recommend the appointment of that party to lead the party of Spiritualists which I should like to see formed for the purpose of endeavouring to set the *Northumberland* afloat.

Believe me, *Mr. Punch*, in sober earnest, ever faithfully yours,

TOM CHAMBERS.

P.S. Admit no Reporters.

2. P.S. Nor BALLANTINE.

Social Note.

WHEN a man uses the phrase "Every one says," what number of persons does he mean? If he is asked he will probably find some difficulty in fixing the number at seven.

WHY is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians? Because it quickens their apprehension.



AN ILL-TIMED JEST.

"WHY, UNCLE, YOU BRAGGED YOU COULD TAKE TWO BOTTLES LAST NIGHT, AND A LITTLE 'DROP' LIKE THIS FLOORS YOU IN THE MORNING!"

SOME THINGS MR. PUNCH THINKS ABOUT A CERTAIN BILL.

THAT a great deal of humbug is talked about Reform.
That this humbug isn't confined to either side of the question.
That they who say the country is enthusiastic about the Franchise Bill, talk palpable "bosh."

That those who say the Franchise Bill is revolutionary, talk "bosh" just as palpable.

That England never can be a democratic country.

That those who are afraid of leavening our aristocratic institutions with more equalising influences, are the legitimate successors of MRS. PARTINGTON.

That the social effects of railways, telegraphs, penny papers, co-operative societies, working-men's clubs, and industrial exhibitions must have their reflection and complement in political changes also.

That the only political change really to be feared is one that should secure the predominance of any one class in the Legislature.

That in weighing the mischief of such predominance, it matters little what the dominant class may be.

That just now the only legislation about which the working classes much concern themselves, is legislation affecting the relations of capital and labour.

That on this subject the notions of the working men, so far as they have a class colouring at all, are nearer those of the old "Cannon Ball" Tories than any other party in Parliament.

That the material prosperity of England depends mainly on her manufactures, trade and commerce.

That the prosperity of manufactures, trade, and commerce depends mainly on sound political economy.

That the only well grounded fear of working-class influence in Parliament arises from their unsound political economy.

That the first party to go to the wall, under that influence, would be the great capitalist employers of labour.

That though *Punch* may believe the working-man's political economy to be unsound, he would like to see it fairly represented, discussed, and fought out in Parliament.

That for this purpose *Mr. Punch* would hail organs of the working men in Parliament.

That, for the same reason, *Mr. Punch* would not, by any means, hail a majority of such organs.

That, till *Mr. Punch* knows how seats are to be distributed, he can't imagine how many of such organs are likely to be returned to Parliament.

That, therefore, if, happily for his country, *Mr. Punch* were in Parliament, he would certainly vote against the Second Reading of any Franchise Bill, unless he first knew how Members were to be assigned among the constituencies it enlarged.

That *Mr. Punch* feels this point to be vital.

A MODEL MERCHANT.

QUOTH the American Minister, the other evening, at the Mansion House:—

"MR. GEORGE PEABODY is a singular man. He is a man of remarkable character, being, I might almost say, a species by himself."

Singular man! Yes, verily, there is but one GEORGE PEABODY, and thousands by him profit. We should like to see this singular made plural, we confess. The Peabody species is one well worthy of development; and come, there is no harm in hinting how we might extend it. Imitation is allowed to be the truest form of flattery. Perhaps a few of our rich merchants will imitate GEORGE PEABODY? Why should they not take a leaf out of his book, and one out of their own cheque-books? By his generous gift to London he rescues nigh a thousand Londoners from wretchedness and dirt. Why should not half a score or so of our great merchant princes resolve to do the like? Thanks to railways, and embankments, and valley elevations, a number of poor Londoners are turned daily out of doors, and know not where to find clean lodging. Don't be backward, kind rich gentlemen, in housing the poor houseless. Who will first step forward and "say ditto" to GEORGE PEABODY?

Who were the original bogtrotters? The *Fenians*.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AFTER reading up the *Institutes of Justinian*, all the volumes of GIBBON'S *Rome*, refreshing ourselves with an abridgment by KEIGHTLEY, and a *Catechism of History for the Use of Schools*, we, DR. GOODCHILD and myself, went to see *Theodora* at the Surrey. DR. GOODCHILD took his eldest boy, aged ten, to see the performance, because he looked upon the entertainment as highly instructive. On our road he catechised the unfortunate child, who, having utterly failed to distinguish between the several Cæsars, was on the point of weeping bitterly when we arrived at the theatre. We were courteously received by the officials, one of whom, for a consideration, provided us with bills of the play, which bills, we, contrary to DR. GOODCHILD'S principles, accepted, and then took our seats in the stalls.

We were obliged to begin with the Second Act, because the first was just finishing as we entered. This was of minor importance, seeing that there was an interval of nineteen years, which the audience had to suppose was elapsing while the band played two polkas and a waltz.

Little MASTER GOODCHILD was very sorry to have missed the First Act, in which, he had understood from his Papa, there was a Circus. As his ideas of a Circus were derived entirely from a travelling one which he had seen in the country, he expressed himself much disappointed at not having seen the Clown and "Billy Button's Ride to Brentford," or something of that sort. This regret evoked from the Doctor a short lecture on the ancient Circus, and its degenerate imitation in these modern times. The Curtain rose on Act II. as DR. GOODCHILD was explaining the office of a Retiarius, and the use of the prongs to the poor boy, who, I dare swear, heartily wished that his parent had remained at home.

ACT II.

Encampment of the Roman Army beneath the Walls of Carthage.

Enter Roman Guards, Yellow-haired Mercenaries, and Gentlemen of the colour of the Country, i.e. Black Guards. Chorus of Soldiers drinking out of Cups of the period, closely resembling circular soap dishes.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son). The Romans used to drink out of those sort of cups.

Inquiring Boy of Ten (to his Papa's Friend). What have they got in those cups?

Papa's Friend. Eh? oh, nothing.

Inquiring Boy (perseveringly). But what did the Romans drink?

Papa's Friend (wishing the boy hadn't been brought out). Wine.

Inquiring Boy. But what wine?

Papa's Friend (tries to recollect his Classics, and is about to suggest "nectar," but remembers something about "nectar fit for the Gods," and says cunningly). Ask your Papa.

Boy (to Papa). Papa! What wine?

Papa. Eh? (takes the opportunity for instruction). Well, (solemnly) the—(is going to say "Romans," but feeling uncertain as to whether his remarks do not apply to the Greeks as well, substitutes "the Ancients;") the Ancients knew several sorts of wine, (loudly for the information of the front row of the pit just behind him,) the Falernian, the Chian, the Lesbian, the—

Front Row of Pit. Ssssh! 'Old yer row, will yer?

Elderly Gentleman (looks round indignantly, and adds defiantly). And the Mamertine.

Front Row of Pit (joined for the sake of a row by the Gallery above). Turn 'im out!

Miriam (a Female Villain on the stage). You (to Philip, Son of Creon) will go to Constantinople.

Creon (with Hebraic pronunciation). Yesh, to Conshtantinople.

Jovial Person in Gallery (who knows a popular comic song about the place, sings) "C. o. n., with a Con."

Gallery. Or-der! Turn 'im out! (Row.)

Creon (telling his private history). Yesh, she 'ad robbed me of all but you. Take thish; and show it 'er. (Gives a casket.) Life is but a Noahsis (he means "an oasis") in the desert.

[Troops arrive, his Son departs for Constantinople.]

ENTR'ACTE.

Elderly Gentleman. Splendid scenery. (He has been recalling all he knows about wine, and now says to his Son.) There were several sorts of wine. Some was obtained before the grapes had been fully trodden; that was called the *mustum livium*. Then there was the *mustum tortivum*. You know what I told you about the Cæsars?

Son. Yes. (Band plays and distracts his Papa's attention. To Papa's friend in a whisper.) Isay, shall we see the Clown and the red-hot poker?

Papa's Friend (explains). No, this isn't a Pantomime. It's a drama.

Inquiring Son. What's a drama?

Papa's Friend. Well—um—a—a—drama is a sort of a—or in fact a play—(is satisfied)—yes, a play—(is dissatisfied with his definition)—a

play in which there's an interest—a—(gets out of the difficulty)—But you're not old enough to understand that yet.

[Son wishes he was "in stick-ups," and the Third Act commences.]

ACT III.

Beautiful Scene, representing Byzantine Court of Elephants in Constantinople.

Elderly Gentleman (reading from bill). "JUSTINIAN delighted to enrich and ennoble the object of his affections."—GIBBON. (To his Son.) Who was GIBBON?

Son (readily). One of the Roman Emperors.

Elderly Gentleman (utterly taken aback). A Rom—no, he was (loudly) GIBBON was—

Front Row of Pit. Ssssh! Or-der!

Enter LEO, "an effeminate Officer."

Leo. Here comes the Empress. [Dances, in order to express effeminacy.]

Enter MISS AVONIA JONES as THEODORA, accompanied by a shabby-looking person supposed to be JUSTINIAN.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son). That is the Empress.

His Son (knowingly). And is that the Emperor?

[Pointing at Shabby Person.]

Elderly Gentleman (pleased). Yes; don't point. What did I tell you all the Roman Emperors were called? (Boy looks puzzled.) Now think.

His Son (decidedly). GIBBON.

[Elderly Gentleman raises his voice to explain, and is suppressed by Pit. *Miriam (the Female Villain says something to Philip which sounds like)* Come and have some jam.

Philip (frowning). Whose?

Miriam (savagely). The EMPRESS THEODORA. (Exeunt both.)

Theodora. I cannot strike the gong. (If she does, Philip is to be beheaded in what appears to be the back drawing-room). I cannot, but—

[Is about to deliver a splendid speech to finish the Act with, when the band strikes up accidentally, and the Prompter rings down the Curtain.]

Theodora (to band frantically, but vainly). Stop! stop!

[Curtain descends unexpectedly. End of Act.]

ACT IV.

Elderly Gentleman asleep. His Friend not returned from refreshing himself. Boy much interested.

ACT V.

An Eminence in the Neighbourhood of Constantinople.

Enter Happy Peasants to welcome the morning beams. They welcome the beams by looking at one another in a confused manner.

Miriam. Here is gold for you, if you will betray a fugitive.

[Happy Peasants look at a young Happy Peasant who ought to speak but doesn't.]

Young Peasant (after being nudged, says feebly). We despise your treasures, and refuse your gold.

[Exit with Peasants, probably to welcome more beams in another place.]

Miriam. They can not be tempted. (Turns and sees an old Peasant who has come out to welcome the beams with a false nose on). Ha!

[Old Peasant makes faces and intimates that he will betray the fugitive for a consideration. She gives him a purse.]

Miriam. So, after all, man (alluding to Peasant with false nose) is everywhere avaricious. Lead on.

[Peasant hides the purse in his flannel waistcoat, points cunningly to his false nose, and beckons MIRIAM to follow him; perhaps to see where the false noses are made, or to welcome beams. Exeunt both.]

LAST SCENE.—The Caverns.

Elderly Gentleman (waking up). We must go now.

His Son (reluctantly preparing). There's only this scene, Papa.

[THEODORA finds her son.]

Theodora. The proofs!

Miriam (the Female Villain). Here! I stole them!

Theodora. Ha! (Falls on Philip, who is lying on the ground). You cannot arrest him now. (To a Soldier who up to that moment had no idea of doing anything of the sort; he retires to talk to the Peasant with a false nose, who is at the back of the stage making faces). I have killed you (to Philip)—I (gasps) have (gasps) killed (writhes) you, (struggles with her necklace) my (conquers the necklace and throws it off) Son!

[Falls down again on PHILIP, and crushes him utterly. *Creon (seeing an opportunity for doing something with his part before the Curtain comes down, strikes an attitude and says, without any apparent reason).* No.

[Curtain descends. Much applause. Re-appearance of THEODORA and the rest of the Company before the Curtain, and DR. GOODCHILD took his boy home, with a view to a chapter of GIBBON early the next morning.]



LOST PROPERTY.

Anxious Mother (to Grandfather). "PAPA, WHERE'S THE BABY? NURSE SAYS SHE LEFT IT WITH YOU."

Grandpapa. "BLESS ME, SO SHE DID! LET ME SEE! I'VE ONLY BEEN TO THE CLUB—AND THE BANK—I SUPPOSE I MUST HAVE LEFT IT THERE!"

FUNNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

A CONGREGATION will be holden on Friday next, to consider the adoption of the Report of one of the Canons of Ch. Ch.

Undergraduates by a new statute may not row boats in Peckwater during the Lecture hours.

"TOM" of Ch. Ch. has gained the first prize in *Belles Lettres*. Sporting Undergraduates must understand that this is no encouragement to their letters to *Bell's Life*.

Friday next is fixed for the annual dinner to the Nobodies of Oxford, given by the Fellows of All Souls. These gentlemen are obliged to provide plenty of beans for their guests. It is a curious old custom that the College statute is still in force which says, in its quaint old dog-Latin,

"Bene natus, bene vestitus, moderate doctus,"

which means, according to modern progress, that a Fellow of All Souls must "Grow his own beans, eat his own beans, and know how to turn up a Moderator Lamp." The name All Souls' is to be henceforth changed into All Swells' College.

The Teacher of the Italian Language will lecture in the same room, and simultaneously, with the Teacher of the French Language.

The Coryphæus will play on his violin, and lecture the Coryphées behind the scenes of the Sheldonian Theatre.

The Sheldonian Theatre will be open during Term for light Greek farces, Roman burlesques and African dances. Wanted, a Juvenile for the leading business, a First Old Man, and a Singing Chambermaid. An opening for several Utility People. All communications, prepaid, to be made to the REV. E. B. PUSEY. Silence a negative.

The Professor of Pastoral Theology will lecture on the life of JACK SHEPPARD.

The Regius Professor of Greek will give Lectures on Astronomy and Salmon ova.

At Cambridge, the Course of the Lectures will depend this year upon the weather.

ST. PATRICK THE PROTESTANT.

An excellent new Ballad, inscribed to the Irish Church.

"Learned persons have ably proved that St. Patrick did not receive consecration from Rome, and had no communion with her."—*Record.*

SAINT PATRICK was a Protestant,
An ancient Irish Curate,
Did he live now, he'd make a row
For tithes, and dues, and pew-rate.
He'd come to London every May,
Polemic and perspiring,
And in the famous Hall of "Bray"
His red-hot shot be firing.

No doubt he'd give the POPE his due,
Much as we give the Devil's,
Call each an Ass who goes to mass,
And sneer at "Convent revels."
About confessionals he'd hint
What decent folk don't mention,
And tell all tales he'd seen in print,
And some his own invention.

He'd give for doom to modern Rome
A hotter gulf than Tophet's,
Term every Priest the Evil Beast
Predicted by the prophets.
O how the Saint would make complaint
Against the legislation
That keeps Maynooth for Popish youth,
At charges of the nation!

He'd prove a People's Church was one
That shuts them out with fences,
That "nation" meant eleven per cent.
Of persons in the Census.
That while we care for Church repair
The State fulfils its mission,
And if there's ne'er a soul goes there,
Thank Popish superstition.

And when he'd proved that well beloved
Establishment a wonder,
With awful roar he'd hurl galore
Loud Calvinistic thunder.
Deny his Church had got one smirch,
While Rome's had not a bright side—
Then take his seat in Clarges Street,
And dine with MR. WHITESIDE.

The Professor of Optics will lecture on Running in "The High." He gives notice that any of his pupils found in the High shall be brought in to hear his Lecture.

The Three Graces who passed the Senate the other day, will be good enough to send in their cards and private addresses to the Vice-Chancellor. Secrecy.

The authorities have given out that in future they will permit leap-frog over the backs of the Colleges.

Meetings for Open-Air Whist Parties have been authoritatively forbidden in Trumpington Street.

There are to be the usual May Performances at the A. D. C. this Term. As no ladies (according to ancient custom) are permitted to take part in the theatricals, the Female Characters, whether good or bad, will be taken by the Senior Proctors for the year.

Trains will run from London during the Summer, in time to see the Fountain of Trinity play.

A Scullery is to be built on the banks of the Cam, as a depository for the smaller kind of oars.

Three new Funnies will be launched on the Cam on Whit-Monday.

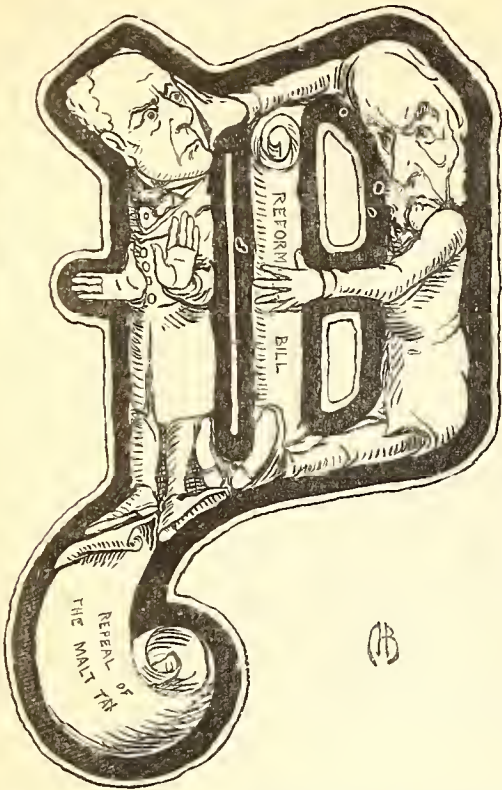
A LIKELY JOKE.

THE following statement has found its way into a respectable journal:—

RUMOURED VISIT OF HER MAJESTY TO BERLIN.—A report is current in Berlin that, should the prospects of war disappear, HER MAJESTY will visit the Prussian capital, to be present at the baptism of the newly-born daughter of the Crown-Princess.

BISMARCK would doubtless be glad to get plunder, bloodguiltiness, and flat self-contradiction honoured with a visit from the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. The grandmother of the newly-born daughter of the CROWN-PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, at the baptismal font would have to meet that Royal infant's grandfather. It has, perhaps, appeared to BISMARCK, regarding Schleswig and Holstein, that the poor abuses of the time want countenance.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ANOLITE is a mineral, called also (says URE) axinite, because its crystals resemble an axe. Hatchet-throwing in Parliament recommenced on *Monday*, April 16. The Debate on the Franchise Bill was resumed, and MR. MAGUIRE led off with a calm clever speech for the measure. ULICK, LORD DUNKELLIN, who is the son of LORD CLANRICARDE, and who was taken prisoner in the Crimea, and graciously released by the EMPEROR, delivered himself fluently against the F. B., though he is a Liberal. He was not going to swallow the powder of franchise in the faith of the promise of the jam of distribution. ULICK is a bachelor, or would know that a sensible Mamma gives the jam before the powder, whereby the infantine tongue scarcely perceives the nasty taste.

MR. W. E. FORSTER, who is an advanced Liberal as well as a Minister, advocated the F. B. as a Conservative measure. He said one thing which will be quoted. Ridiculing the Conservatives for their terror of MR. BRIGHT, MR. FORSTER compared him to the mechanic actor in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and recommended him to relieve their minds by showing that he was "no lion, but *Snug*, the Joiner."

MR. M'KENNA, of Youghal, opposed the F. B. as a leap into the dark. SIR JOHN SIMEON supported it, describing the amendment as a vote of want of confidence; MR. JAMES LOWTHER, Member for York, thought the Bill dangerous and unsound—the latter a genuine Yorkshireman's worst word, and SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY, an employer of much labour, said that the people, being well off, were reasonably content with the present state of things, but expected that the Government would stand by the Bill.

MR. ADDERLEY, opposing the Bill, said a good many severe things, which were rapturously applauded by the Conservatives. He said that MR. BRIGHT's political life had been one of ceaseless, childlike maundering against the landlords. Now, whatever may be thought of MR. BRIGHT's opinions, his method of expressing them is perhaps worse described by the word maundering than by any other word which is the property of HER MAJESTY. We should as soon think of saying that a bull came maundering on against the tauridor.

MR. LAYARD, Minister, answered him. The Opposition behaved extremely vulgarly, laughing and jeering through MR. LAYARD's speech, and he was obliged several times to rebuke their "violent noise." But he gave them some good facers, and particularly demanded with what grace could men who bribed at elections abuse the working classes for the venality their accusers had taught. He thought that if the F. B. were passed, the question would be settled for "several" years. WEBSTER says that "several" means more than two, but not very many.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS, the eminent Irish lawyer, then delivered a long and effective oration against the Bill, and said that a complete measure ought to be passed which should settle the question for Our life time. Whose life time, SIR HUGH? You, HUGH, were born in 1819, and have, we hope, at least forty years before you. But some of Us were born yesterday, as may be seen by the first column of the *Times*. Are they to look for eighty years' cessation of Reform movements? We should like to know what you were good enough to mean.

With SIR HUGH's speech ended the third night—a dull one—of the great F. B. debate.

Here it may be convenient to mention that the Lords have been instructed by the EARL OF DERBY, K.G., or Knowing General, not to offend the Catholics and the Irish by throwing out the Oaths Bill. His Lordship said that he was not desirous of provoking a collision by rejecting a measure which had been passed by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. Quite right. If a Bill should come up—say a Franchise Bill—passed by a very small majority, "will it live?"

Tuesday. The Brewer's Dray stopped the way. SIR FITZROY KELLY, who has addicted himself to getting up debates on the Malt-Tax—we have no idea why, nor, we dare say, has he—refused to give up his nonsense, even for the sake of the Great Reform debate. But we cannot be angry with him—in fact, we are much obliged to him, for

amid the agricultural whine for the repeal of the duty, came forth the voice of the philosopher, JOHN STUART MILL.

He, as usual, took a new and large view, and protested against removing a productive tax, instead of applying its produce in diminution of the Debt which we leave to our children. He reminded his hearers that our Coal store is wasting away, and that when it shall be exhausted we shall be unable to compete with other manufacturing countries. But this country "was at present richer and more prosperous than any country which they knew or read of, and it could without any material inconvenience or privation set aside several millions a year for the discharge of this important duty to their descendants." And he spoke out nobly in the interest of posterity, and because his eloquent words should be read by those who do not wade through dull debates, and because *Mr. Punch's* pages are the only record that will reach remote posterity, *Mr. Punch*, contrary to his custom, quotes.

"There might be some who would say, in the words of the old jest, 'Why should we trouble ourselves for posterity? Posterity has done nothing for us?' Was it true that posterity had done nothing for us? He maintained that whatever had been done for mankind by the idea of posterity, by a philanthropic regard for posterity, by a sense of duty to posterity, and even by the less noble but still pure feeling of ambition to be remembered and thought well of by posterity, by the founders of nations, and by those second founders of nations, the Reformers; by laws and institutions which caused free countries to be free, and well-governed countries to be well-governed; by all the heroic lives that had been lived and deaths that had been died in defence of freedom and in defiance of tyranny, from Marathon and Salamis to Leipsic and Waterloo; by all those traditions of heroism and of virtue of which the treasures of nations were full; by all the schools and universities which had handed down to us the culture of past times and by that culture itself; all this is amassed for us only because our ancestors have cared and taken thought for posterity. We owe to it our great masters of thought—our BACON, and NEWTON, and LOCKE—our SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and WORDSWORTH."

There, read that, Electors of Westminster, and be proud of your Man.

Such a speech made the work of the Minister easy, and MR. GLADSTONE demolished the motion and its friends with a light hand. In reference to the glorification of Beer, he said that it was a wholesome liquor, but he could not regard it, as its idolators do, as an Evangelising Power. The House rejected the motion for repeal by 235 to 150.

Wednesday. After malt, hops. MR. HUDDLESTON, an eloquent lawyer, and Member for Canterbury, promoted a Bill for Preventing Frauds in the Hop-trade. There is a pleasing habit among hop-vendors, of putting not only inferior hops into the "pockets" supposed to contain the best, but of substituting dirt, clay, and even metal. To defeat this piece of mercantile ingenuity, MR. HUDDLESTON proposes to compel certain marks to be made on the pocket, and to impose certain penalties. For the honour of the British hop-grower, let it be said that the above stratagems are chiefly employed after the article has left his hands. Government did not oppose the Bill.

The Thames Navigation Bill, for the better government of the river, was read a Second Time, and MR. DENMAN made some strong remarks on the abominable behaviour of steamboat captains at the University boat-races. He also predicted a terrible accident, unless order were taken with these reckless persons. It does seem very hard that for one single hour on one single day, the stream cannot be kept for the Water-Derby, the pet contest of the year, while there is not a race-course in England where the ground is not kept religiously clear for the smallest races and the greatest cads.

Thursday. The Oaths Bill went through Committee in the Lords, and LORD CHELMSFORD observed that should the QUEEN make a Jew Peer, their Lordships would certainly not think of requiring that his Hebraic Lordship should take the Christian Oath. LORD CAMOYS, a Catholic, made both a clever and a graceful speech in acknowledgment of the removal of the last relic of intolerance.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE LEFROY, of Ireland, was born in 1776, and is therefore ninety. Some persons think that he ought to resign, and allege that he is too infirm for his duty. Others deny this, and state that his fine faculties are virtually unimpaired. LORD CLANRICARDE argued for the former, LORD CHELMSFORD for the latter, and the subject dropped. *Punch*, who hears everything, has heard that the L. C. J. does not resign because he does not think any other Irish Judge worthy to succeed him in his great office. There is also a party reason for his holding on until the next appointment shall be in Tory hands.

The debate on the Franchise Bill was resumed. MR. GRAHAM, Glasgow, supported, with skill. LORD ELCHO made a long and dashing speech against it, and, taking up the metaphor of the Cave of Adullam, which had been described as the head-quarters of MR. HORSMAN and his friends, admitted that they distrusted SAUL on the Treasury bench, and his armour-bearer, MR. BRIGHT, and declared that the Adullamites would come forth and deliver Israel from oppression. Are these the days of KING OLIVER CROMWELL or of QUEEN VICTORIA? SIR WILLIAM HUTT defended himself and the Bill, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE attacked the latter as being of a swamping character.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES made a very remarkable speech, in which he, who is exceedingly well acquainted with the working class, described their habits of thought, their views on political economy, their obedience to leadership, and their belief that the strong should remain with and help the weak. Apply this information in aid of whatever argument

you like, but master the speech, brethren, for it is fit that you should comprehend this thing.

MR. DOULTON opposed the Bill, which MR. MILNER GIBSON defended with his customary fluency and good-humour. But when the Minister cautioned the House that the working class would not know what an amendment meant, and, were it carried, would believe that the Parliament had declared against Reform, MR. HUGHES must have laughed. What member of a Union does not perfectly understand the rules of debate? MR. GIBSON said that LORD RUSSELL would keep his promises, and the Opposition laughed. MR. GATHORNE HARDY, who defeated MR. GLADSTONE and the intelligent part of Oxford University, finished the evening with a speech in condemnation of the Bill.

Friday. Frightful rumours flying about. Men offered their fellow-creatures ghastly bets touching the fate of the F. B. It was said that the estimated majority was dwindling, peaking, and pining. The evictions by Election Committees were counted. Liberals said reproachful things about the stubbornness and temper of SAUL, King of Israel. Tories performed private war-dances of joy. Altogether, we said we sniffed a Crisis.

The fifth night's debate was felt to be dull. MR. LEVESON GOWER defended the Bill neatly. MR. GREGORY did "remember his swashing blows." The Scotch Solicitor-General, MR. YOUNG, argued closely, for the measure. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was eminently respectable, against, and ended by opposing to MR. GLADSTONE'S *Sapere aude*, the adage *sat cito si sat bene*. The best speech of the night, and almost the best that has been made for the Bill, was the eloquent and elegant speech of MR. COLERIDGE, whom *Mr. Punch* is now justified in designating as a Parliamentary ornament. MR. HORSMAN came out of the Cave of Adullam, and spoke, but did not do much for Israel. MR. BRIGHT then moved the adjournment.

MR. GLADSTONE suggested that on the Monday or Tuesday following the debate might as well end.

MR. DISRAELI reminded the House that MR. GLADSTONE had not been content to debate the Bill there, but had made speeches for it at Liverpool. In all, he had spoken on it six times. He, MR. DISRAELI, should like to be heard. He hoped that the debate would be finished before the end of the coming week.

An Election Committee most properly ejected SIR ROBERT CLIFTON from Nottingham. Before the report could be made to the House it was said that Law had claimed him for her own. Law is in a hurry, said Privilege, with a stern glance at Sheriffdom.

THE FENIAN'S REFUGE IN FRANCE.

A TELEGRAM the other day arrived from Paris, stating that:—

"The *Gazette des Etrangers* of to-day announces that STEPHENS, the Fenian Head-Centre, will be entertained at dinner this evening at the residence of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY."

Of all remarkable Frenchmen the MARQUIS DE BOISSY is the one whose mental peculiarity constitutes him the fittest host to entertain STEPHENS, the Fenian Head-Centre. If he only entertained STEPHENS as well as he is accustomed to entertain both the British public and the French, STEPHENS must have been very highly entertained, indeed. After having afforded him entertainment, perhaps M. DE BOISSY offered him a bed. That may have been acceptable, although situated in an upper storey, where there is said to be a slate loose. Perhaps STEPHENS is still a guest in the residence of M. DE BOISSY. If that were what it ought to be, the Fenian Head-Centre could not have found a more suitable asylum.

OPERATIC.

MR. TOM HÖHLER, the young English tenor, late of Somerset House, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, and *Mr. Punch* is able to congratulate him most heartily upon his success. At the same time, he, *Mr. Punch*, hereby warns all young and old punsters in drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and club smoking-rooms that MR. HÖHLER's name is not to be pronounced *Huller*, or *Holloa*, for the sake of a verbal pleasantry; nor can any allusion be fairly made to HULLAH's course, or a Hullabaloo, nor shall any words be used whose fun depends upon the brevity of the letter "u" in HULLAH. Moreover, his name is not to be given like a Cockney mispronunciation of "hollow," as *Holler*, for the sake of making an unkind remark about Holler success, or verbal un-pleasantry of that sort. The following *may* be said, that his was no *half* triumph, but a *whole* one, and that the person speaking, for instance *Mr. Punch* himself, never saw a *wholer* (HÖHLER).

Putting it in Black and White.

THE Americans thought England's prosperity depended on *King Cotton*.

That illusion was dispelled by the war. There seems more reason to think, after MR. JEVONS's book and MR. MILL's speech, that it may really depend on *King Coal*.

BISMARCK-WOLF.

(*A little Supplement to Reineke-Fuchs.*)

THERE once was a wolf, with a touch of the fox,
Not too proud a sheep-skin to put on,
Although his regard for the neighbouring flocks
Was misconstrued as relish for mutton.

When he begged they'd be friendly, and take him on trust,
And with him conclude an alliance,
The shepherds flung stones, and the sheep raised a dust,
And the dogs showed their teeth in defiance.

Some wolves, so distrusted, had sulked, or shown fight,
As one moment our wolf thought of doing,
When a very big dog with a bark that meant bite,
Trotted out for the tug that seemed brewing.

The wolf paused, as he measured the dog with his eye,
Then consulted the fox-cross within him—
"Why fight with a brute that objects to fight shy,
And's but dog's-meat, at best, when you skin him?"

So, with innocent eyes and mellifluous voice,
"Why these growls?" quoth the wolf, "and these tushes?
Is't my claws and my teeth? I wear these not for choice,
But who knows what may lurk in the bushes?"

"Pray, lie quietly down, drop this show of sharp teeth,
Have no fears for yourself or your muttons:
They sleep safely who sleep my protection beneath—
Wolves are watchful, and men are *such* gluttons!"

But the sheep-dog still growled, so the wolf tried the sheep—
"Dear sheep, *you* will listen to reason:
All this coil about sheep-dogs and shepherds why keep?
Such distrust to my friendship is treason.

"'Tis right, without doubt, you should be on your guard
Against rascally robbers and reivers,
But to class *me* amongst them, I *must* say is hard,
Me, the sworn foe of thieves—and receivers!"

"Against sheep combining themselves to protect
I haven't the slightest objection:
'Tis but to the mode of the thing I object;
And I'll tell you *my* plan of protection.

"Get rid of your sheep-dogs, your shepherds and all:
Count their cost, and think how it increases:
And the will they enforce, after all, is their own,
And not yours, my dear friends, who wear fleeces.

"Sweep this dead-weight away; in a grand vote combine,
Call an ovine assembly together;
Speak the will of the sheep—what is sheep's will is mine:
We are brothers—the wolf and the wether!"

So suggested the wolf; the sheep pondered his word,
Hummed, hawed, bleated, ba-aed—undecided:
But it didn't seem likely—the last time we heard—
That the sheep by the wolf would be guided.

ANNOTATION.

(*Found on the Fly-leaf of a New Novel.*)

"MR. HEATHER-BIGG, the eminent mechanical Therapeutician, has published a commended book on his invaluable science, and he calls this book *Orthopraxy*. The person who first mentioned it to us called it *Author-praxy*, and we instantly procured it, thinking to extract medical hints for morbid novelists and spasmodic poets. It relates, however, to physical afflictions, whereof MR. BIGG is a renowned healer. The other work remains to be written, and is much wanted by writers who are deficient in upright morals, and who delight in exhibiting deformity. This is one of them. There ought to be a Cripples' Home for them, with a chaplain, who could put the poor creatures through a course of religious exercises."

Rather Superfluous.

WE read among Friday's telegrams that—

"COUNT BISMARCK is expected to leave Berlin immediately for Ems, for the benefit of the baths of that town."

One would have thought the Count had had quite enough of hot-water lately.



CLEVER DODGE OF GIACOMO BANDILEGGO IN THE PROVINCES.

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

(Adapted to Popular Airs.)

SONG OF THE MUDDLED MEMBER.

AIR—"I wish I was a Bird."

I WISH I was a bird,
I'd fly anywhere but here;
The performance is absurd,
And you cannot call for beer.
The one side talks Reform,
And the other makes a row—
Fellows crowing like a cock,
Or lowing like a cow!
If I try to sleep, 'tis vain,
If to talk I shan't be heard;
Now birds don't spout and 'splain,
So I wish I was a bird!

Birds are early after worms,
And early seek their rests;
And (BRIGHT might take the hint)
Birds never foul their nests:
And birds with their own feathers
Are content; or, if they're daws
In peacock's plumes, they're stripped of them
With general applause:
And birds who cannot sing,
Don't insist on being heard.
Here, it's quite another thing,
Oh,—I wish I was a bird!

Journalism.

A NEW Roman Catholic Satirical Paper will, it is rumoured, shortly appear. It is to be called *Guy Fawkes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

A FUNNY TALE OF A BEAK.

THIS is a very funny little Cab-Case. We write on the faith of a report in the *Standard*, which is habitually accurate.

MR. PALMER, of Highbury, takes a cab, and is driven to his residence, the distance being under a mile. He offers the driver, RICHARD GRIFFITH (No. 12,835), one shilling, which is double his fare. GRIFFITH refuses to take "a trumpety shilling after being five hours on the stand." MR. PALMER conceives that he has nothing to do with the stand, and, the fare being again refused, orders GRIFFITH to drive to the next police-station. This MR. GRIFFITH also refuses to do, declines to give a ticket, and tries to get away. But MR. PALMER seizes the rein. Then MR. GRIFFITH raises his arm to strike him, but MR. PALMER being firm, and a neighbour adding his remonstrances, MR. GRIFFITH gives a ticket, and then jumps on the box, lashes his horse, and tries to drive over MR. PALMER, who saves limb and perhaps life by rushing into the middle of the road.

The report does not state that any defence was offered, but that MR. WAKELING, who appeared for the cabman, stopped MR. PALMER, who was about to say a word in kindness for the fellow GRIFFITH.

That is a little funny. But we promised our readers something very funny. We keep our word.

MR. BARKER, the Magistrate, fined GRIFFITH twenty shillings, which sum, with the costs, was paid.

We thought that a Magistrate sat "for the punishment of evil-doers." But MR. BARKER, having a fellow before him who was guilty of attempted extortion, of insolence, of two refusals to obey the law, of menacing an assault, and of attempt to maim if not to kill a respectable citizen, fines him twenty shillings,—three shillings and fourpence a-piece for each of the six offences.

Is not this a funny story? We hope MR. PALMER sees the fun. BARKER is no biter.

"Most Musical Most Melancholy."

WHILE hearing a young tenor amateur the other evening, who was labouring to give out the high *ut de poitrine*, remarked old WAGLEY to a friend, "Now that fellow reminds me of VICTOR HUGO's new book: he certainly is one of the *Toilers of the C.*"



INTERRUPTING THE PERFORMANCE
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

PITY A POOR PRINCE.



Y Goodness! What a paragon the little PRINCE IMPERIAL must be! See how he spends his time:—

"Under the direction of M. MONNIER, his tutor, the young Prince shows great aptitude for classical studies, history, and geography. He speaks English fluently, having learnt it when still young from an English attendant who has always been with him. Although at present his Highness has not commenced the regular study of drawing and music, he shows a decided taste for both. The Prince having received a few indications from M. CAPEAUX, the sculptor, amuses himself with modelling simple subjects which show considerable taste. Amongst them are three especially which have surprised those who have seen them. The first is a statuette of a lancer on horseback, and the other two busts of the EMPEROR, and of M. MONNIER. The young Prince has rapidly made himself familiar with all kinds of gymnastic exercises under the instruction of M. FOUCAULT; and his equerry, M. BACHON, has some difficulty in restraining his ardor for equitation. His Highness takes his lessons at the Alma stables, where his horses are kept. But he prefers above everything military manoeuvres and the management of arms."

Ancient and modern languages, history, geography, sculpture, drawing, music, gymnastics, equitation, military manoeuvres and the management of arms! All this work is pretty well for a child of ten years old, and we are tempted to inquire, pray does his young Imperial Highness ever have a game of play? All work and no play may have the same effect on LOUIS, as it has on JACK; and we will wager that the Prince would grow up all the wiser if he had a game of rounders or of foot-ball now and then, and if he were allowed sufficient leisure once a week or so to suck a lollipop in peace.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR,

I HAVE a complaint to make against the National Portrait Gallery. I heard from my Nephew THOMAS, that one of the best pictures was the likenesses of "JAMES EARL OF DOUGLAS and MA," both, like a couple of twin cucumbers, in one frame. There is a fac-simile of the noble EARL *all by himself*, but no MA; this ought not to have been advised in the public Catalogue, which contains the names and titles of the portraits.

I was delighted with Old WHOLE BEANS's picture of SIR HENRY WYATT; it was he that wrote the hims, wasn't it? or was that the steam engine man WATTS? There are also some fine things by DIKE: I suppose he's from Brighton. I've often been on holidays to the Dike in a van, and I recollect well a man that used to sell stethoscopic views of the Sussex Range.

WHOLE BEANS painted too SIR JOHN CHEKE. I don't like his Cheke. There was BACON hanging somewhere my nephew said. I couldn't see it; if I had I should have felt it my duty to make a former complaint. "ANNE of Cloves," wife of that polyglot tyrant BUFF KING HALL is a very spicy, all frisky, style of picture. What I admire in the customs and feestoons of those ages is the frills, which fashion is now only adopted in a small way, by legs of mutton. There's a salacious-looking person on a donkey who, THOMAS told me, was LORD BURGLAR, and that he wrote the song of "If I had a donkey," and other paradise. If I have anything further to say I will keep it till another time, for what with your Reforms and speeches and other parlourmentary news you must be chock full, and unable to spare even the smallest space to

Yours very faithfully,

DOROTHEA J. RAMSBOTHAM.

P.S. You recognise my name, Sir, in concoction with the celebrated *John Bull*, an imperial which in past days was writ by my great friend MR. THEODORE HOOK.

P.S. 2. I am thinking of giving myself up entirely to politics, and propose pinning an article on the "Redistribution of Seats," in regard to Dress Circles at Theatres, stalls, and the custom of Crinolines.

P.S. I don't see your Portrait among the galaxy of rank and fashion at Kensington. You should be painted as RICHARD the DOUBLE GLOSTER I mean, not RICHARD CUDDLE LION, as he was called, on account of his mussels.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

FIRST SIGN.—*In Bond Street. Two Swells meet. They haven't seen one another for nearly a year.*

1st Swell. Hallo, CHARLEY! How are you?

2nd Swell. Hallo! How are you?

[*They pull their moustachios and examine one another's waist coats.*

1st Swell (*looking at carriages*). Town very full.

2nd Swell (*doubtfully*). Yes. (*He was going to have made this remark himself, and has therefore nothing more to say.*) Yes, town's very full. (*Slowly, as if by way of correction.*) Town's very full, though.

[*Looks about, and thinks he sees some one he knows.*

1st Swell (*shaking his head slightly, as if he wanted to get his hat into a proper position*). Yas. (*Thinks he's had enough conversation for once.*) Bye, bye; see you again soon.

2nd Swell (*as if he couldn't help seeing him some time or other*). Oh, ya-as.

[*Exit First Swell up Bond Street. Second Swell passes Long's, and shakes his hat at Third Swell standing at the window, who smiles at him as if he'd done something exquisitely humorous.*

SECOND SIGN.—*Breakfast Room. Interior.*

Mistress of House. The children ought to go away soon, if the weather continues like this.

Master of House. Yes; we can let the house for the summer.

[*Breaks an egg, looks at the Times sideways.*

Mistress. Oh, one can't go away for the season. (*Master of House growls and eats egg.*) I don't like to be cooped up in the country.

Master of House. Cooped up, my dear! It's the only chance of fresh air one has in the year; specially after working all day in the City.

Mistress. Then you ought to come home earlier, and take me for a walk in the Park. There's plenty of air there.

Master of House (*contemptuously*). AIR! in the Park! (*Takes toast fiercely; pause.*) I'll tell you what we can do—(*Mistress of House listens graciously, but suspiciously*)—the children can go down into the country—and—(*helps himself to marmalade*)—then, you know—(*eyes his bread intently*)—you can join them—

Mistress (*perfectly understanding him*). And you?

Master of House. Well, I'll run down when I can.

[*Debate adjourned.*

THIRD SIGN.—*Crowded thoroughfare; Roads up; Hoardings erected. Narrow passage kept by Policemen for one carriage at a time. Rows, alarums, advances, retreats, skirmishes.*

FOURTH SIGN.—*Ball Room. Interior.*

Miss Flyrte (*at ball, in answer to Young Married Man's question*). Oh, yes; we've got such beautiful flowers just sent up from our house in the country.

Young Married Man (*who knows rather less about flowers than a porcupine, says rapturously*). They are indeed beautiful.

Miss Flyrte (*breaks a white rose off*). Let me put this in your coat.

Young Married Man. Oh, thank you: put it in for me. That is beautiful.

[*MISS FLYRTE is slipping it into his button-hole when Mrs. Young Married Woman passes. Tableau.*

Young Married Woman (*of course very amiably*). AUGUSTUS, dear.

[*AUGUSTUS looks particularly foolish, and MISS FLYRTE particularly wicked.*

FIFTH SIGN.—*Luncheon.*

Young Gentleman (*while standing up to cut something, strikes an attitude*). Hallo!

Nervous Mamma (*reprovingly*). My dear FRANK, I must beg—

Young Gentleman (*apologetically*). Well, but I say, look.

Eldest Sister. Don't be stupid, FRANK; what is it?

2nd Young Gentleman (*who sees it*). Hsssh, or he'll move.

Nervous Mamma. Not a black . . . !

Two Nervous Daughters. Or a Cricket—or—

Eldest Sister. Nonsense—what is it?

Young Gentleman. It's—it's—A Fly!!

[*Everyone watches him with intense interest: Fly seeks the curtains. Excitement over.*

DRAMATIC.

MR. FECHTER is going in as *Edgar Ravenswood*, and coming out as *Hamlet*. Arrangements should have been made with MR. HOME for a real ghost; however, we suppose the eminent actor will not lose the opportunity, afforded by *The Corsican Brothers*, of engaging the DAVENPORTS. MR. FECHTER should pay a visit to the Strand, and see how admirably the twins, *Castor and Pollux*, are played at that pleasant little house. An Irish gentleman, well posted up in theatrical matters, confidentially informed us that Drury Lane Theatre was going to be taken for a series of *open air* preachings, to commence in May.



WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

Gentleman. "CAN WE ASCEND TO OUR BEDROOM?"

Porter. "YES, SIR, ON COURSE—BY THE STAIR, PLEASE—THE LIFT'S BUT THREE FEET BY FOUR, AND ONLY UP TO TWENTY STUN."

A FRIENDS' MEETING.

FRIEND PUNCH.

FRIEND MORNING STAR.

Punch. May I ask thee, Friend, a few questions?

Star. Yea, verily, if thee wilt.

Punch. What, then, is thy reason for making the man RUSSELL, vainly and carnally called Earl, say, when speaking on the Oaths, that KING CHARLES THE SECOND reigned in 1575?

Star. I see that I said so. Truly, it was a stumble.

Punch. Nay, friend, for at the distance of a column from thy first statement, thou repeatedst it. Behold and see:—

"EARL RUSSELL. That was in regard to the oath framed in 1575."

Non bis errare licet, thou knowest.

Star. What signifieth when a profligate sat on a throne?

Punch. 'Tis well answered, Friend. I will next ask thee thy reason for making the man LAYARD say that Friend BRIGHT was like unto "Snout the Joiner."

Star. Did he not say so, even that same? It is a quotation from some foolish stage play.

Punch. But in that stage play, by one SHAKSPEARE, (of whose entire works thou mayst obtain a convenient copy from one A. MACMILLAN, at the inordinately low price of three-and-six) the man's name is *Snug*, and not *Snout*.

Star. I marvel that thou canst think a playwright's trash worthy of a second thought.

Punch. Let it pass, for this time, then, and let me now read thee what thou recordest as the man CAIRNS's remarks touching Friend BRIGHT's invocation to the people to come and mob the Members:—

"That letter, which grossly calumniated the House of Commons—(loud cheers)—invited all the people of London to commit a breach of the law. (Cheers.) But that letter failed to produce excitement amongst the people. The people of England were now too educated to be influenced by such appeals. The writer of such a letter in days gone by would have run the risk of being committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. (Laughter and cheers.)"

Star. CAIRNS, who is altogether like thyself, one of the irreverent, did utter those impertinent words touching the greatest man in the world.

Punch. Yea, verily, Friend, but did he not also say this?

"But that letter had fallen perfectly inoffensive on the people to whom it was addressed, and it was treated by the rest of the world with the contempt it deserves."

Star. He added that further outrage.

Punch. And why didst not report it? Truly, Friend, the world looks for truthfulness in reports.

Star. I do not print for the world, but for the faithful.

Punch. Then I will ask thee but one thing more. What is thy reason for alleging that Nottinghamshire is by the sea?

Star. Has the great BRIGHT said so? Then I adhere to his statement.

Punch. I know not. I think not, for he is a lover of the waters, and knows better. But this is what thou wast good enough to state, on the 12th instant:—

"MR. COLLINSON, of the Robin Hoods, is raising a fund at Nottingham to provide a lifeboat for use at some place on the Nottinghamshire coast. A sum of £420 is required."

Star. To answer thee with a jest, after thine own heart, I have made a Re-Distribution of Counties.

Punch. Ha! ha! Thou art truly American, Friend Star, in thy profound learning, thy much reading, thy fair play, and thy general information; therefore, American like, let us liquor.

From Jassy.

THE Moldavian Metropolitan "was placed at the head of the insurgents, in which position he received a slight scratch." When an Archbishop leads rebels he must not be astonished if he receives an ambassador from the Court of the Arch Rebel himself, as in this case, it appears His Reverence received a *slight scratch*.

PAPER

TO BE READ AT THE FORTHCOMING MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

On Ovis mercenarius, a New Species of British Sheep.

BY MR. O'DEAR.

THIS singular and highly uninteresting addition to the British Fauna has been brought to light during the inquiry now in progress into the proceedings which took place at the late Nottingham Election. The only specimens hitherto found are immature, but judging from their external appearance and mode of conducting themselves, they exhibit a remarkable precocity, and seem to have attained a degree of physical development in the inverse ratio to that of their mental faculties. They are utterly devoid of that amiable and kindly disposition which obtains in the young of the ordinary species, and which has from time immemorial stamped them as the emblems of innocence. Their powers of aggression are so terrific, and their evil passions are so easily aroused (reminding one of the graphic description of the Gorilla, as depicted by MR. DU CHAILLU) that it is dangerous to approach them, more especially during the period of a contested election. Their appetite is enormous, and their thirst quite insatiable. Owing to the latter propensity the Shepherds, who are skilled in managing them, are unable, at times, to control them, and direct their movements in any direction by the lavish administration of stimulants. The brain, although small, is of a higher type of development than that of the common sheep, having an undoubted Hippocampus minor and overhanging posterior lobes. This fact is worthy of the attention of MESSRS. DARWIN and HUXLEY, as it forms an important link in the chain of progressive development, and proves this species to be a transitional form between the Ruminantia and Bimana. The parietes of the cranium are of great thickness, and composed of the densest material, and are consequently capable of resisting blows and concussions which would prove fatal to a vital organ less effectually protected. The muscular power is enormous, the Deltoideus and Triceps muscles being unusually prominent. The most singular and abnormal feature in the anatomical structure of this species is the adaptation of the anterior members, not for locomotion but as organs of offence, which they wield with extraordinary force and precision. They are also furnished with prehensile paws, with which they cunningly seize sticks or stones, or other auxiliary means of supplementing their natural powers. Some of them are furnished with pouches, in which they deposit stones and other articles until they are required for use; an organisation which shows a collateral affinity with the Marsupialia. Three or four specimens were exhibited before the Committee, and caused a considerable amount of amusement not unmingled with disgust that animals having so close a resemblance to the "human form divine" should be so utterly devoid of the principles of Honesty and Truth.

BURLESQUE DANCING IN PARLIAMENT.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, in its preface to the report of a recent debate, said,

"He (MR. MILL) had to struggle with physical drawbacks.*** If it had been any other person the case might have been supposed to be what is called a 'break-down,' but it was no such thing."

The "break-down" is, as every one knows by this time, the most popular form of nigger dancing. The introduction of a few steps of this sort would of course tend to enliven a debate, and we are sorry to hear that MR. MILL is physically incapacitated from adopting this new parliamentary and lively measure. "Any other person," that is any other man *can* do it, and we suppose does.

England's Distress is Wales's Opportunity.

"In consequence of the sheep disease, the price of goats has gone up from ten shillings to four and five pounds." Now, Wales, make your fortune. As the great Welsh poet, GOATY, says in his *Faust*—

"The he-goat has horns
So drink and be merry."

Public-House Politicians.

1st Costermonger. Vell; I calls this ere Reform Bill a half-and-half measure.

2nd Costermonger. Sitch half-and-half as I never heer'd on.

1st Costermonger. Didn't yer?

2nd Costermonger. No. All the half-and-half as ever I dranked was mixed together. I never know'd nobody drink his half-and-half swal-lerin' one half first and the tother arterwards.

BLACKGUARD'S BUTTER.

OUR contemporary, the *Grocer*, publishes a recipe obtained for the small sum of five shillings from a gentleman who had offered, by advertisement, to show, for that trifling consideration, how the butter trade "may be made lucrative by a clever process." We take the liberty of transcribing the details of that process—which is not merely clever, but too clever by half—from the columns of our spicy contemporary. The orthography and syntax of the prescription communicated to the *Grocer* by W. A. FRITH, alias M. FRITH, alias A. FRITH, Esq., as he *alibi* describes himself, point to the conclusion that if he were the right man in the right place, he would, on the fitting occasion, be classified under the head of "R. & W. Imp." He thus commences:—

"Chemical Laboratory, London, Mar. 8.

"Sr. I am in receipt of your note of yesterday and have much pleasure in forwarding you my process for Adulterating Butter. I describe the process as conducted in the laboratory; of course the practical man will adapt his arrangements to suit the scale of his operations. To begin with the ingredients are Genuine Butter, potatoes, and fat; the following table estimates the articles at their highest prices; the percent. of Butter might be increased if a superior butter was required, or vice versa, but experience will be the best guide:—

	P. cent.	ozs.	cost.
Butter	50	8	7½
Fat	20	3½	1
Potatoes	29	4½	½
Salt	1	¼	—
	100	16 oz.	9d."

In MR. FRITH's preface to his enumeration of the ingredients in his process for making the butter trade lucrative, he does not mince matters. He calls a spade a spade, and the process in question his process for Adulterating Butter. In another line of business, and in an equally confidential communication, no doubt he would talk just as unreservedly of his process for Breaking Open a Strong Box, or his process for Forging a Bank-note.

The following are MR. FRITH's practical directions for proceeding in the Adulteration of Butter:—

"The Butter that is best is Irish or American inferior quality to that mentioned might be used. The fat I recommend is Beef or mutton (and to be melted most careful at a low temperature so as not to burn, and in an earthen or enamelled vessel as Iron would be partially decomposed by the heat and fat and produce a disagreeable taste and smell when melted stir into it about 25 per cent. of Water, which will carry of any impurities held in solution; then set it to cool. The potatoes to be the best to be got the floury sort are best, carefully peel and cook them then while still warm rub them through a fine sieve, so that their Cannot possibly be any lumps; the whole articles are now to be carefully conglomerated together the potatoes still warm but the butter and fat cold especial care must be taken here that each substance is lost in the other as upon this part of the operation depends the chance of detection the butter must not be any warmer than mixing it renders it if melted though it may mix or blend better it becomes grainy pack it while Still Soft in the Tubs or vessels used for Storing it and when cold it will cut out beautiful wishing you success,

"I am, Sir, Your Respt.,
"W. A. FRITH."

MR. FRITH omits to mention where the fat employed in his "process as conducted in the laboratory" is to be most cheaply obtained. The fraudulent dealer would perhaps like to know whether he had better get it at the rag-and-bone shop, or from the scullion who steals it at first hand.

The admixture of fat, potatoes, and salt with butter, in the proportion of 50 per cent., would produce just that whiteness for which butter is too commonly remarkable.

Any one who objects to the adulteration of butter would do well to practise it by MR. FRITH's process, on a small scale, and then examine the adulterated comparatively with genuine butter, through a proper microscope. The microscope will ever after enable him to distinguish between butter and butter *plus* potato-starch. Or, by adding a drop of tincture of iodine to a little cold water, which a small piece of butter has been rubbed up with, he will be enabled to detect any handiwork of MR. FRITH that it may contain, which will turn blue.

We are sorry, for MR. FRITH's sake, that a certain old English structure is abolished. We should like to see his face framed in the pillory, and glazed with quantities of his own butter, "cut out beautiful."

Parliamentary Toasts and Sentiments.

AYRTON and Centralisation.

BASS and Total Abstinence.

BRIGHT and the British Aristocracy.

DISRAELI and Duty.

GLADSTONE and Few Words.

HORSMAN and Hope.

NEWDEGATE and Nunneries.

ROEBUCK and Reticence.

WHALLEY and Vespers.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street? Mess-ina.

CORNET SAUNTER'S EXPERIENCES OF MUSKETRY DRILL.



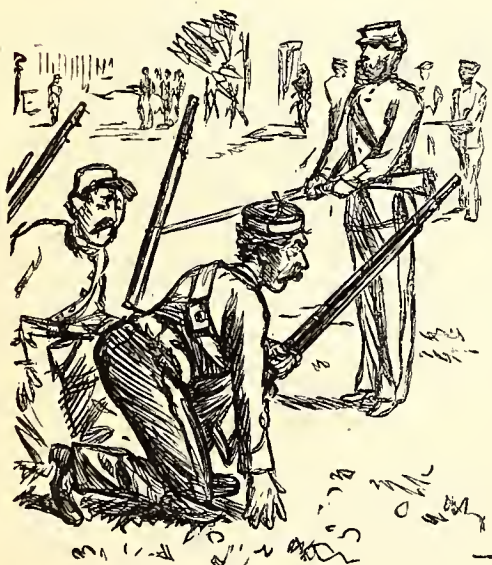
CORNET SAUNTER DETERMINES TO GO THROUGH A COURSE OF MUSKETRY AT HYTHE.—(To Friend in Uniform.) "YAAS, RATHER A JOLLY MOVE, I THINK. NOTHING TO DO, YOU KNOW, THERE. GET AWAY FROM THIS CONFOUNDED DUTY!"



HERE HE IS "MUGGING" UP THE RED BOOK ("BROWN'S MIXTURE"). (Reads.) "IN THE THEORY OF MUSKETRY WE EXPLAIN THE REASONS FOR THOSE RULES," &c. (Tries to recollect.) "IN THE THEOWY OF MUSKETWY—THEOWY MUSKETWY—WE EXPLAIN—THE MUSKETWY—FOR THOSE WOOLLES—FOR THOSE WEASONS—WE EXPLAIN THE WOOLLES!" (Gives it up.)



BUT HE REALISES FULLY THE HORROR OF HIS SITUATION AT "POSITION-DRILL, FIRST PRACTICE STANDING"—"ABOUT THE MOST INF—WELL, UNPLEASANT DWILL IN NATURE."



EXCEPT THE SAME PRACTICE "KNEELING."



OH! AND THOSE MILES OF SHINGLE YOU HAVE TO CROSS IN THE BROILING SUN, COMING HOME FROM PRACTICE!



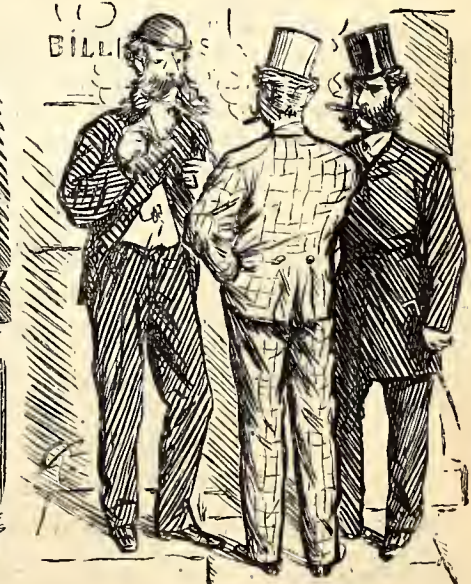
AND JUST AS YOU ENTER THE VILLAGE TIRED, HOT, DUSTY, AND SOOTY, AND YOUR HANDS SO RED AND SWOLLEN YOU CAN'T GET YOUR GLOVES ON, TO MEET THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S DAUGHTERS OR SOME OF THE GALS OF THE PLACE—FANCY!!



PLUNGES INTO THE RED BOOK ONCE MORE. GETS AS FAR AS PART 4, PARAGRAPH 42:—"SHOULD AN OFFICER, RECRUIT, OR DRILLED SOLDIER BECOME A CASUAL WHEN PROCEEDING WITH THE PRELIMINARY DRILLS, HE IS TO BE CONSIDERED AS NOT HAVING BEEN EXERCISED THEREIN."—THIS QUITE TURNS HIS BRAIN!



AND HE'S SENT HOME; BUT WITH CAREFUL NURSING AND GENEROUS DIET,



HE IS AT LENGTH RESTORED TO HEALTH AND THE ACTIVE DUTIES OF HIS PROFESSION!



AN AUTHORITY.

"AND SO, MR. FRIZZELIND, YOU THINK I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HAIR WASHED YELLOW! AND PRAY, WHY?"

"WELL, MA'AM (IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR SAYING SO), BLACK HAIR IS NEVER ADMITTED INTO REALLY GOOD SOCIETY NOW, YOU KNOW!"

POSTERITY AND COAL.

MR. PUNCH,

YOU know that PROFESSOR PORSON once, coming home drunk, and trying in vain to light his bed-candle at the foot of the stairs, was overheard to execrate the nature of things.

PROFESSOR PORSON was accustomed to use unparliamentary language. The result, however, of meditation on a passage in MR. MILL's great speech delivered in the course of the late Debate, had nearly the effect of landing me in a conclusion very much like that implied in the Professor's malediction on the nature of things.

According to MR. JEVONS, as quoted by MR. MILL, posterity, at no distant date, is likely to be hard up for Wall's End, and all other descriptions of that inestimable mineral, coal. The consequence will be the transference of steam, and with it of English manufacturing industry, and England's wealth and greatness, to lands still abounding in coal.

MR. MILL said what amounted to saying that we owe posterity a debt which we contracted with priority; that is to say, we are debtors to posterity for SHAKESPEARE, WORDSWORTH, and other great men; also, that we owe posterity the reduction of the National Debt, which priority ran up and bequeathed to ourselves. And he argued that we ought to set to work at reducing the National Debt for posterity the rather that posterity is grievously likely to have no coal wherewithal to bless itself by making money as we do.

If posterity want coal, shall posterity be ungrateful? A punster would perhaps at once answer yes. But we should insure the gratitude of posterity if we could provide it with coal, more effectually than we could by reducing the National Debt.

Why could we not lay in a stock of coal for posterity by importing no end of it from our American possessions, whilst they remain ours, and before they get independent or annexed to Yankeedoodledom?

Because the foundation of magazines of force for posterity, by importing coal, would necessitate the expenditure of a corresponding amount of force, which we are unable to create, and cannot afford to buy. The impossibility of the creation of force lies in the nature of

things; which, accordingly, I was tempted to object to, like PROFESSOR PORSON. Excuse the comparison.

But, on some reflection upon the nature of things, I began to think that it would, perhaps, whatever may be the state of posterity, prove equal to the occasion. It will possibly afford posterity some substitute for coal. It has given us electricity and some other things which priority never dreamt of. In spite, therefore, of the high authority of PORSON, the nature of things appears to be, on the whole, entitled to the confidence of

CARPE DIEM.

P.S. Especially with regard to posterity.

LITERARY REVIEWS.

WITH the present mild spring new novels are budding into life. Some are already full blown. Lest authors should think themselves neglected by us, we will make it our immediate business and pleasure at once to cast our impartial eye over the reams of Romance which lie before us.

A Casual Acquaintance is of course the life and doings of MR. GREENWOOD, the amateur casual. This ought to have been published by WARD AND LOCK.

Sweet Counsel, the struggles of a briefless barrister who is much run after by young ladies. The scene where he dashes his wig is finely drawn.

Jenny Bell may be called a Story of the Ring. It is nice Sunday reading, and cannot fail in edifying the more serious portion of the community.

The Lady's Smile will naturally be followed by *The Lady's Frown*. We shall defer our opinion.

Bradshaw's Guide for the current month. Fresh, racy, and full of varied incident, we predict for this little book a great success.

Our Banker's Book. We have not yet had the courage to examine this formidable looking volume, or to open the letter which accompanies it. We will say nothing more about books for the present.

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

SONG OF THE WHIP.

AIR—"Come where the Moonbeams linger."

COME where the moonbeams linger,
On the river-terrace fair;
On your doubts I'll put my finger,
And your reasons chase in air.
Your conscientious scruples,
To resist me I defy;
The first thing I teach my pupils,
Is that conscience is my eye.

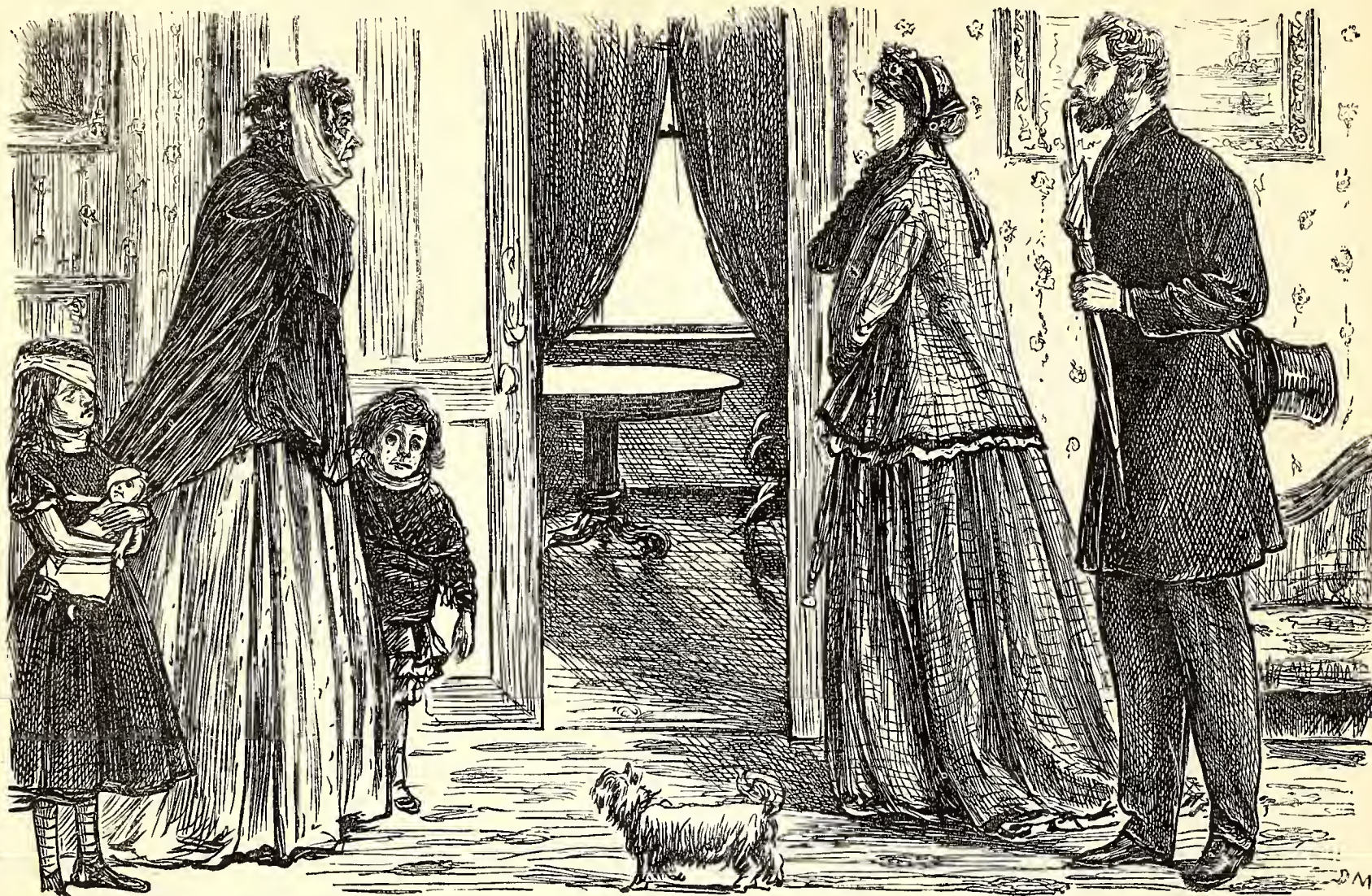
For a man to keep a conscience,
Or a carriage now-a-days;
Is a profligate extravagance,
Unless he finds it pays.
Then come where the moonbeams linger,
On the river terrace lone;
On your doubts I'll put my finger,
And book you for my own.

You'd not ask me for a penny,
To interest you'd be blind;
But Constituents you've many,
To whom you'd fain be kind.
We've messengers, tide-waiters,
Snug places not a few.
There's a providence that caters
For the honest, pure, and true.

The true, and pure, and honest,
Are our side of the House;
We scorn to buy opinions,
Or consciences to chouse.
'Tis base a bribe to finger,
But wise to turn a coat—
Then come where the moonbeams linger,
And let me book your vote.

Only Too Solvent.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES says that one of the characteristics of the House of Commons is the "excessive solvency" of the Members. The Election Committees agree with him.



QUITE REASSURING.

"THE ROOMS ARE CHARMING, AND WOULD SUIT US EXACTLY. BUT, HOW ABOUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD? ARE YOU SURE THAT IT IS A HEALTHY ONE?"

"HEALTHY, MADAM! I SHOULD THINK IT WAS! WHY, LOOK AT US! WE'VE BEEN HERE MORE THAN A TWELVEMONTH, AND I SHOULD THINK WE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"WHENCE COME THOSE MAGIC SOUNDS?"

SIR,

In a house situated in no unfashionable part of this Metropolis am I attempting to write a treatise on the various theories of sound. I am assisted in my philosophical speculations by practical professors who attend simultaneously between the hours of 10 and 1 A.M.

A Brass Band, overture to *Zampa*.

Neighbour's piano heard through thin wall on left-hand, "*Hallelujah Chorus*" being practised.

Neighbour's piano heard through thin wall on the right hand, "*Sally come up*" and "*Rory O'Moore*."

A young lady, staying with us, in my drawing-room "*Dreaming of Angels*" imperfectly rendered, accompaniment uncertain.

Children on the leads of small houses at the back, unattended by guardians of any sort, squealing, and fighting.

Cats *ad lib*.

Dogs, occasionally.

A parrot, which says "*Ow dy do?*" at intervals, as a stock phrase, when not imitating the cats, dogs and children.

An invisible gentleman, whose whereabouts I cannot discover, who practises some strange instrument which sometimes sounds like an accordion, sometimes like a trombone, occasionally like a violoncello, and invariably like some one groaning in excessive pain.

Organs and street-singers of course. I'm at the back of the house, and their tunes are borne to me on the balmy breezes. Under these circumstances you may imagine how quickly I am progressing with my volume of Sound.

Yours truly,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

P.S. MR. SPICER once wrote a book on *Sights and Sounds*. Let him call a new edition *Sites and Sounds*, and give a list of Quiet Neighbourhoods.

A SUSPICIOUS SCHEME AT BERLIN.

THE *Weekly Dispatch* announces that there is to be an International Exhibition of Works of Fine Art at Berlin; to remain open from the 2nd of September to the 4th of November next. There is, however, a condition necessary to the formation of an exhibition of paintings and statues, or any other articles of value, a condition which the Prussian Government had better not make too sure of. The readiness of everybody to lend works of art for the purpose of exhibition in England, is very remarkable; but because that is what we experience, the KING OF PRUSSIA and his Ministers have no reason whatever to expect the same. English, honour, English honesty, are proverbial throughout the world. England does not invade neighbouring countries on the pretence of vindicating nationality, wrest territories from them on that pretence, and then try to annex them, pretending the right of conquest. England has not, of late years, solemnly thanked Heaven for having succeeded in a homicidal burglary on a large scale. No wonder that people are everywhere willing to trust England with pictures and sculptures and jewels. KING WILLIAM and HERR BISMARCK will perhaps find that they have hardly inspired Europe with the same confidence.

COMING OF AGE.

SIR,

Do you recollect that charming picture of *Coming of Age in the Olden Time*? A young man standing on his ancestral steps in the full bloom of twenty-one, being welcomed by old retainers, by villagers, by all sorts of people with joyful acclamations. Why isn't this custom kept up? I came of age the other day. I had no ancestral steps to stand upon, but on my staircase I was received by my tailor, bootmaker, shoemaker, and a deputation from all sorts of tradesmen whom I had patronised, congratulating themselves upon my accession to responsibility. And this, my dear Sir, is *Coming of Age in the Modern Time*.

I am yours, ever, MINUCIUS FELIX.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



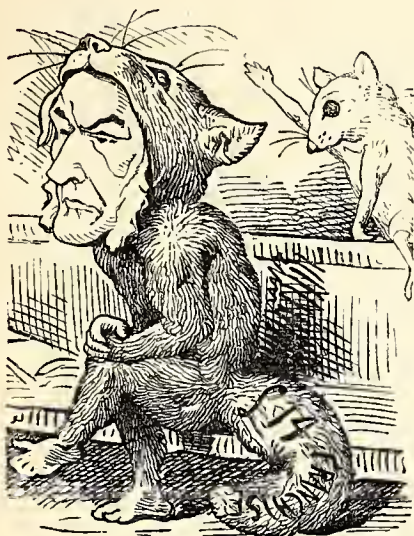
THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THIS IS REFORM THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THIS IS THE RAT THAT HATES REFORM, &c.



THIS IS OLD GLAD, THAT QUIETLY SAT, AND HEARD THE RAT, PITCH INTO REFORM, &c.



THIS IS LORD GROSVENOR WORRYING GLAD, AS HE QUIETLY SAT, BY THE SIDE OF THE RAT, &c.



THIS IS BRITANNIA A-DOING HER BEST, FOR THE POOR OLD COW WITH THE RINDERPEST, PUT OFF FOR THE DOGS, &c.



THIS IS THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN POUND TEST, A-WISHING BRITANNIA TO DO HER BEST, FOR HIM, AND THE REST, PUT OFF, &c.



THIS IS JOHN BRIGHT, AND HERE IS THE JEST. HE WOULD MARRY THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN POUND TEST, TO BRITANNIA WHO WISHED THEY WOULD LEAVE HER AT REST, &c.

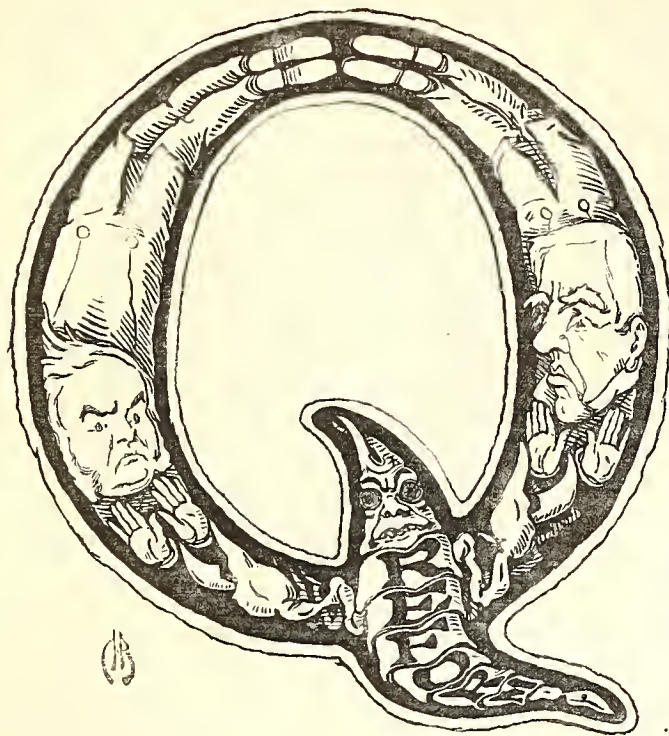


THIS IS BOLD HORSMAN, A BIT OF A PEST, WHO CROWED OVER BRIGHT AND HIS WONDERFUL JEST, FOR MARRYING THE MAN WITH HIS SEVEN-POUND TEST, &c.



THIS IS JOHN BULL, AND IT MUST BE CONFESSED, HE LOOKS UPON HORSMAN AND ALL THE REST, INCLUDING J. B. AS A BIT OF A PEST; AND AS FOR THE LODGERS, AND SEVEN POUND TEST, HE THINKS THAT BRITANNIA IS DOING HER BEST, TO PUT DOWN THE DOGS, WHO ARE WORRYING GLAD, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



QUEEN VICTORIA's name is potent with EMPEROR THEODORE, of Abyssinia, who, LORD CLARENDON stated (*Monday, April 23*) had released all the European prisoners, including the missionaries and the Frenchmen, and had treated MR. RASSAM with great honour. The Emperor had also written a most polite letter to HER MAJESTY. We shall publish this. The news is good, but we propose to refrain from exultation until we hear that MR. RASSAM and those whom he has saved are at Aden. LORD DERBY slyly asked whether LORD CLARENDON had sent *this* information to the *Times*, so my Lords, mindful of a certain hoax (touching which the frank avowal of the *Times* was manly and gentlemanly), had a laugh, a

good thing in these days of afflicting east winds and infinite Wind-bag.

Mr. Punch offers a prize, probably the *Dictionary of Quotations* to any journalist who can prove that in writing about this discussion he has never once said that it "dragged its slow length along." Mr. P. fears that the book will not be claimed.

The Sixth night of the Franchise Bill debate. As MR. BRIGHT was to open fire to-day, the House was crowded, and it is said that persons were waiting at the lobby door on the Sunday night. Even if they got in, they were scarcely rewarded, for MR. BRIGHT was not in force. Firstly, he was suffering from hoarseness, which we regret, and secondly, he was argumentative, which we also regret, because we like to see any distinguished artist in his best form. We should have preferred to hear him go in for mischief, in which process he is *facile princeps*. He actually reasoned in favour of the Bill, described it as Conservative, and as one which should be accepted for the sake of the Constitution. He demolished the Government statistics, declaring that they utterly falsified facts, by representing the working classes as at least twice as strong in the constituencies as they really are. He dwelt upon the undesirability of keeping the Reform question open, and frankly said that such a settlement as was proposed ought to set the matter at rest for at least the same time as has elapsed since the Reform Act. In justice be it added that, having been attacked by a great many speakers, he took a dignified tone in his peroration, and claimed for himself, not unfairly, a share of the glory due to those who have carried measures for the benefit of the people. It seemed that he had taken MR. FORSTER's advice, and roared, as *Bottom* proposed to roar, "like a sucking dove." We hope to hear him "roar again" in his louder manner.

MR. WHITESIDE, unsoftened, dashed at him instantly, and gave him a large piece of the Irish mind. Then, to the discontent of small Members, this orator occupied the dinner hours (when the *dii minores* get their innings) and quoted at merciless length. MR. TORRENS delivered a condensed and effective argument for the measure, against which MR. WALPOLE reasoned in his usual clear and courteous fashion. MR. GÖSCHEN, Minister, finished, with a sensible, but not very striking speech.

MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, of Guildford, said that if an angel should lay a Reform Bill on the table, the Conservatives and recreant Whigs would oppose it. MR. DISRAELI made no remark on this. SIR R. KNIGHTLEY complained that only such Members were invited to speak as were indicated to the Speaker by the two Whips, and MR. BUTLER JOHNSTONE said that at the rate at which they were proceeding he should be satisfied to speak on the Second Reading in ten years. MR. SHERIDAN had refused to give up the Tuesday, when he had a Fire Assurance motion to make. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI, however, had a little talk, and it was settled that the debate should end on the Friday.

Tuesday. Another bulrush—we mean bulwark—of the Church of England was thrown down. The Bill for relieving municipal and other civil and uncivil officers from the necessity of swearing not to pull down the Church, was read a Second Time, on the motion of LORD HOUGHTON. The EARL OF DERBY said that he had previously opposed such relief, not because he thought the oath of any value, but because the desire to remove it showed an animus hostile to the Church. As the Bill for altering the Parliamentary oath had passed, he should not uphold this one. Quite right, my Lord. The less swearing the better, except when Swearing death to traitor slave, Hand we clench, sword we draw, Heaven defend the true and brave, Vive le Raw, Vive le -- Raw, as the poet exquisitely remarks.

MR. SHERIDAN, after interrupting the Reform debate for the sake of his Fire Motion, announced that he should not bring on the latter. He had not heard the conversation, over-night, between MESSRS. GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. Why hadn't he—where was he? It was his business to be in the House until the debate was over, unless he very much wanted to go to the Opera, and hear LUCCA,

who is the charmingest of *Marguerites* that ever put on the jewels. The night was wasted, the House rose at half-past ten.

The only thing noticeable was an exposure of the petition system, and if the statements had not come from MR. FERRAND, the House might have listened more respectfully, but even when this gentleman has a real grievance he makes such a row that people are bored. He said that there had been a great deal of humbug in the way of sham signatures to petitions, that people signed a dozen times, that boys in the street signed, and that fictitious names were appended. Everybody knows all that—who heeds petitions? If the House were in earnest about them it would enact that no one should sign unless he were of age, and gave his address and occupation, and that the penalty of any sham should be imprisonment. Is it no offence to forge the evidence on which legislation for millions is justified?

Wednesday. The Bill for admitting Dissenters to University fellowships went through Committee by a small majority, 208 to 186. Its opponents contended that the Dissenters had already all that they could properly claim, and had no right to govern in Church institutions. Its friends argued that the Universities were National institutions. The Bill will not pass the Lords.

Thursday. Seventh night of the Franchise debate. Its great feature was a speech against the Bill by MR. LOWE. MR. GLADSTONE, our frequent contributor, shall contribute the Essence for us. "When I think of the force of the weapons used, the keenness of their edge, and the skill and rapidity with which those weapons were wielded, I am lost in admiration, though I myself was the object of a fair proportion of the cuts and thrusts." MR. LOWE moreover drew a dread picture of the Democracy to which he said we were hastening, and adjured the Commons not to sacrifice our institutions. The speech was so effective that for a time no Member liked to follow. The debate, however, was continued by about a score of gentlemen, whose sentiments alternated with a regularity that showed how strictly impartial is MR. DENISON, and MR. CHILDERS, Minister, replied, charging MR. LOWE with having changed his opinions, and denying that the Bill would give undue predominance to the working class. MR. LOWE was the one star—a red planet, Mars—which illuminated a dreary night.

Friday. The Eighth Night and the Last. LORD CRANBOURNE began, with some acerbities, as is his wont. He said that the working classes were much like other people, but being poor, were more open to bribery. But his main point was an attack on the Government for endeavouring to take the control of the question out of the hands of the House.

MR. MILL's colleague, CAPTAIN GROSVENOR, supported the Bill, and poetically told its opponents that they were frightened at a supposed spectre, which was really the God-like Image of an Honest Man. MR. BUTLER JOHNSTONE begged the Government Whigs not to ruin themselves by alliance with Radicalism. THE O'DONOGHUE spoke ably for the Bill, and professed much faith in the greatness and goodness of MR. GLADSTONE. Of the other speeches before the grand champions came forth, Mr. Punch puts into amber only those of MR. BAINES and MR. NEWDEGATE, of whom the former dwelt on the improvement among the working class, and the latter, though he would reduce the franchise, insisted on a simultaneous re-distribution.

Then, at half-past ten (be particular, Muse of History) MR. DISRAELI rose, and the Conservative plaudit rang loudly and long. His points were these. The Bill arose from MR. GLADSTONE's sudden declaration, one fine morning, about man's inherent right to be on the register. The Bill would swamp and destroy the County representation. Much Rantipole Rhetoric had been talked. The North of England, taking the Trent as the division, was not better than the South, deducting the fact that London was in the latter. MR. ELLICE had said that the boundary arrangements in LORD DERBY's Reform Bill were perfect. It was desired to bring the House towards a condition without spell of tradition or claim of prescription, and we should have a herd of obscure mediocrities incapable of anything but the mischief devised by the Demagogue of the hour. He cited an amendment proposed at the Oxford Union by MR. GLADSTONE, when a student, in which the young Tory had condemned the great Reform Bill in language which MR. DISRAELI would be happy to substitute for LORD

GROSVENOR'S on this occasion. He contrasted MR. MILL'S written and spoken language, he warned us against Americanising our institutions, because we had not the boundless land-resources of America. He complimented MR. BRIGHT, expressed pain at his conduct, and likened him to DANTON. He assailed MR. GLADSTONE for not vindicating the House, as he was bound to do as its leader, against MR. BRIGHT'S accusations, and he scoffed at MR. GLADSTONE'S "pilgrimages of passion." He defended the Tories against all charges, asserting that every measure for promoting the personal happiness of the worker had been carried by them, against manufacturers and Radicals. He said that MR. BRIGHT played fairly, but that MR. GLADSTONE was a "confederate." Finally and energetically denouncing the introduction of American principles into English legislation, he ended with a quotation from SIR G. CORNWALL LEWIS, who emphatically condemned the counting instead of the weighing of votes. The Leader of Opposition spoke for two hours and a half, and a great storm of plaudit rewarded his exertions.

Then rose the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for his final blow. His points were these. LORD PALMERSTON had not been opposed to Reform. (But perhaps he wunk winks at it, your Highness?) The Government were not subservient to MR. BRIGHT. MR. GLADSTONE had only spoken of "flesh and blood," because he thought speakers were in danger of forgetting the fact. (This explanation was not Gladstonially adroit). Of MR. LOWE he spoke as has been recorded, but at him and his friends he let drive most heartily, calling them, Aristophanetically, as politicians, "certain depraved and crooked little men," and these, and not the Commons, were those of whom he had said "we know with whom we have to deal." He spoke reverently of EARL RUSSELL, as a reformer all his life, whereas he himself had come among Reformers an outcast, and *in forma pauperis*, and he thanked them for their kindness to him. This was an Historical Debate. The Reform ship had been wrecked so often that he had thought to save the ship by removing some of the Cargo. (Shall we say the helm, your Highness?) The meaning of the opponents of Reform should be understood. Let us die in the daylight. Parliament was admirable, but might be made better—unreformed, it jobbed for individuals, reformed, up to the present point, it jobbed for classes. The meetings in the country were got up, were they? Let the Tories get some up. MR. LOWE'S predictions were beautifully phrased, and would hereafter be models, for schoolboys to turn into Greek. Take SIR ROBERT PEEL'S advice, and Elevate your Vision. Dwelling on the improved character of the working class, he warned the Opposition against a New Crusade, in which, as in all previous crusades, they had failed, and he wound up with this happily conceived and gallantly delivered defiance:—

"You may bury the Bill that we have introduced, but for its epitaph we will write upon its gravestone this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move on in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you! they are marshalled on our side, and the banner which we now carry, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

Then came, soon after the great Clock Tower had sounded Three, the fatal summons to the lobbies. When we returned, the account was thus given forth

For the Second Reading	318
Against it	313

Government Majority Five.

MR. GLADSTONE (*to the House*). On Monday look for news.
The HOUSE (*sternly*). On Monday be it then.

LEGAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE only time to read the Births, Deaths, and Marriages carefully, and the rest of the paper very hurriedly, but I want to call your attention to a line that caught my eye the other day in the legal part. In some Old Bailey trial I found that—

"MR. POLAND abandoned the count for the attempt to kill and murder."

The Count is a nobleman, and MR. POLAND, I suppose, a barrister, and it is, I think, very much to his honour, or at all events speaks highly for the absence of snobbishness among the lawyers, that he should have given up the acquaintance of a member of the aristocracy, with whom he found he could no longer associate on account of his depravity. In these days of testimonials, of course, one will be presented to MR. POLAND.

Yours sincerely, MARIA MARRYBUN.

WHEN is a bad tooth like a Civil Servant's Income-Tax? When it's stopped.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE had some more readings in the new *Biographia Britannica*. I have been again to what *Mr. Punch* named "Arcadia." I have had my difficulties. Notwithstanding the attention I have lately been paying (no, *Mr. Punch*, not to the lady who thinks MARKHAM CLINTON a desirable name to invest in), but to the annalists of my country, from MATTHEW of Paris, to THOMAS of Chelsea, I am still bewildered, especially when I get entangled in the line of Scottish Sovereigns. The fourth JAMES, the fifth JAMES, and that estimable Monarch who was at once the sixth and the first; the MARGARETS, the MARYS, the MADELINES; the succession of the unfortunate MARY'S husbands.—I own to a secret infidelity as to her beauty;—the tormenting uncertainty I am in as to whether it was BOTHWELL who murdered RIZZIO, or DARNLEY who blew up BOTHWELL, running into a hazy notion that the Regent MURRAY assassinated ARCHBISHOP SHARP in the pass of Glencoe, at the instigation of MONTROSE, whom I am perpetually mixing up with *Bonnie Dundee* and *The Last Sleep of Argyll*—throw me into a fret only to be allayed by gazing on the calming, controlling faces of "*The Queen of Hearts*," or LORD ARUNDELL'S *Falkland*, or sweet serene *Mary Sydney*.

I noticed two young friends of mine, MINNIE B. and JABEZ AUBREY H. (they have dropped the JABEZ since Uncle HUNXMAN'S death) in the bay, graced by the SIDNEY group. I am afraid AUBREY is not the possessor of the books of the historians I referred to last week, for he was grievously misquoting BEN JONSON'S epitaph, and making the wildest guesses at the musical instrument on which SIR PHILIP'S mother is resting her hand, now suggesting it was a rebeck, anon declaring it a theorbo, and finally, being a youthful barrister, inclining to the belief that it might be a recorder. MINNIE, who I am sure has been well brought up, timidly asked if it was not a shawm, and the end of the discussion was, that they both agreed it must be a banjoline, by which I concluded they meant a mandoline. I had come into this bay from an earlier one, and to pass from the PHILIP and MARY of Smithfield and the Tower to the PHILIP and MARY of Penshurst and Arcadia was as the transition from some dismal country lit up with furnaces, and forges, and sulphureous flames, to a land of chiming fountains, and falling waters, and banks of violets and verdure.

I am not a painter—I purposely avoid the term artist, for that ill-used word now-a-days means anything from an architect to an acrobat, from a painter to a pantaloon—I scarcely know the difference between oil and water-colour, and am never sure for an hour together what is the exact size known as Kit-Cat. Perhaps it is as well, for I should not care to take part in discussions about pictures being painted in tempera, which might become intemperate, or have the pleasure I feel in looking at really fine portraits marred by a nostril out of drawing, or one eye a trifle bigger than the other. I never could trace even a straight line, and in my boyish days when slate and pencil were the chief drawing materials, I failed in rendering the customary features of the human countenance with any approach to anatomical accuracy. So you will not be disturbed by remarks on the legitimacy of the HOLBEINS in the Exhibition, or a dissertation on the question whether it was VAN EYCK or MEMLINCK (I hope I have hit on the right way of spelling this painter's name out of half-a-dozen) who produced the remarkable triptych picture belonging to the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, which is one of the dons of the collection. Such doubtful points must be left to the REDGRAVES and SCHARFS, the TAYLORS and WORNUMS—authorities to be listened to with attention and quoted with respect.

On the private view day I did not see much of the beauties on the walls; I was more occupied with the beauties that swept the floors—dresses *en queue* are, I think, a greater nuisance than poor dying crinoline. There was a good show of blue silk and black velvet, and some charming things in diminishing bonnets. Of course, I saw the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and JACOB OMNIUM, and the other notables always to be found at these great gatherings; and so felt content to wait for quiet mornings to enjoy the company of the BLACK DOUGLAS and JERRY WHITE, LADY JANE GREY (I prefer the pale face from the Bodleian to LORD SPENCER'S buxom damsel) and SIR THOMAS BROWNE, IZAAK WALTON and BISHOP FISHER, JOHN BUNYAN and LORD CORNBURY, ABBOTT and MONK, WHITELOCKE and GREENHILL, GARDINER and TAYLOR, BUTLER and COKE, BRADSHAW and MURRAY, old ROBERT BURTON, with his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and DR. GLISSON, whose cadaverous face indicates the melancholy of anatomy, BARROW and CARTWRIGHT, MARVELL and STRANGE, BISHOP PEARSON, who sprang from Snoring, and VENETIA DIGBY, who never awoke from sleeping, OLD PARR and SACCHARISSA, who, although she hangs beneath that venerable eld, cannot be considered below par; ANTONIO MORE, and HENRY MORE, and THOMAS MORE, and a thousand more whose merits may, perhaps, be summed up in some future number, if you can spare the space in these Reforming times.

I shall postpone the Wars of the Roses until the usual floral contests take place in the Horticultural Gardens.

MARKHAM CLINTON.



A STUDY.

STODGE AND HIS FRIENDS, MADLAKE AND BLUMOLD, HAVE LEARNT THAT THEIR PICTURES ARE HUNG THIS YEAR. SO, HERE THEY ARE, LOOKING OUT FOR SOME NICE DRESSY TIES FOR THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMY. AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO LAUGH, BUT PERSONAL APPEARANCE, AND "GET-UP" GENERALLY IS A VERY IMPORTANT THING NOW-A-DAYS, MIND YOU!

BRITANNIA TO LORD RUSSELL.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo."

JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend, JOHN,
When we were first acquent,
I was sadly out of temper,
And had cause for discontent.
You brought in a Reform Bill,
My grievances to mend,
And I rested and was thankful
To JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend, JOHN,
Ye mind that shout so shrill,
It rang—"The Bill, the whole Bill,
And nothing but the Bill!"
My dander then was riz, JOHN,
I saw and sought my end,
And put up with no half-measures,
JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

Yes—'twas nothing but the whole Bill
In thirty-two I trow;
'Tis anything but a whole Bill,
This Bill you give me now.
And though easy about measures,
With few grievances to mend,
I'm as chary of half-measures still,
As I was then, old friend.

Then take back *your* half-measure,
And fill it to the brim;
Give your plan of distribution,
Though Lambs and Lords look grim;

And when the Bill's completed,
Never mind whom I offend,
I'll lend a hand to carry it,
JOHN RUSSELL, my old friend.

A GRAND IDEA.

IN this age of Anniversary Keeping, we earnestly hope that an opportunity, which is this year offered for a festival of the first magnitude, will not be lost by those who are addicted to such practices. We need hardly say that it is 1866, and consequently we are approaching the Two-hundredth Anniversary of

The Great Fire of London,

SEPTEMBER 2, 3 and 4, 1666.

Surely, here is a splendid opening for a celebration. We trust that a Committee will at once be got together, and sworn not to quarrel—much. Let a prize be offered for a Poem on the Fire (with no Phoenix), and announce that it will be recited on the top of the Monument, by CAPTAIN SHAW. Let processions be arranged, which, on the three days, shall perambulate the streets occupying the site of those which were destroyed. Flame-coloured banners, badges, and cockades. The Fire Brigade to attend at the intervals of service elsewhere, bringing new engines. The Floating Engines to play on the City at stated hours—inhabitants to be at liberty to stay in-doors or carry umbrellas at pleasure. MR. VINING might be induced to have his House-on-Fire scene enacted every hour during the Festival. Dinners and speeches as matter of course. Perhaps the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND would kindly act as President. Really, such an occasion for a National Observance should not be overlooked by those who like opportunities of being "in evidence," and their name is Legion.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A Blind-man's Dog.



REST, AND BE *VERY* THANKFUL.

BRITANNIA. "YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD 'A BOY, JOHNNY, THAT I HOPE YOU WON'T GET INTO SUCH ANOTHER MUDDLE!"

A FINE ANTI-CLIMAX.



AIREST BLANCHE, or whatever your name, fair reader, may be, you have perhaps seen in a book, or heard a man mention, the word anti-climax. If so, you may have wondered what an anti-climax was, if you ever wonder at anything. Well, now here is an example of an anti-climax:—

"THE JUDGES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. — Yesterday afternoon, the first Sunday in Easter term, HER MAJESTY'S Judges and Serjeants-at-law attended divine service in state at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Judges wearing scarlet gowns, bands, full-bottomed wigs, and ermine tippets, and the Serjeants scarlet gowns, bands, full-bottomed wigs and knee-breeches."

Lovely one, there is an anti-climax in the foregoing newspaper paragraph, that is to say, distinct portion of a column. Distinct portion means a bit separate from the rest. The anti-climax, my sweet, lies between divine service, and full-bottomed wigs and knee-breeches. It is, love, the drop, the tremendous drop, from divine service to full-bottomed wigs and those other things. Divine service, you know, of course you know, is very solemn and awful. Full-bottomed wigs and those other things are very grotesque, or funny. Do you see? Of course you do; for you not only have a profound feeling of reverence, but are also endowed with a sharp sense of the ludicrous.

THE POPE'S LOST LETTERS.

OUR interest and attention were awakened the other day by the subjoined statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"There is now no doubt of the abstraction from the POPE'S bureau, by an audacious and unknown hand, of a portfolio containing autograph letters from several sovereigns. It is forbidden to speak of it at the Vatican, consequently the particulars are enveloped in mystery."

It was in vain that the Papal Government turned MR. HOME, the spiritualist, out of Rome, for the practice of sorcery. They should also, if they could, have exorcised the Vatican, and driven the spirits out of the POPE'S premises. We are not at liberty to name the Medium that has placed in our possession the very letters which mysteriously disappeared from the POPE'S desk, and will only say that, determined to cater to the public appetite for knowledge, regardless of expense, we paid a very high price for them without any misgiving that, in their acquisition, we were at all guilty of buying stolen goods. We subjoin, translated, some of them, which may not appear to be of quite so much importance as they may have been preconceived. The first is dated at St. Petersburg, and signed "A." It is as follows:—

My dear POPE,—It would vex me to fancy that you were personally annoyed by the measures I have been forced to take with the Catholics of Poland. You don't know what a turbulent set they are. As to you, they no more care for your Holiness than they would for my Majesty, if I confined myself to reproving them in mere ukases, and fulminations that were *bruta fulmina*. If you could only persuade them to be quiet, you would soon put an end to those persecutions in Poland of which I am afraid, as it is, that you will hear more.

Thanks for the coins; which I shall treasure. In return, wishing you an ample influx of Peter's Pence, I beg your Holiness to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

The next is traced on pink paper, and strongly scented with musk or civet. It bears the postmark of Madrid; but is undated, as is very commonly the case with letters written, like it, in a female hand:—

Most Holy Father,—It was really not my fault; it was not, indeed. I could not help myself; upon my faith I couldn't. Consider, most holy Father, that your daughter has the misfortune to be a constitutional Sovereign. My Government would insist on recognising the excommunicated King. Resistance would have cost me a Crown, and done your Holiness not one rial of good.

Vouchsafe, most venerable successor of St. Peter, to accept the pair of jewelled white kid gloves, the diamond necklace, the crinoline, and the chignon which I send to adorn the miraculous image. And

oh, do not forget to favour me with the piece of St. Laurence's toenail, and the paring of St. Ildefonso's corn! Your ever faithful child,

ISABELLA.

P.S. I will never do so any more. Enjoin me what penance your Holiness pleases: but I should like an indulgence so much better!—I.

The note with which we now present the reader appears to have been penned in the Eternal City itself, at the Palazzo occupied by its ex-Royal author, who, commencing with the customary salutation, proceeds to say:—

The papers have alarmed me by a statement that the Government of your Holiness has given orders to the troops enlisted under the flag of the Fisherman to turn their pious bayonets from the support of St. Peter's throne to the extermination of the loyal soldiers engaged for the sacred cause of legitimacy in glorious warfare under the name of brigandage. St. Januarius forbid! But how, your Holiness, by the bye, is it that the liquefaction continues to happen at Naples? What shall we do if the Saint has recognised the Italian Kingdom? Inform your sorrowing son,

FRANCIS.

Of the succeeding documents we can but venture to give fragments, with the signature:—

* * * True, as you say, I have never yet been crowned. My coronation yet remains an unnecessary step, which might be an error. That is why I have not supplicated your Holiness to come and do it. All in good time—though time does, as you observe, fly. I hope you drank my health last Friday.

The Prince thanks you for the bon-bons. E. also says that they are delicious—tried to make me bite a comfit. I told the boy that much sweetstuff would spoil his teeth—the most foolish thing that we can do, in this world. He replied, "Oh Papa, not if it has received the Apostolic benediction!" That is what I hope you will never cease to bestow on

L. N.

P.S. The troops must leave. They can't stay any longer. They really can't—*non possunt*. DROUYN has told ANTONELLI why. But I'll take care no harm shall happen to you.

2.

* * * I don't know any such Sovereign as the KING OF SARDINIA. There is a KING OF ITALY—with whom you had better come to terms. The logic of facts is inexorable, and so, for that matter, is your otherwise most obedient, dutiful, devoted and affectionate son,

L. N.

3.

* * * I send you a box of cigars, which, if your Holiness smokes, pray keep. But if not, please bless them and send them back. I shall know how to distribute them. I flatter myself that is a new idea.

By the way, cigars blessed by the POPE would fetch fancy prices. Thank me for the suggestion of a new source of revenue.

Do not be uneasy. The temporal power will last your time. And then? The Roman population of the future will choose its own ruler—if it can.

N. III.

THE CRYSTAL FAIRIES AND THE COCKNEY FIENDS.

It is absolutely necessary to warn visitors to the Crystal Palace against birds'-nesting. There are some fools who cannot go into a beautiful garden without itching to destroy the flowers, or do some damage or other. It is for such as these that our Parks are disfigured by iron railings, and each public place is turned into a Spike Island. May donkeys dance on their great-grandmother's grave! But let you and I, and nobody by, wander along the high level, smile on the Crystal Police fairies (invisible-blue Guardians of the Crystal Founts), and presenting our silver talisman, let us enter the portals, disport ourselves becomingly in the delightful grounds, and, when fatigued, lie down under the shadow of the calm and tranquil GROVE (Secretary), who may refresh us with a cold collation. Lovely weather! We have already had two rows with our washerwoman about certain white waistcoats that have vanished since last year, and about two others which *must* have shrunk in the washing, because we'll swear that our waist has been gradually tapering ever since October last. So brush up your hats, and hey for the grass of Sydenham!

Then fill up my cup,¹ and pour out my can,²
I really can't give you a shilling, my man;³
Don't walk on the border,⁴ but let's be gay, free,⁵
And we'll dine at the Palace,⁶ and come home to tea.⁷

¹ Just some light Badminton, with a biscuit, before starting.

² My can of hot water. "Cleanliness is next to," &c.

³ Arrival at the Victoria Station. Usual altercation with cabman.

⁴ In the Gardens of Crystal Palace. I remonstrate with snob.

⁵ I pretend it was only a joke when snob wants to punch my head

⁶ My idea of pleasure at somebody else's expense.

⁷ My idea of pleasure at my own.



ONE REASON, CERTAINLY!

First Artist. "WHO'LL BE THE NEXT ACADEMICIAN?"

Second Artist. "OH, FADDLER, MY DEAR FELLOW, UNQUESTIONABLY!"

First Artist (incredulous). "NONSENSE!"

Second Artist. "OH, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! A VERY GOOD FELLOW, YOU KNOW, AND HE'S LIVED A LONG TIME AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD!"

MAY DAY IN COUNTRY AND TOWN.

TUESDAY was the First of May;
Heard ye not the Cuckoo's song?
Tuesday was a festive day,
In the City, all day long.
Then on green banks, gay with flowers,
Infants in the sun reposed:
At the Bank, ye laughing Hours,
Transfer Offices were closed.

Midges whilst, in mazy range,
Swallows from the streamlet swept,
There was, at the Stock Exchange,
Holiday, as usual, kept.
Ordinary stocks and shares
None did buy, as none did sell,
Thither came not any Bears;
All the Bulls were off as well.

Nor in Railways, nor in Mines
Was there any business done:
None in Banks, and in designs
Miscellaneous, there was none.
Backwardation was no word
There; Contango ceased to ring.
But the Lark, that merry bird,
Warbled, elsewhere, on the wing.

Where were all the Brokers then?
And the Jobbers—where were they?
In the wild and lonely glen,
On the mountains far away?
In some sweet sequestered spot
For the most part, if not all?
No; and probably the lot
Dined at Greenwich or Blackwall.

"The House and the Home."

A NEW Historical Drama is to be produced in Paris. Between the first and second Acts "a lapse of two hundred years" occurs. The audience will of course rest themselves in the interval; but if the piece is adapted and brought out in London, will our decorous Mammies, during this aforesaid interval of two hundred years, allow their daughters to sit down in *the lapse of two centuries*?

"A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS."—The nineteenth.

A REFORM LETTER FROM A SINGLE LADY.

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,

I READ, the other day, in that masterly and brilliant summary into which you condense, as by hydraulic power (and how you do it I can't think), all that is worth knowing about Parliament, some words in which you set forth that—

"Materfamilias is more interested in the Franchise question than she thinks, for it is Parliament which imposes the taxes."

This, like everything you say, is true. But Materfamilias cares but little for the taxes, because she does not pay them personally. It is Paterfamilias who pays, and Materfamilias never knows precisely how much money goes in taxes, and how much goes in Paterfamilias's cigars and boots.

But, Sir, I who am a spinster and pay my own taxes, I know how much of my income they devour. I have a house, and pay innumerable rates, and assessed taxes, and I have some money in the funds, which ought to bring me in £300 a year, but which doesn't, because a little bit is snapped off each hundred pounds for the Income-Tax, and I have shares in a railroad, and whenever my dividends are paid, so much is always deducted for the same odious tax. Therefore I am personally interested in taxes and the Franchise Bill, and I should be obliged to you, Sir, to tell me why I have not got a vote for the borough in which I live. I am, so to say, educated, that is, I know a smattering of various languages, and "ologies," and I can do a rule-of-three sum.

I am sufficiently intelligent to manage my own affairs, and to appreciate *Punch*, and I never get tipsy, yet I have no vote, while JENKINS, the greengrocer, who comes to wait when I give dinner-parties, and who has twice been bankrupt, and makes mistakes in his bills, has a vote; and so has JOBBINS, the carpenter, who comes to do repairs, and is often drunk and beats his wife, and so have my butcher and baker,

and linendraper and grocer, and I think it is very hard I have not one too. Why am I to be put on a footing of inferiority to these people? Am I less intelligent than JENKINS, less respectable than JOBBINS? Some people say it is because I don't wish for a vote, but they are mistaken, I *do* wish for one. I suppose I know best whether I wish for a thing or whether I don't.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I ask you as a sensible right-minded man to tell me why I have not got a vote; and whatever reason you give, mind you don't say it is because I don't wish for one, because that, Sir, would be a tarradiddle, and quite unworthy of *Mr. Punch*.

Your devoted admirer,

A SPINSTER.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

You allow your dependents every reasonable indulgence; but you won't let them abuse your good-nature? Then, Sir, they will detest you. You will have deceived their expectations.

Take Care of Number One, Sir, or else how will you be able to take care of Number Two? Sir, if you sacrifice yourself to that fellow, you will incapacitate yourself from doing any service to me.

Will you love one another then as now? To be sure, Sir; just like all other old couples. How many such do you know that love one another now any less than they did then?

A Conundrum.

(To be given at the close of a morning visit.)

WHY would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephew?

Because she is not a *tru-ant*. Good morning.

[Exit Visitor.]



A BIBLIOMANIAC.

Charlie. "OH, GRANDPA, WE ARE ONLY TAKING THE VERY OLDEST WE CAN FIND!"

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

DEAR SMITH,

Delenda est Carthago. London is to be demolished. Go where you will in it, you are half blinded by the dust which is made by its destroyers. What with railways and embankments and valley elevations, houses by the hundred are being swept away, and there soon will be no vestige left of London as it used to be. The City, before long, will be nothing but a workshop, and ground will be so valuable that nobody but millionaires will occupy an inch of it.

Of course, the poor must live elsewhere. In the City there will soon be only room for Crœsuses. A cellar will be let for five hundred a year, and half that rent, at least, will be demanded for an attic. So the poor may "go to Bath," get a living there, and find a lodging, if they can. Like MR. FERGUSON, they "won't lodge here," for there will be no place for them. Still, we Crœsuses may want a workman now and then, and it may be awkward if we have to send to Bath for one. Would it not be wise, then, to build some workmen's homes, within fair distance of our warerooms? MR. PEABODY has shown what sort of houses are required, and, if we want another specimen, there is one in Pye Street, Westminster. They say, too, that such buildings really pay as an investment; and perhaps if you or I had put a finger in that Pye, we might have pulled a plum out. Besides, "charity begins at home," and in giving men such homes as these, there is abundant scope for it.

So as I know you have more money than you well know what to do with, I enclose you a prospectus of a company just formed for building homes for workmen, or "operatives" rather it is now correct to call them. You see your friend "TOM BROWN" is one of the trustees, and the prospectus further wins your favour by the statement that:—

"The undertaking offers to Working Men an investment for their savings, secured upon property in their own occupation, and in the management of which they themselves may take a part. . . . At the same time, the co-operation of gentlemen of influence and position offers a guarantee that, while the undertaking is mainly of a commercial nature, the buildings will be erected upon sound sanitary principles."

Go then, my dear fellow, and give a hand in finding houses for the poor chaps we rich merchants have kicked out of their homes, and you will be well rewarded by the approval of your conscience, and by a safe return of six or more per cent.

Yours very truly,

RHADAMANTHUS JONES.

THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS LABOURS.

SAM SLICK lays it down that "life is not all beer and skittles." Assuredly the life of the LORD MAYOR is not all punch and turtle, as they who only feast with him might possibly believe. Here is one of his small duties, and he has very many large ones:—

"Every morning after breakfast the LORD MAYOR signs upon an average two hundred and fifty receipts for City coal dues and the like. . . . In the course of his year of office, the LORD MAYOR signs his name to official documents fifty thousand times."

When young *Romeo* asked *Juliet*, "What's in a name" he clearly had no notion of this task of the LORD MAYOR. Else he might have known that a name may, in some cases, cause its miserable owner the writing of some fifty thousand signatures a year. We wonder if the LORD MAYOR has to sign his surname merely, or if he is obliged to write his other names as well? Imagine what a nuisance it would be to a Lord Mayor, if he always had to write a string of lengthy names, such, for instance, as "AUGUSTUS JEREMIAH WILLIAM ALEXANDER WINTERBOTTOM," whenever any document was brought for him to sign. We should advise a man, who fancies that his son may be LORD MAYOR, to give the boy a short name, such as TOM, or HAL, or ROB. Indeed, to speak from sad experience, if parents never gave their children more than one short name in baptism, what a comfort it would be to them in all their after life!

THE PIECE OF THE GERMAN DIET BISMARCK DID NOT CALCULATE ON.—The *pièce de résistance*.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

"THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st Intelligent Person. 2nd Intelligent Person (his friend.)
Other People. Elderly Gentleman and Wife.

SCENE.—IN THE STALLS.

ACT I.

1st Intelligent Person. Pretty scene, eh?

His Friend. Yes.

Mr. Sothern (as Frank Annerley, says sarcastically). Not when the wind blows. [Arranges music.]

Mr. Rogers (as Major Price). But in the time of the Regent—

[Somebody takes him away. A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to occur, during which the piece progresses, and MISS KATE SAVILLE sits on a music stool.]

1st Intelligent Person (as Act I. ends). I hope he'll marry NELLY MOORE.

His Friend (ungallantly but honestly). I'm afraid it will be MISS KATE SAVILLE. (Suddenly). Do you think ROGERS is anyone in disguise?

Intelligent Person (scornfully). Pooh!

(End of Act I.)

ENTR'ACTE.

1st Intelligent Person (after examining his playbill). Hum! who's the Favourite of Fortune?

His Friend (looking at his bill). Well, I suppose—er—er—(doubtfully) SOTHERN? eh?

Intelligent Person (with uncertainty). Ah, ye-es (knowingly). But we haven't see FOX BROMLEY yet.

His Friend. Oh, no, of course not.

[Hopes for no particular reason that FOX BROMLEY will be the Favourite of Fortune.]

1st Intelligent Person (wishing to make up his mind on the point). Full of epigram, though?

His Friend (doubtfully). Ye-es. (Apologetically.) But I always laugh at BUCKSTONE.

1st Intelligent Person (hardly satisfied with the answer, tries to recollect instances of epigrams in the first Act and fails). That was good about (considers)—about wine in a bottle—BUCKSTONE, you know, said it.

His Friend. Oh, yes! (Doesn't remember it.) Yes, that wasn't bad.

1st Intelligent Person (dissatisfied with his Friend, himself, and the epigram). What was it? "Port always leaks in a corked bottle." Yes, that was—

His Friend (who vaguely remembers something of the sort). Yes, that was funny. (Decisively.) Oh, it's very well written; (then as an after-thought,) ROGERS isn't bad, is he?

1st Intelligent Person. ROGERS? oh, (refers to bill,) oh, yes, Major Price. Yes, (uncertainly,) ye-es. (Decisively, to save trouble.) Oh, yes, very good.

His Friend (trying his first idea again nervously). I shouldn't wonder if he's somebody in disguise—

Intelligent Person (who sees the impossibility of disguising Rogers, says scornfully). Pooh!

ACT II.

1st Intelligent Person. Pretty scene?

His Friend. Yes.

[FOX BROMLEY appears and is mixed up with the action.]

Mr. Sothern (looking epigrams at Mrs. Lorrington). But he sometimes refuses to go. [Plucks a flower.]

Mr. Buckstone (as Tom Sutherland). I'm shrewd.

[Winks at audience; roars of laughter.]

Fox Bromley (pretending to pick up a caterpillar). We are as we are made—

Mr. Rogers (as Major Price). But in the time of the Regent—

[Is taken away by somebody.]

Fox Bromley (the villain of the piece). I wouldn't hurt a worm.

Intelligent Person in Stalls (making a happy hit). He's like Count Fosco in the Woman in White.

His Friend (struck with the similarity). So he is. (After a little thought he hits upon another happy idea.) MISS WITHERBY's exactly like that foolish girl in Our Mutual Friend.

Intelligent Person (annoyed with his friend for copying his original idea.) No, I don't see that. (Determines to crush all future suggestions and discoveries.) But the plot is a mixture of "My Aunt's" history in David Copperfield, with a character from the Woman in White; perhaps (to humour his friend), a dash of DICKENS's Mrs. Boffin, and the silly girl what's-her-name, then there's a reminiscence of Cousin Feenix in Dombey & Son, a strong suspicion of BULWER's Money in the hero and

heroine, and a flavour of MISS BRADDON in Mrs. Lorrington's Secret Marriage. [Several people turn round and frown at Intelligent Person.]

(End of Act II.)

ENTR'ACTE.

Friend of Intelligent Person (who now looks to him for information on all points.) But who is the Favourite of Fortune?

Intelligent Person. I don't know.

[Several other people in stalls look at their playbills and ask "Who is the Favourite of Fortune?"

ACT III.

Intelligent Person. Pretty scene, eh?

His Friend. Yes. (Referring to bill). All the scenes are in or about Mrs. Lorrington's villa.

Intelligent Person. I suppose we shall go all over the house if the piece lasts long enough.

[Elderly Gentleman in front hears and repeats this remark as his own to his wife who replies "Hush, don't!"

Mr. Buckstone. I'm shrewd.

[Audience roar.]

Fox Bromley. We are as we are made—

Mr. Rogers. But in the time of the Regent—

[Somebody takes him away.]

(End of Act III.)

ACT IV.

Intelligent Person. It's not bad, is it?

His Friend. No; not many epigrams in it after the first Act.

Intelligent Person (who has forgotten all about the epigrams.) No.

His Friend. Who's the Favourite of Fortune?

Intelligent Person. Oh, I suppose—er—BUCKSTONE—or—or NELLY MOORE—or—

His Friend (undecidedly). It's not FOX BROMLEY, of course?

Intelligent Person. No; we shall see in this Act.

(End of Act IV.)

Intelligent Person. Not so good as Lord Dundreary.

His Friend. What had all those other people got to do with the piece?

Intelligent Person (annoyed). I don't know. (Dwelling on a recollection with pleasure.) But there were some epigrams in the first Act.

[They take up their hats and get their coats from the stall-keeper.]

His Friend (puzzled). But who's the Favourite of Fortune?

[Several people, waiting in the hall, are interested and listen.]

Intelligent Person (pocketing his bill.) Oh, I know. (With an air of authority, and loudly for every one to hear.) It's evidently, ROGERS.

[People look at one another; ladies determine to refer to their programmes; gentlemen would like to dispute the point. Carriages and cabs arrive; red fire from fuzes. Exeunt Intelligent Person and Friend.]

BILL OF FARE À LA BISMARCK;

OR, THE NEW GERMAN DIET.

BISMARCK the Diet would reform,

And fluttered Germany aware is

Howe'er at the menu she storm,

That this the BISMARCK Bill of Fare is.

The Free-Towns must eat dirt, or stick;

Grand Dukes must eat their pledges broken:

SACHSEN, HANAU, and BAYERN, quick,

Eat every word that they have spoken.

Poor Austria must eat humble pie,

Be snuffed out like a farthing-candle,

And clear the stage, that, by-and-by,

Prussia may eat up Vaterland all.

STRANGE CASE OF LETTER-STEALING.

THE latest foreign intelligence of the other day contains the following important announcement:—

"WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine on Saturday gave judgment in the suit of M. SAX against M^{lle}. SAXE, of the Opera. M. SAX complained that, as the lady's name was SASSE, she had no right to take his, even with the addition of an e. He demanded, therefore, the suppression of the x, and claimed damages for the prejudice caused him. The Court decided in his favour, and condemned the lady to suppress the x, but without damages, as there was no injury done."

Now that x is eliminated from the name of the lady who called herself SAXE, by what is M. SAX the better? It is difficult to see how she could have offended that gentleman by appropriating one of the letters that form his name, and, in comparison with the name of SAXE, that of SASSE at all events sounds rather the saucier.



REMARKABLE DREAM

COMMUNICATED BY OUR ARTIST.—HE THOUGHT THE ROYAL ACADEMY HAD DECREED THAT EXHIBITORS WERE TO HANG THEIR OWN PICTURES. THAT, THEREUPON, HE RUSHED, WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, WITH HIS GREAT WORK DOWN TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE. WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH AND GRACEFUL COURTESY HE TRAMPLED DOWN ALL BEFORE HIM, SCATTERED THE ASSOCIATES, PULVERISED THE R.A.'s, AND FIXED IMMOVEABLY IN THE PLACE OF HONOUR THE ONLY WORK OF GENIUS OF THE YEAR.

AN AFFAIR OF FOLLY.

THERE was a time when every gentleman mixing in Society was constantly in danger of being obliged to run the risk of having his brains blown out for nothing. He was forced, on pain of infamy, to fight a duel with any man of his own order who might happen to strike him a blow or call him a liar. It was incumbent on him to demand satisfaction for the insult which he had received. The only satisfaction he could possibly obtain was that of killing the fellow whom he had been obliged to challenge. And then he had either to stand the anxiety and expense at least of a trial for murder, or to expatriate himself, if he could escape. Thus any ruffian of a certain standing, if reckless, enjoyed the privilege of being able to compel the best of his betters to allow him to attempt his life. A ruffian, who was also a fool and vain-glorious, would very often avail himself of this privilege, and force a good and wise man to stake brains against trash contained in a skull. Hence the "bully" and the "fire-eater" were common characters of the time: As the challenged party had the choice of weapons, you could, if you were a desperate villain, and an expert swordsman or a dead shot, by offering an insult that would insure you a challenge, practically murder with impunity anybody you chose who was not as cunning of fence or sure of aim as yourself. Every atheist was at liberty to tyrannise over every Christian man who believed that he had a soul to imperil. At last, a linen-draper was shot in a duel on Wimbledon Common, and duelling went out of fashion; the rather that one of the seconds narrowly escaped the gallows, and got two years' imprisonment.

Now the few fools and brutes who want to indulge in duelling must resort to some other land, amongst whose natives civilisation has not abolished that barbarous absurdity. This condition is pleasantly illustrated as follows:—

"ALLEGED DUEL AT CALAIS.—The article in *La France*, stating that a duel was about to take place between CAPTAIN NORTON and CAPTAIN PRICE, has but little

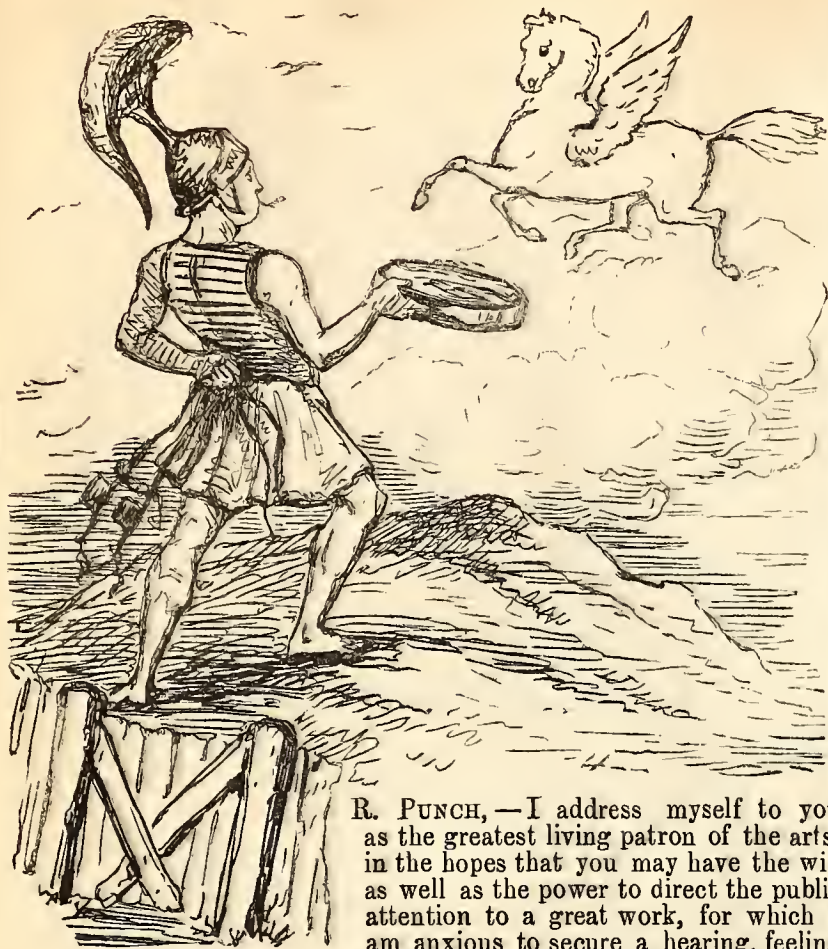
foundation in fact. To constitute a *parti carré* for a duel the presence of two principals and two seconds is required; but in this instance there was only one principal, without even a second, and consequently, the affair is a *coup manqué*, the chief actor being left alone in his glory."

Thus far the *Post*. When the practice of duelling was prevalent in these dominions, it appears to have been most rife in that part of them called Ireland. Here, in England, the character of duellist is represented as having been very commonly combined with that of Irishman. But the mirror that is held up to Nature now no longer reflects any *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Duels are even as uncommon on the other side of St. George's Channel as they are on this. Still, however, one may be permitted to remark that the affair of folly above described was a regular Irish duel. Why?—why of course, because it was a duel wherein only one party was engaged. It conversely resembled a solo of four, which could occur in only a Hibernian opera. Instead of being a *parti carré*, says the *Post*, the affair was a *coup manqué*. Of necessity, a *parti* to be *carré* must consist of at least four persons; but an exception may be taken to the remark that, because in this instance there was but one, "consequently the affair is a *coup manqué*." No *coup* was *manqué* where no *coup* was aimed; and one would prefer to style the alleged monoduel at Calais a bull-fight, although the bull therein implicated does not go on all-fours.

Moreover, this affair of folly need not have been a *coup manqué* by any means. The duellist who found himself with nobody to fight, might have blown his own brains out. He then would have given himself all the satisfaction that he could have received from an antagonist. Then, too, he would indeed have been left alone in his glory, such glory as a slain duellist has; and also, he would have rid the world of a great blockhead.

The POPE, by the way, has cashiered SIGNOR COSTA for fighting a duel with a Neapolitan refugee. Honour to the POPE. He can do what is right when he pleases. SIGNOR COSTA is an officer in the Pontifical Guards, and of course his dismissal from that corps will not affect the Opera at Covent Garden.

HOMER RE-TRANSLATED.



R. PUNCH,—I address myself to you as the greatest living patron of the arts, in the hopes that you may have the will as well as the power to direct the public attention to a great work, for which I am anxious to secure a hearing, feeling confident that a hearing will be enough.

What I propose is neither more nor less than a translation of HOMER on entirely new principles, embodying the original conceptions of the Blind Bard in a manner which is unique! The main principle being, that as the *Iliad* was undoubtedly written in the slang or vernacular of the day, in order to hit the taste of the masses, an English translation, to be faithful should be familiar (but not by no means vulgar). Remembering my predecessor CHAPMAN, I herewith subscribe myself,

A MAN AND A CHAP.

THE TRANSLATION.

(SPECIMEN.)

Sing, Muse, about Achilles' awful¹ bait,
Which brought the Greeks to such tremendous grief,
Sent lots of plucky fellows to the deuce,
And turned their bodies into toke for dogs:
Also for every sort of nasty bird.
And so by Jove was what he wanted got;
When old¹ Achilles and that topping swell,¹
Atides, first kicked up a jolly row.
Who was the God who set 'em on to fight?
Why, glorious² Apollo, Leto's son.
Who flew into a passion with the King,
And gave the army an unpleasant illness,
Of which a precious lot of people died,
And all because Apollo snubbed his priest,
Chryses, who brought down to the Grecian clippers,
To buy his daughter off, some stunning presents;
And carried in his hand the Crown and Sceptre³
Of great Apollo, who can sby so far.⁴
The beggar came and buttered⁵ all the Greeks,
But most of all their guv'nors, the Atridae.⁶

¹ Οὐλομένην—δῖος—ἀναξ ἄνδρων. The renderings of these epithets will at once explain M. & C.'s scheme. "Old," as a term of endearment as used in "old fellow," is the counterpart of the Homeric δῖος.

² "Glorious Apollo." The translator has not hesitated to interpolate such familiar epithets as HOMER would doubtless have employed had they been in existence, and if the metre had let him.

³ "Crown and Sceptre." A familiar collocation, adapted to bring out the latent force of the original. It is historical that the Greeks frequently refreshed at the Στέμμα καὶ Σκηπτρῶν, and the Bard's sly allusion would not pass unobserved.

⁴ Observe this. (M. & C.)

⁵ Λίσσατο. It will be seen that the force of this word is expressed partly in the substantive "beggar," partly in the verb "battered." The Greek language is emphatically a comprehensive one.

⁶ Or read "Their governors, th' Atridae," according to the taste and fancy of the speller.

A WORD WITH MR. TYRWHITT.

WE hate tyranny and unkindness. We are speaking to you, MR. TYRWHITT, Beak, to whom we have often had to speak approvingly, but whose conduct we now feel it our duty to condemn. Why, Sir, did you not act more tenderly towards a couple of poor policemen than you seem to have done in a case last week?

A gentleman was accused of obstructing the police. The details are unimportant. Two officers swore, and if their evidence did not exactly agree, surely it was for you to reconcile it. One swore that on his way to the station the gentleman kept in front of him, and tried to trip him up. The other swore that the gentleman got to the station before the police.

You, Sir, said, "If he got to the station before the police, that does away with what the other constable said about tripping up." And you dismissed the gentleman.

Well, MR. TYRWHITT, I may admit, for the purposes of argument, that the poor officers did contradict one another. But why did you not make allowances? They might not have had time to talk the matter over sufficiently, and convince each other that there was but one story that should be told. Surely, when a person is charged by the police, the course is for a Magistrate to be clear that the accused is wrong. MR. TYRWHITT, Sir, what will become of the more stupid part of the police—that is, the large majority—if Magistrates are to insist on coherent evidence? We have several times observed in you a disposition to insist on accuracy of statement, and strict confirmation of allegation, and we give you a kindly warning, from information we have received, that this kind of thing is not admired by the—police.

THE NEW SINGER.

PLEASE SAY, MR. PUNCH,

(Now don't frown, but look milder)

Is the new singer's name pronounced Vilda or Vilda?

The spelling, you see, only tends to bewilder;

Has WYLD been transformed into Vilda or Vilda?

I am glad MR. GYE has to England beguiled her,

Because he has got a great artist in Vilda,

And though her reception at first might have chilled her,

The house found her out, and exclaimed, "Brava, Vilda!"

A successor to GRISI the critics have styled her,

But none of them say if she's Vilda or Vilda.

Analogy hints that at Whitby St. Hilda

Has penultimate short, so perhaps has Miss Vilda;

But conjecture and guess make me wilder and wilder,

Do tell me, dear PUNCH, what to call Madame Vilda.

Is she Madame or Miss, too, this excellent Vilda?

Do write, and apprise

Your devoted

MATILDA.

[When sending those stalls, will our friend, MR. GYE,
Oblige with his view of the new lady's I?

P.]

THE MORNING CALL NUISANCE.

"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON (or might have done so if he didn't) "the man who makes a morning call pays homage to a custom which the imbecile may bow to, but the sensible condemn."

In the presence of his lady readers *Mr. Punch* has not the courage to confess that he applauds this dictum of the Doctor. If it were not for the practice of making morning calls, ladies often would be puzzled to know what on earth to do; and *Mr. Punch* would not debar them from what is, after all, a harmless act of time-slaughter. But *Mr. Punch* protests with all his might and main against the notion which some ladies appear to entertain that their husbands should attend them when they pay these morning visits. It is bad enough for husbands to be dragged to evening parties, but worse still is their suffering when they are cruelly compelled to make some morning calls.

The prospect of such torture must deter young men from marriage; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, it is much to be desired that the custom be discountenanced. Husbands should be suffered to make their calls by deputy; or lay figures should be draped in the costume of dummy husbands, and should be discovered sitting in the carriage, when the ladies leave their cards. The husband thus would get the credit of having made the call, and his duty to Society would be thoroughly discharged. If the people upon whom the call is made are found at home, the lady on her entrance might explain that her dear CHARLES has a sudden twinge of tooth-ache, and dare not leave the carriage for fear of the cold air. Some such device as this must surely be adopted and be sanctioned by Society; or else husbands must insist that a proviso be inserted in their deed of marriage settlement, exempting them expressly, while they are under wedlock, from making morning calls.



THE LAST FAST THING.

LADY O'BRIAN, OF BOYCE-GILBERT, TO THE RESCUE!!!

THE BOYS OF PASSAMAQUODDY.

HERE we are—a host
Of the Fenian body,
Gathered on thy coast,
Bay of Passamaquoddy!
Boys that Glory calls,
Heroes of a million;
Looking out for squalls,
Under DORAN KILLIAN.

If New Brunswick cries
"No Confederation!"
With her sons we'll rise,
In a botheration.
Should the Fishery fix
Issue in hot water;
With the Yankees mix,
And the British slaughter.

Britain's foes we'll aid,
At the call of Glory:
But we won't invade
British territory.
Lest we, and the Chief
Of our numerous body;
Go from thee to grief,
Bay of Passamaquoddy!

A Free Translation.

VICTOR HUGO, in his new book, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, mentions a Scotch instrument of torture called "le bugpipe." What a dreadful name to give it, to be sure! Imagine a Scotch gentleman sitting in his buggy, and playing on his bug-pipe! Perhaps some foreign writer next may make us think of fleas by a mention of "le hoppy cleide."

YES, WHY NOT?

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

HERE is a proposal which I advise you to incorporate with your Budget, and then you can make a proportionate deduction from the Income-Tax.

Put a Stamp duty of One Penny on every Photograph Portrait that is sold.

The Portrait is a luxury, or is thought one.

The tax will not fall on the Poor.

It can be easily collected, by adopting the Bankers' Cheque principle, and stamping the card.

It will produce Millions of Pennies.

I assure you that I make the suggestion only for patriotic reasons, although I happen to be

A MINIATURE PAINTER.

Newman Street.

THE CROW AND THE BAR.

LAW is an odd boy. What is a Crow-bar? It was argued before the Court of Criminal Appeal last week, that a kind woman, who took a crow-bar into Horsemonger Lane Gaol, to help a friend to escape from trouble, had not violated the rule which prohibited the introduction of "any article or thing." It was contended that a crow-bar was not a thing. The learned Council did not urge that it was Capital, though this might have been held from the case of the two American financiers who said they were going south to "open a bank," and being asked what their capital was, replied, a crow-bar. Nor did he say that it was equivalent to a feather or a fan, as might be gathered from the Irishman's declaration that he had been so astounded at something that "you might have knocked him down with a crow-bar." It was simply contended that a crow-bar was not a thing. Our great Photographic Judge, whose philosophic pursuits have cleared his vision, rejected the Berkleian theory, and remitted the kind woman to gaol.

MOTTO FOR THE DUMB ASYLUM.—"Dumb vivimus vivamus!"



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

ITALY. "MYSTERIOUS POWER, SHALL I DRAW?"

ORACLE. "HM—M—M—M!"

"LOVE'S MARTYR" AT THE OLYMPIC.

THERE are certain elements and condiments, such as salt, pepper and vinegar, onions, cream, eggs, a good stock, and a block of Parmesan cheese, by help of which any capable cook ought to be able to make elderly horse savoury, or old shoe palatable. So there are certain dramatic spices and condiments of stage-effect, by aid of which any decent dramatist ought to be able to make improbability acceptable, extravagance thrilling, and vulgarity amusing.

Love's Martyr is a dish in which these well-known, but never-failing elements have been used in the dressing of a dramatic *plat*, in which, though we seem familiar with every flavour, Mr. British Public still acknowledges the potency of the old spices, and swallows them, not only without wry faces but with apparent satisfaction.

Take a dying old lady, a will, a dose of laudanum, a gossiping nurse, and a wicked steward, mix with a profligate heir-at-law, and his rascally hanger-on, a jocosely family solicitor, a suspicious artist, a virtuous young baronet, his haughty mother-in-law and jealous young bride, flavour with a comic painter, an ex-model of a wife, and her mamma, the gossiping old nurse aforesaid, turned a gossiping old house-keeper. Stir well together these ingredients, and serve up round a charming and innocent young lady—devoted as a daughter, and cruelly suspected as a wife, who without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment, has to stand everybody's bullying, take everybody's crimes on her shoulders, to be the scapegoat of everybody's suspicions, and the victim of everybody's wicked designs.

Let this young lady see her father steal a will, and learn that in so doing he has accidentally, at least incidentally, murdered her benefactress,—and say nothing. Let her be accused of the crime,—and say nothing. Let her escape and wander away bent on suicide, and come across an interesting young painter who has tumbled over a precipice, fall in love, and get married to him—and say nothing. Let her become an object of suspicion to this ungrateful man, be questioned, abused, and insulted, all but turned out of doors by her husband—and say nothing. Let her encounter the profligate heir-at-law, be bullied by him—and say nothing. Let her be snubbed and walked a-top of by the haughty mother-in-law and the jealous young wife—and say nothing. Finally, let her be introduced to a fence's "crib" down one pair of stairs in Clerkenwell, to see four gentlemen firing pistols at each other—and still say nothing. Let everybody forgive her, and let her forgive everybody, and, to conclude, let her be informed she is somebody else's daughter, with all the familiar proofs of the fact, except the strawberry on her right arm,—and have no time to say anything but the tag—and you will have a pretty good general idea of *Love's Martyr*.

Yet the British Public, and Mr. Punch as part of it, swallows this compound, as we have said, without wry faces, nay, even with a relish. Why? Partly, no doubt, because these familiar ingredients, poor as they are, are mixed with a workmanlike hand knowingly seasoned and served up handsomely; in other words because MR. LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM understands his business, and MR. WIGAN has a good company, and puts his pieces well on the stage, but mainly because the central figure is the old, old ideal of womanly devotion, and injured innocence, and above all, because that ideal is personified in the sweetest and most graceful young actress of the day, MISS KATE TERRY.

If anybody wants to see how in this part improbability can be made probable, and unreality real, by the earnestness and self-abandonment of the actress; how bad law can be condoned, poor language made significant, and idiotic logic glossed over, by the potent "glamour" of her grace and feeling—with how much toleration people will allow MR. NEVILLE's insane suspicion to flare up, that they may have the pleasure of seeing it so touchingly encountered, and so tenderly disarmed by MISS KATE TERRY—they should see *Love's Martyr* at the Olympic. They will not find the three hours wearisomely employed, whatever they may expect from our analysis of the piece.

It is true they will see other things martyred besides Love—Law to wit, and logic, the rules of evidence, and the conditions of probability, and good taste, we are sorry to say, less or more, and rather more than less. But it is quite worth while to test how much we will bear that we don't like and can't care for, for the sake of seeing something we do like, and must care for whether we will or no, and that is a devoted daughter and an ill-used wife, acted with the grace, earnestness, and power that MISS KATE TERRY alone, among the young actresses of the day, can throw into such a personation.

Latest from the Tuileries.

The PRINCE IMPERIAL is reading *Morals* with his Tutor, M. MONNIER.

Prince's Tutor (reads). "Weak wickedness is worse than wickedness only." Will your Highness give me a proof of this?

Prince. Austria was only the weak accomplice of Prussia in the Danish burglary, yet is probably going to lose Venetia.

Tutor. But will Prussia's wickedness go unscathed?

Prince. Ask my papa.

LONGS AND SHORTS.

THEY are wearing the dresses *en queue*,
Too true;
Queen Whim and her whimsical crew,
Too true;
At the public ball and private view,
In the family coach and family pew,
On the Windsor Slopes and sward at Kew,
Too true;
Of every web and of every hue,
Too true;
The lustrous green and the lucent blue,
And amber the shade that suits so few,
Too true.
Came it from Compiègne or St. Cloud?
This *mode des robes* that men will rue,
Too true;
For we all must now be rich as a Jew,
Too true;
To stand the expense it is bringing us to;
And each must cautiously tread and glue
His eyes to the ground, lest rents ensue,
Too true;
Or "out of the gathers" alas! eheu!
The trailing *tulle* be torn by you,
Too true;
Or him who stepped on a skirt at the Zoo.;
Too true;
And sighs for old Crinoline back in lieu
Of these flowing vestments worn *en queue*,
Too true;
To which he would gladly bid an adieu,
As a tag to these lines signed I. O. U.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT THORPE HENLEY.

WILDFOWL, in a sense, may be said to be never out of season, for *canards*, in the shape of newspaper paragraphs, are always flying about. We hope this it not one of them:—

"ECONOMICAL PRODUCTION OF GASLIGHT.—The landlord of the Foresters' Inn, Thorpe Henley, is now lighting his house by gas produced in a simple apparatus attached to the tap-room fire. One cwt. of coal (at a cost of 4d.) makes sufficient gas to serve the house for seven days."

If the foregoing statement shall have been confirmed by any trustworthy inquirer, the landlord of the Foresters' Inn, Thorpe Henley, will make a good thing of it. No end of people will resort to his tap-room for the sake of inspecting the simple apparatus by which the gas that lights his house is produced economically. He has only to have good beer, and everything else that his visitors may please to call for, good, ready for them, and he will be sure of doing a grand stroke of business. Every tradesman, every housekeeper who consumes gas, is interested in knowing how to supply himself from his own kitchen-range with genuine and cheap gas, instead of burning bad and dear gas derived from the works of a Company, enjoying a monopoly the continuance of which is insured to it by the strength of the commercial rogue interest in Parliament.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

OUR friend the *Star* is too irritable. It is held in good society that a gentleman who will not take chaff from his associates is a prig, to say no more. But we shall chaff our friend into jollity before we have done with him. Here goes again. In a report of the meeting at which the Pancras Guardians vainly endeavoured to wriggle off the nail with which the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has fastened them to their dirty work-house wall, the *Star* makes a MR. GEORGE move that on the death of any inmate—

"The resident medical officer be immediately informed by the curse in charge of the ward."

That is a very lucky misprint, and had we read it in proof we should have said, *Stet*. Perhaps Cuss would have been less pedantic, and more American. But the word is a good word, and we incline to think that a good many inmates of wards will think it preferable to the word which was intended. This remark gives us a peg on which to hang our expression of thanks to the Archbishop for his castigation of the Pancras Guardians, (whose attempts to defend themselves would be ludicrous, but that the subject excites indignation rather than mirth.

A MODERN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PROVERB "EXTREMES MEET."—An Ultra-ritualist running up against a Quaker.



VERY LIKELY.

"YES, JINKINS, I HAD BETTER WEAR MY VEIL. CHURCH IS NOT THE PLACE TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF YOUNG MEN!"

A TRIFLE FROM PARIS.

Arrah-na-pogue, so popular in England, is going to be produced in Paris. Several attempts have already been made [by various French dramatists to render the Irish idioms intelligible to the Parisians. Whether the adaptation from which the following selections have been made will be the one ultimately produced, time alone can show. The adapter has anglicised the play as much as possible, as the French audience would be more likely to be acquainted with English manners and customs than with Irish.

Arrah-na-pogue means "Arrah-of-the-Kiss," and therefore our adapter has done well to change "Arrah" into *Sara*, and render the title, *Sara de Baiser*. *Shaun-the-post* has become "John the Postman, ou le courrier qui porte les lettres," and, of course, he is *Sara's* lover. The rebel gentleman, *Beamish M'Coul*, is happily called "*M. Stephens, la tête de centre du corps Fenian*," and in the third act, where *Beamish* gives himself up to the Secretary of State, in Dublin, *M. Stephens* surrenders his sword to *Le Chancelier d'Exchiquier, Sir Gladstone*. *John the Postman* is tried at the Palace of Justice, Westminster, and imprisoned in the Old Bailey. Here he attempts to suffocate himself by lighting a charcoal fire. *Sara* sees the smoke ascending and discovers where her lover is confined. In some instances the Irish peculiarities have been scrupulously retained, and carefully rendered, as for example where *John* meets *Sara* in the second scene—

John. Ah! Je suis sûr! et est-il vous même que je vois? (Which is, of course, "Ah, sure, and is it yourself that I see?")

Sara. Soyez tranquille maintenant.¹

John. Sois-père!² vous me semblez plus brillante qu'une étoile.

Sara. Polisson! Mais, la pointe du matin à vous.³

In the wedding scene instead of the Jig, *John et Sara dansent le cançan qui est interrompu par l'entrée des Polismans*, and he is then carried off for trial.

The audience is kept in suspense as to the ultimate pardon of *John* until the very last minute, which is, perhaps, an artistic improvement upon the construction of the original. The last scene is thus managed:

THE BENEFIT OF THE BUDGET.

THE duty on timber abolished,
Will do the poor Builders' great good;
Hurrah for the difference demolished
'Twixt wine in the bottle and wood!
Hurrah for the sheer abolition
On pepper, ye Grocers, of due!
How much we feel that imposition!
But won't its removal ease you?

Reduction of duty on 'busses,
And cabs and post-horses, O rare!
So certain to benefit us is
An equal reduction of fare!
The National Debt's diminution
By near half a million a-year;
Will quite preclude that destitution,
Which some for Posterity fear.

Hurrah for the taxes abated!
Hurrah for the taxes retained!
Because they are not the most hated—
A truth that need scarce be explained.
How eloquent, GLADSTONE, how clever
Thy speech on the Budget—how long!
The Tax upon Income for ever—
A fig for its hardship and wrong!

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

TAKE care, Sir, how you get a character for integrity. Don't appear too nice in pecuniary transactions. Occasionally go about asking people if they know anybody who could fly a kite for you, or do you a little bit of stiff. Then you will never have any of your friends wanting you to become an executor or trustee; and besides, nobody that you know will ever expect you to lend him money.

You wonder if your relations will rejoice at your death. Well, Sir; what if they do? But they won't if your income dies with you. And you had better enjoy the whole of your property yourself. Sink it in an annuity.

Certainly marry, Sir. No single man, except one who has been divorced, or a widower, is content with his lot. And marry early. You had better get your troubles over before you are old.

John has escaped, has thrown *Michel*, the villain, over the Castle wall, and now holds the fainting *Sara de Baiser* in his arms, when *Les Polismans entrent; ils font arrêt sur la personne de John le Posteman*.

John. Hélas! O, désolation! [Pleurant.]

Le Premier Polisman. A l'Old Bailey!

John. SARA! chère SARA! Adieu, adieu! pour jamais!

[*Le Premier Polisman sépare JOHN de SARA. On entend les sons du cor: à ce moment apparaît Le Lor Maire avec sa suite.*

Tous. Voilà Le Lor Maire!

[*Le Lor Maire est armé; et porte une bannière sur laquelle on lit ces mots "Pardon pour JOHN."*

Le Lor Maire. JOHN est pardonné.

John (s'inclinant au Lor Maire). Excellence! Sauvé, sauvé!

[Il embrasse SARA.]

Chœur des Polismans.

Gloire au Lor Maire!

Gloire! Gloire!

Hip, hip, hurrah!

Une acclamation plus!

Et une petite dans.⁴

[*Pendant le reprise du chœur, JOHN va embrasser SARA encore. Le Lor Maire étend sa baguette d'or sur les deux amants, en signe de protection. Tout le monde s'incline. Le rideau tombe sur ce tableau.*

If this piece is produced, we may fairly venture upon a prophecy as to its success.

¹ Be aisy now!

² Bedad!

³ The top of the morning to you.

⁴ En Anglais, "One cheer more, and a little one in."

A Most Natural Error.

YOUNG WOULD-BE CORNET PLUNGERBY, while undergoing his Army Entrance Examination, was required to translate the French word "*Millionnaire*," he rendered it Mill-owner, and was "spun," (we think unfairly).

PARLIAMENTARY MELODIES.

"A VOICE FROM ADULLAM."

AIR—"Paddle your own Canoe."

WHEN the strong and the swift are all adrift,
And the current drives along;
To the maelström of Democracy,
Where the BRIGHT wave eddies strong.
'TWIXT GLADSTONE & Co., and HORSMAN and LOWE,
What is a man to do?
Whom BRAND not binds, nor DIZZY blinds,
But "paddle his own canoe?"

Men have thought it a lark, in a frail, frail bark,
To follow from source to sea,
The Danube and Rhine, as they twist and twine,
By town, and tower, and tree.
But what 's their deed, for pluck at need,
To his who dares go through
The miserie of the bold M.P.,
Who "paddles his own canoe?"

'Tis the life of the bat, neither bird nor rat,
From the sweets of Office far;
'Tis to face the chaff of the *Telegraph*,
And the blight of the *Morning Star*.
'Tis to pass for a fool, who leaves one stool,
To risk a fall 'twixt two;
All to say what you think, and to vote as you feel,
And to "paddle your own canoe!"

RATHER TOO BAD.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

THERE are some things a man of family and position *must* make up his mind to put up with in these levelling days. He can't keep *parvenus* out of society, and must submit to be elbowed even at the Drawing-Room by men who have risen in trade or by their wits, as merchants, lawyers, engineers, artists, authors, and in other queer and less respectable ways of money making. He must make up his mind to the arrogance of newspaper writers and the growing insubordination of the lower orders, to find servants more difficult to satisfy, governesses less tractable, and tutors with a becoming sense of their position more rare. He cannot hope to resist the influence of the railway, which seems destined by its iron lines to bring all proper class distinctions to a level as low as the dumpy one by help of which they were originally laid down. I do not often joke, Sir. It is a low habit at best; and when I do, I hope it is very rarely on subjects so serious as this; but I could not resist the allusion to the dumpy level of the railway engineer. Peer and peasant must now grapple with the same *Bradshaw*, take their tickets at the same pigeon-hole, start from the same platform, be exposed to the same jolting, the same irregularity in arrivals and departures, and, if the worst comes to the worst, be shattered in the same smash. At the Opera my tailor may occupy the stall next to mine: if I join the ranks of the Volunteers, he will, perhaps, be my right-hand man, may be told off in the same squad with me at Hythe, or "wipe my eye" at Wimbledon. It is all very well for Mr. LOWE to deprecate democracy, but I say democracy is upon us already, rampant and rough shod, rude and repulsive.

But one thing I had hoped was still sacred—our ancestors! Into that Gallery where hang the painted records of nineteen generations of the DE FITZ-ADAMS—we came in before the Romans—I did not dream that even the audacious spirit of our levelling times would dare to set its irreverent foot. I was mistaken. My Gallery has been invaded; my ancestors insulted in their canvasses; their beards laughed at; their antique costume torn to pieces, their venerable dust wiped off, not with the reverent hand of respect, but with the desecrating sweep of doubt and incredulity, and the impertinent fillip of criticism. Yes, Sir, my hereditary portraits—those painted Penates of my house—are no longer beyond suspicion! An anonymous scribbler dares to speak of my ancestors as forgeries, and to hint that if I haven't gone to Wardour Street for them, they are not a bit more genuine than the modern antiques of that disgusting locality.

I send these venerable canvasses at the respectful solicitation of a department of the Government,—backed I may say, privately, by the personal request of a nobleman whose requests are for *me* commands—and I am bound to say the department accepts in a very becoming spirit the portraits I consent to allow it to exhibit. It does not presume to ask questions, or to express opinions, still less to insinuate disagreeable doubts, or avow daring disbelief. In the words of the venerable nursery rhyme (which I respect, humble as it is, as a relic of

the wisdom of our ancestors), South Kensington opens its mouth, and shuts its eyes, and takes what I will send it. But then steps in the anonymous, irresponsible, insolent, and, I have no doubt, democratic and Jacobinically-minded critic—for what else can be expected from one who writes in newspapers of which the highest-priced costs three-pence, and the most widely circulated only a penny?—and dares to say that my HOLBEINS and ZUCCHEROS are the works of nameless daubers, that my DE HEERES and VAN SOMERSES are vamps, my MYTENSES and VANDYKES copies; that what I have of genuine is ruined by restoration; that where my pictures represent the right men, they bear the names of the wrong painters, and that where they are authentic works of the master, they don't represent the right men.

Sir, I must own I was not prepared for this sort of impertinence. When I sent my ancestors to South Kensington, I no more expected they would be questioned than I should expect to be interrogated myself if I sent in my name for a *levée* to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. I trust that persons with forefathers—persons of the class to which I have the honour to belong—will be warned by the experience of this year, and that to any future demand of the same kind they will reply, "NO CRITICISM or NO ANCESTORS!"

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

OSRIC ERNULPHUS WALTHER OF REGINALD FITZ-ADAM.

P.S. I enclose a lithograph of my pedigree, with the arms heraldically blazoned, and references to the visitations at which they were verified. We do not claim coat-armour before the Conquest, but we have flints in the family which we have no doubt were borne as arms anterior to the invasion of the Romans, and a sketch in woad, representing a Bret-walda of the first century, to whom we trace back.

"AMONG THE POTS."

MR. DOULTON, M.P., for Lambeth, voted for having the whole Government scheme of Reform before the House at once. American fashion, an "indignation meeting" was held by the lower order of electors, and others, for the purpose of abusing MR. DOULTON, and he was called names for a long time, and is as well as could be expected. Hard words break no pots, as MR. DOULTON, an eminent potter, knows. One snob insinuated that MR. DOULTON voted for EARL GROSVENOR because the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER is a large purchaser of drain pipes. But the feature of the business was a speech by a MR. MURROUGH, an attorney, who was once in the House, and of whom we remember that one of his friends, intending to eulogise his patriotism, said that "MR. MURROUGH's independence might have been exposed to temptation when the Minister was looking out for Mediocrities." But he can be no Mediocrity. Hear what he said—

"It was well known that he had always acted as a friend of MR. FREDERICK DOULTON, but like, he believed, many more of that gentleman's friends, he would rather see him COFFINED and SEPULCHRED than in the position in which his recent conduct had placed him. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Coffined and sepulchred! Elegant man. A common person would have said dead and buried, and a gentleman would have abstained from any such vulgar exaggeration. However, MR. DOULTON is not coffined and sepulchred, and is member for Lambeth, and has received the approbation of sensible constituents. We recommend him by no means to rush into the sepulchre, but to use his brains, as before, and if he thinks the whole Reform scheme a good one, to give it support. Though a potter, he is clearly not potter's clay, but a brick.

NON-INTERVENTION IN EMERGENCIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* animadvert upon the etiquette—law he hopes it is not—"which forbids any chemist to leave his shop, even to render assistance in the most urgent cases where a doctor's services cannot be obtained at a moment's notice." Referring to a sudden seizure of illness which terminated in the death of a lady, he says—

"In the case to which I have alluded, no professional aid could be procured until too late to be available, although four medical men were summoned as early as possible. Two chymists in Oxford Street refused to do more than send for a doctor, notwithstanding they were informed of the pressing need of instant succour. Those around the unfortunate lady did all in their power in the hope of restoring her to consciousness, but unprofessional efforts must be uncertain and often misguided."

It is the profession and business of a chemist and druggist to make and sell medicines, not to practise physic. He must needs know how to prepare sal volatile, and he may have lancets to vend, but he may not know the difference between coma and syncope, and whether a person in a fit requires bleeding or a stimulant. He would render assistance at the peril of the patient—and also at his own. He has before his eyes the possibility of making a fatal mistake, and the horrible fear of a trial in a felon's dock, resulting, at the least, in ruinous law expenses consequent on a verdict of manslaughter returned against him by a British Jury, under the direction of a British Coroner. "Enforce Responsibility"—that is a British maxim. Its necessary correlative, unfortunately, is "Run No Risk."



PARTICULAR TO A HAIR.

Irate Major (to hairy Sub.). "WHEN NEXT YOU COME ON PARADE, SIR, HAVE THE GOODNESS TO LEAVE THOSE CONFOUNDED WEATHER-COCKS BEHIND YOU!"

A SABBATARIAN IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

OUR well-conducted contemporary, the *Hampshire Independent*—a clean country paper, PATERFAMILIAS, which has excluded quack advertisements from its columns, Sir—contains, under the head of "Original Correspondence," a communication from some one who may be supposed to be a Sabbatarian barber, on the subject of "Sunday Shaving and Sunday Trading." MR. STROP, or whoever the artist is that disguises under his epistolary signature, as below, the name whereby he notifies himself in letters over the entrance of the establishment behind his pole, addresses the Editor of the above-named Journal as follows:—

"Sir,—Having seen several letters lately in a contemporary relative to Sunday shaving, I, as one of the trade, could wish that it might be stopped. Surely if a shopkeeper is prohibited from selling provisions, &c., on Sundays, the same law might be applied to my trade; if not the Act of CHARLES THE FIRST is still in existence, and information might be laid, however unpleasant such a course might be, for some people whose whole souls are absorbed in their endeavours to make money at the sacrifice of comfort and health. If one half the attention was paid by the authorities to the shops in my business that is paid to the beer-shops, this evil would soon cease to exist. Trusting you will insert these few lines, I remain, sincerely yours,
"JUSTITIA."

What could possess the professor of shaving, who invokes restriction of the liberty of the razor, to sign himself "JUSTITIA?" Perhaps, unlike his brethren of a former age, having hardly acquired so much as a smattering of Latin, and meaning by Justitia a Justice, he wished to express himself as though in the assumed character of one of the Great Unpaid. Certainly an ignorant, bigoted, and fanatical Magistrate does occasionally do the sort of thing that "JUSTITIA" desires in straining an obsolete statute for the compulsory observance of a pseudo-sabbath. We can well imagine that "JUSTITIA" would like to be a Justice, and have the power to fine and imprison all his brother barbers who shave customers on a Sunday. He writes quite in the spirit of a clerical grandee of the provincial bench; and his neighbours, if they know him, and appreciate him, might subscribe and buy a second-hand shovel-hat for him to wear on Sundays, and on week days to hang out on the end of the tri-coloured symbol inclining, at an angle, from the front of his door-post.

If there is any sort of Sunday work which ought, in a land of any

social and religious liberty, to be exempt from Sunday-law, is it not that of the barber? His customers are, most of them, poor and helpless people, who have no razors to their own cheeks. He is not a TRUEFIT, nor as HONEY and SKELTON. He does not employ a lot of young men who, if he kept his shop open on Sunday, would be plying the scissors, and brushing hair by machinery, when they ought to be in Church, or else on some salutary excursion. The barber, contemplated by "JUSTITIA," does all his work off his own blade. His shaving is simply his own business, which he has a right to mind every day, and any day if he pleases; and there is no reason why he should be punished for minding it in his own way on Sunday. Barbers sacrificing their comfort and health in the endeavour to make money simply abuse a freedom which is the birthright of a Briton. "JUSTITIA," and other barbers, who, whether on sanitary or Sabbatarian grounds, object to Sunday shaving, can, on the other hand, if they choose, by ceasing to practise that operation on Sundays, sacrifice money to health and comfort. At the same time they can, with the self-denial of sincere piety, sacrifice money for conscience-sake. This point is affectionately commended to the consideration of Sabbatarian country barbers, and other small tradesmen, whether of the Low Church persuasion or the Dissenting interest, who want to shut other people's shops up on Sundays as well as their own.

"Another Way."

WHEN lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly,
And warns each man of sense away.
The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

A WORD IN SEASON(ING).

PEPPER's Ghost raps to say that there is one item, at least, in MR. GLADSTONE's Budget which is not to be sneezed at.

VAGUE PEOPLE.



R. PUNCH must have observed a certain class of persons which ought to come under the Vagrant Act, on account of their being wanderers. *Le Juif Errant*, if he be living now, would be a fool to these wanderers. I am speaking of wanderers in conversation; idle, careless people, too idle to rummage up the right word for the right place, too careless to have any sort of regard for the confusion of their auditors, or the possible results of their own laziness. Their save - ourselves - trouble theory is that one word is as good as another, and their defence is a misapplication of SHAKESPEARE'S love-sick observation, viz., that a rose might be called a gasometer, and yet retain its delicious perfume. They have a Vague Dictionary, wherein the words Thingummy, Whatyoumaycallem, Thingummyjig, stand for any substantives, adjectives, or even proper names, and in their Vague Grammar the Personal Pronoun is Whatsitname.

This, the Personal Pronoun of Vagueness, is thus declined:—

	Masc.	Fem.	Neuter.
Nom. Acc.	Whatshisname	Whatshername	Whatsitsname
Gen.	Whatshisname's	Whatshername's	
Dat.	To Whatshisname	To Whatshername	To Thingummy
Voc.	Here, Whatyoumaycallem!		Hi! Thingumbob!
Abl.	With Whatshisname	With Whatshername	From Thingummy

Dual and Plural.

Nom. Acc.	The Thingummies	The Whatsitnames
Gen.	The Thingummies'	The Whatsitnames'
Dat.	To the Thingummies	To the Whatsitnames

Examples.

Nominative and Accusative. Whatshisname wants Whatsitsname. Whatshername likes Whatshisname when he hasn't got whatsitsname.

Gen. Dat. Whatshername gave Whatshisname's whatsitsname to Thingummy. He looked to Thingummy for Whatsitsname.

Voc. Here! Whatyoumaycallem! is Whatshername going from Thingummy with Whatshisname in the Whatsitsname?

Dual and Plural. Whatshername can't sing to those two thingummies with Whatsitsname.

Q. Are the Whatsitnames coming to-night?
A. No, only the Thingummies.

The use of Whatsitsname as a substantive is a little puzzling at first, specially to foreigners. Thus—

Old whatshisname sat on a Thingummy the other day.

Hi! Thingummy, don't you eat my whatsitnames!

There's the Thingummies' whatsitsname going along there.

Sometimes these pronouns are used in the Vague Grammar for proper names, to save the speaker trouble; thus, for example, as an historical fact:—

"Whatshisname first introduced thingummies into whatitsname."

which is merely a simple form of—

"CADMUS first introduced letters into Greece."

In quotations the vague pronoun is used *emphasis gratia et causa tribulam savendi*; thus, from *Macbeth*—

"Is this a thingummy I see before me,
The handle towards my whatsitsname?"

and so on.

This new grammar of Vagueness may possibly come into use in the law courts. It will lessen the Judge's labour, and give rise to endless litigation, which is, to say the least of it, a good thing for the solicitors and barristers, and an encouragement to the framers of our statutes. In the following instance of a judgment delivered according to the new rule, we find one instance of Whatyoumaycallem used as a verb.

"It has been well observed by MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE that it was not upon any such refined thingummy as that of Whatshisname that the

Thingummies have become in our whatsitsname the last whatyoumaycallem of resort. In the case of the *Queen v. Whatshername*, given at great length in *Whatshisname's Reports*, it was distinctly laid down that a Thingummyjig, unable to come to a unanimous whatyoumaycallem, might be lawfully discharged. But this Court, accepting the sound logical reasoning of Chief Justice Thingumbob, must hold that the whatyoumaycallem of a thingummyjig is no bar to a whatsitsname. The thingummy of the Court below is consequently re-whatyoumaycallem'd."

Some of the disciples of the New Vague School have adopted certain set phrases for the better conveyance of various meanings, thus, for example, "All that sort of thing," "etcetera," "and so forth."

Instance.—One of the New Vagrants enters a restaurant's, where he is going to dine. "What'll you take, Sir?" asks the waiter. "Oh, um," says the Vagrant; "some soup, and—er—all that sort of thing." By which he means the ordinary three courses. For such vagrants as these the greatest luxury is a café, where they are charged so much for dinner, including wine, and have not to bother themselves with choosing.

The disciples of the new Vague Grammar are those *flâneurs* whom one meets in the afternoon in Hyde Park, Regent Street, Pall Mall, or Bond Street. Ask them what they are going to do, they don't know. Inquire whither their steps are bent? they cannot tell; saving always that they be not bound for any of the four places above-mentioned, or their Club, when they will be quick enough in giving you the required information.

There is yet much to be said about Vagrants. Anon, anon.

WAGS AT THE OPERA.

MY DEAR GYE,

I CONGRATULATE you heartily upon your new *Norma*. She has not learned to act yet, but what a voice she has, and now well she sings! I think, too, you are quite in luck to have laid hold of little *Lucca*. She is the very pearl of *Marguerites*, which is much the same as calling her the very pearl of pearls. She *has* learned to act; and I scarce know which to praise more—her singing or her acting. Moreover, I especially commend her for her bravery in trampling on the stupid stage tradition that no one can play *Marguerite* unless she wears a wig. It would be a sin to hide such glorious dark hair as pretty *Pauline* has to show, and I really think she shows her sense in showing it. The only fault that I can find with her is for a tendency to overdo the scene in the cathedral; but, with the devil at one's elbow, a little extra nervousness is certainly excusable.

I wish, though, you would tell people not to try and make bad jokes about her name. This they do in the assumption that *Lucca* rhymes with "flooker," and the "judicious HOOKER." The other evening I was sorely vexed by a small wag, who asked me how much lucre you make nightly by your *Lucca*.

People should be taught, too, that the "g" is soft in "*Orgeni*," to stop their cracking jokes about an organ and an "Organny." I suffer a good deal from these imbecile attempts; and a notice in your programmes might serve to put an end to them. A Great Briton, as a rule, knows nothing of Italian, and there are many little Britons who never lose a chance of making a bad pun, if they can somehow see their way to it.

Yours sincerely, my dear GYE,

A SITTER IN THE STALLS.

P.S. I wonder when this season I shall sit through a whole opera, and not hear the joke about re-distributing the seats.

HOMAGE TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

WE have great hopes of SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. It is clear that he reads his *Punch* carefully.

Last year *Mr. Punch* published a "Handbook to the Academy Dinner." In this beautiful article he gave a variety of openings for speeches by Academy guests, who, usually asked because they have nothing to do with art, are puzzled how to begin their addresses. This was one of *Mr. Punch's* suggestions:—

"A Master of Hounds. Tallyho! hoicks; Harkaway! We are all on the same scent, Mr. President, here. The one thing which I think of, and the one thing which you think of, is the Brush. Tallyho! hoicks! Harkaway?"

Hear SIR FRANCIS at the last Academy dinner. In proposing the health of the PRINCE OF WALES, the P.R.A., said—

"His Royal Highness, in his recent visit to Leicestershire, in two very severe runs across the Vale of Belvoir, proved himself to be a first-rate artist in that particular department of art. Since his Royal Highness has proved himself in one sense an artist, may I, if his Royal Highness will forgive my boldness, claim his sympathy for his brother artists of the brush. The 'brush' is an important element in both departments of art, and on the occasion alluded to his Royal Highness most deservedly was presented with 'the brush.' (Cheers.)"

Cheers. We should think so. Bravo, SIR FRANCIS. Continue to study your *Punch*, and nobody can say where you will be one of these days.



A SOFT ANSWER.

Irrascible Old Gent. "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

Waiter. "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS 'OT, SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU 'LL FIND IT 'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"

A SONG FOR THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

THE price of shares was falling fast,
As to the Court of Capel passed
A "Bull," who, straitened in supplies,
Hoped to make money by a rise.
Excelsior!

His hat was cocked: his nose beneath
There gleamed a weed between his teeth;
And gaily, as he walked along,
He hummed a fragment of the song
"Excelsior!"

He found the money market tight,
And "Bulls" were looking black as night;
Yet, heedless of the adverse tone,
He made some bubble shares his own.
Excelsior!

"Buy not a share!" the broker said,
"The market's heavy now as lead:
The road to ruin opens wide."
But he foolhardily replied
"Excelsior!"

"Stay!" said a friend; "the man who'd rest
In bubble schemes, should ne'er invest.
'Twere folly falling shares to buy."
Yet, undeterred, he made reply,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware, if funds still lower fall,
Beware the street of Basinghall!
Think how your prospects it would blight."
Still calmly he replied, "All right:
"Excelsior!"

But when next settling day came round,
The market at its worst he found:
Forced then to sell, he moans his fate.
Be warned, all ye who'd speculate!
Excelsior.

FOR THE HALF HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

If you wanted to draw an Homeric picture of an old bird, in what character would he be best represented?
As a birds' Nestor.

DOWN TO THE DERBY.

DOWN to the Derby, in my roundabout sort of a way.
Be in time! Be in time! You shall see what you shall see.
Strange things!

Never seen before, and which you never will—not if you live to be as old as the National Debt—ever see any more (till the next time).

Look to the right, my noble sportsmen! Look to the right!

See the Ladies—charming Ladies! "Bless 'em!" say I. They start late, but they go rapid. Yes, fast is the pace, and they like it.

See old BULLOCK, as fast as they—and faster: never disconsolate at high prices, and only afraid of making his fortune too soon! Down he drives his "Missus" in the lightest of carts.

See the Bull-dogs in the donkey-cart, chaffing the Butcher, and Butcher don't care! "Cattle Plague!" say they. "Fight shy of Bobbies!" says he, passing the horse which does not stop for "M'sieur," and only pulling up for a quarter of a second to look at the ingenious Cad who takes the little boys' advice to heart, and gets "inside."

See where the Swells have got so very much outside, that how they got up, and why they don't tumble down, is a caution to most!

More Ladies—bless 'em!

See the "Wan!" A Greengrocer and a nine-gallon cask of beer, a Clerk and a Milliner, a Counter-Jumper and a Jumpress, a Baker and SARAH JANE, an Old Lady, a Barber, a large stone bottle of Gin, a Volunteer, much food in various baskets, et cetera.

See the Pigeon-pie, for it is off on wheels, and the pigeons a-top. young Ragamuffins a cartwheeling behind; in front, the great, the glorious, and the well-be-known hamper from FORTNUM & MASON'S, with all the trussed dicky-birds displaying on the lid!

See the grand show of veils on the trap! The Coster's wife don't want the Swell's champagne: hasn't she a bottle of beer, and her old man to help her drink it?

See the Geese, the Geese, the merry little Geese, after the Donkeys in their trap, merry little trap!

More pedestrians besides Geese.

The Tinker, the Tailor, the Soldier, the Sailor, the Apothecary or Ginger-Beer Merchant, the Plough Boy, and the Thief.

See the thorough-bred Lobster pulling down the dry champagne in a basket-carriage! Well, to be sure!

See the Dolls, the little Dolls, wooden Lemons, pinless Cushions, milkless Cocoa-Nuts, and "all the fun of the fair!"

Whence and wherefrom?

From out of the hole in the Stick-man's sack.

Three sticks a penny, and old "Aunt Sal" once again. And the Gipsies and the Rabble, the Niggers with their gabble, the Shoeblacks and the Brushers, the Prigs wot fear the Crushers, Acrobats and Cockney Snob; all that make a Derby mob!

See the fancy Scales—the Scales that weigh the Derby Jocks! Beam, Balance, Standard and Chain, Whip, Jockey Caps, Winning-Post, and Bridles, to be sure!

See all the Swells who are not crushed under the Winning-Post, a-swallowing it like mad after GRIMSHAW and his lad!

See the ton weight that can't weigh down the Riders! for the Swells have got 'em there—all sorts, sizes, and colours. In sacks full have they got 'em. LAGRANGE, on the balance, has pinned them through like butterflies. Will he lend one to my noble Lord? Not he!

We began at the end—and we end at the beginning.

See DORLING THE GREAT—in full fig too! Far and wide he scatters his "krekt cards;" but why they change into winning horses, wherefore the Prophet catcheth one, and whence the Reporter sticketh his pen through the other, knoweth no man. Sufficient for the day—

St. Paul's has trotted down with the Monument.

Punch has patronised a Rantone.

Punch has run a race.

Punch has won.

Punch has said—

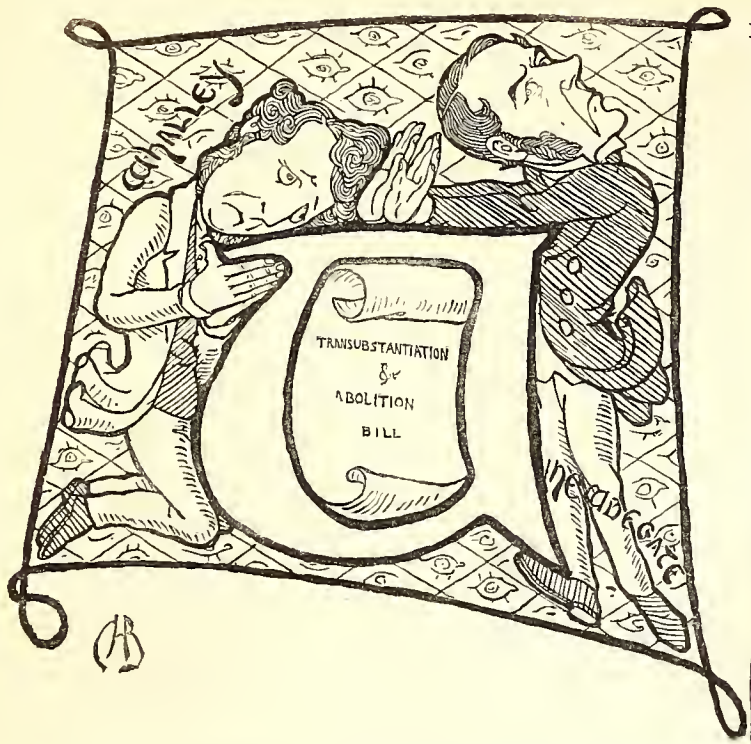
YOUR LUNATIC.

WHEN the PRINCESS MARY is married, what Institution in London should be under her especial patronage? The Royal Polly-Teck-nic.



DOWN TO THE DERBY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NAWARE whether LORD RUSSELL wishes to enact *Macduff* (we have no idea that the PREMIER is addicted to amateur theatricals, but he is a dramatic author), we hint that he may address LORD DERBY thus:—

"Thou hast it now, Bills, Franchise, Grouping, all That the weird GLADSTONE promised. And I fear Thou'lt play most foully with it."

On this Monday (May 7) the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced the Re-Distribution Bill. Here be its features, and they be what *Touchstone* calls "simple features":—

1. We Disfranchise No Place.
2. We take away one Member from the little boroughs which at present have two Members.
3. We group together other little boroughs, in braces, or leashes.
4. Thus we obtain Forty-nine Seats.
5. Now, we have to give away these seats. For we are not going to alter the number of Members in the House of Commons, but preserve the mystic 658?
6. We give Twenty-six Members to the English Counties.
7. We give a third Member to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham, and a second to Salford.
8. We split the Tower Hamlets, which get, therefore, two new Members.
9. We make Chelsea *cum* Kensington into a borough, with two.
10. We give the University of London one.
11. We give six thus. One each to Burnley, Staleybridge, Hartlepool, Middlesborough, Dewsbury, and Shrimpton, equally well known as Gravesend.
12. We give the other Seven to Scotland, thus:—One each to the counties of Ayr, Aberdeen, and Lanark; one each to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, and one to the Scotch Universities.
13. We do not give Ireland any new Members, but by some grouping we obtain three seats, which we give to the City of Dublin, the County of Cork, and the Queen's University.

That is the Government scheme. Scotch and Irish Reform Bills were brought in by the LORD ADVOCATE and MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE. In *Scotland* we reduce the borough franchise from £10 to £7, as we propose to do in England, and to reduce the occupation franchise in counties from £50 to £14. The first process will add 26,000 Scotchmen to the register, of whom a third are working men. The second will about double the county constituency. We reduce Scotland's property franchise from £10 to £5. In *Ireland* we shall not alter the County constituencies, but shall reduce the borough franchise from £8 to £6.

The brief debate was not interesting. There were certain prompt grumbings on details, and MR. DISRAELI affected to be displeased that MR. GLADSTONE had not at once stated when and how he meant to go on with the Bills. He was soon answered if not satisfied, for MR. GLADSTONE said that he should propose to proceed on the next Monday, and added that he meant to go on until the Reform question should be settled one way or the other. If the House liked a short adjournment, to meet again in Game time, well and good, but the QUEEN would not be advised to Prorogue until the Bills should be passed, or the Cabinet floored.

Now the Conservatives have to make up their minds whether they will damage the Bill (as no doubt their large numbers enable them to do) or so delay it, or let it pass by so small a majority, that the Lords may be able to plead a justification for rejecting it; or whether they will accept a not very revolutionary measure as a settlement of a question which must always be awfully in their own way when they want to take office. They will be good enough to consider that the country wishes the matter settled, and is not as yet exactly rampant and raging for the return of LORD DERBY and his friends to power, an event, moreover, which will not necessarily follow the resignation of LORD RUSSELL and his friends. *Mr. Punch*, the Great Arbiter, now assumes the seat of dignity, and bids the heralds give the signal.

As Europe appears to be going to war, it occurred to the EARL OF CADOGAN to ask whether our Government had done, or was doing anything, to prevent such a catastrophe. It is a curiously English fact that all the tremendous armaments and complications, which threaten to set a million and a half of Prussians, Austrians, and Italians at the work of slaughter, had scarcely received notice in Parliament. EARL CLARENDON said that the newspapers and telegrams kept everybody as well informed on such matters as the Government, that the Powers knew that England desired peace, but that she stood Alone, and it was useless to tender offices that were not wished for. England should, if possible, be kept out of war. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLYFFE thought that we might do much. LORD GREY discovered that England had caused the war by non-interference to assist Denmark. The EARL OF DERBY said that the Government had distinctly declared Germany to be a robber, and that it had sent braggadocio despatches to VON BISMARCK, who defied us, and then we had abandoned our ally. EARL RUSSELL defended himself, and said that Denmark had been originally in the wrong, and would not take our advice until too late. Decidedly, LORD

PUNCH thinks, the tone of this aristocratic discussion was unworthy the important theme.

Tuesday. Honourable mention was made in the Lords touching the SHAH OF PERSIA, who has not only forbidden persecution of the Nestorian Christians there, but has given them £100 to build a church, his Prime Minister adding £50. A polite recognition of his Majesty's liberality has been sent to him by Government. He is clearly the Oriental spoken of by COWPER—

"A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,
Who though devout, yet bigotry had none."

We may add that LORD CLARENDON's easy going theology scandalised the BISHOP OF OXFORD, who begged to repudiate the Foreign Minister's notion that the Nestorians hold the same faith as the Church of England. We thought that every Sunday School child of six years old knew that NESTORIUS, the Syrian heresiarch taught antihypostaticism, and would not call ST. MARY, THEOTOKOS, but only CHRISTOTOKOS, and that he was thought, by the friends of EUSEBIUS, of Dorylæum, to have been confuted by that person, besides being condemned by the General Council of Ephesus under the EMPEROR THEODOSIUS. LORD CLARENDON had better call on us.

"Victoria, Victoria, the Monster is slain!" *Mr. Punch* bursts into this chorus from the *Magic Flute*, in honour of the total defeat of the Imperial Gas Company, who wanted to poison Victoria Park. Led by the gallant MR. TITE (henceforward to be called TITUS, the Delight of Mankind in the E district), the Commons trampled the Bill in the dust. Miss COURTS's splendid fountain broke forth with a fuller flow at the news, and the House patted its own head, at having for once, avoided the habit, sternly pointed out by MR. GLADSTONE, of jobbing for interests. But we learn from MR. JOHN PLUMMER, the Northamptonshire poet, now of London, of whom we make "honourable mention" for his energy against the gas, that we must not halloo before we are out of the Park. There is a Chartered Gas Company which threatens as much mischief as the other. He hopes that it will be vigorously opposed. What in the name of windbaggery are the Oriental Members about? We hope not to have to follow up this hint by a Shine.

MR. HANKEY made an excellent speech about the Water Supply of London, but Government is disinclined to move, alleging that in another year our water-supply will be constant. Yes, but the quality? Well, we shall have it from Severn Head instead of New River Head, some day. Posterity, make a note in the margin of this page when the Plinlimmon tap shall be turned on solemnly, by some King of England.

MR. GLADSTONE brought in a Bill to settle the Church Rate question. He proposes that there shall be no legal compulsion to pay the Rate, but that those who decline to pay shall have no power in church matters, unless they recant, and, we presume, do penance in a damp sheet of the *Nonconformist*.

On the debate on the Bill for relieving two great Irish functionaries from the necessity of declaring their ideas about Transubstantiation—not exactly a necessary prelude to ordinary business—MR. NEWDEGATE made a sudden and astounding attack on MR. WHALLEY, whose Protestantism, and indeed whose having any religion at all, his castigator more than doubted. MR. O'BEIRNE very aptly said, that he and other Catholics were much indebted to such a speaker as MR. WHALLEY, and certainly never thought of answering him. MR. WHALLEY, not being allowed either to speak or sing, proclaimed his extreme piety in the *Times* next day.

Wednesday. Sporting news. FERRAND (roarer) was scratched at 1.30. In other words

both he and his colleague were ejected from their seats for Devonport. A Bill for preventing uncertificated Beast-Doctors from calling themselves Veterinary Surgeons was read a Second Time. Then we got our heads into Irish Chancery, and fibbed away till a quarter to 6.

Thursday. The great firm of OVEREND AND GURNEY went down, an event too important not to be noted here; much more will be heard of it. By a curious coincidence, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced a new Bankruptcy Bill. It is a large measure, and its deadliest foe declares that it evinces a desire to deal completely with the subject. It abolishes imprisonment for debt, except in special cases. We imagine that certain vested interests will give it fierce opposition. It was read a Second Time.

Friday. The Lords talked of Irish land tenure, and EARL DERBY said that the real difficulty of the case was the idea of tenants that they have an indefeasible right to the land. Some of them actually bequeath it by will. He was, however, for indemnifying a tenant for any unexhausted improvement.

This was the day of the great Panic in the City. The "Men of Business" frantic. At night MR. GLADSTONE was asked whether he had suspended the Bank Charter Act. He had not. Later, he announced that he had received such representations as had induced the Government at once to signify to the Bank that sanction should be obtained for any acts which might be necessary to meet the situation.

We had a disagreeable debate about the aged Irish Judge LEFROY, who clings, at ninety-two, to an office for which it really appears that he is only at intervals qualified. SIR ROBERT PEEL was particularly Bobbish in the discussion, and both SIR GEORGE GREY and the SPEAKER had to take him in hand, and suggest proprieties. MR. HUDDLESTONE had to fight his Hop-Cheating Bill to the last, but won. In Estimates we had some pleasant talk about rifle-shooting, Presbyterians, and biscuits; and MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS thought we were charged too much for "Collar Fees" for Princes who are made Knights of Orders. The prices for clean collars do seem high, and PRINCE CHRISTIAN may probably have thought them extravagant.

Punch's Derby Prophecy.

Hic sumus rursus, et quomodo estis cras? Or, to use other words, *Ici nous sommes encore, et comment vous portez-vous demain?* Brethren, I meet you in the Temple of Prophecy under remarkable conditions. Conditions here do not mean stipulations, but circumstances. They are circumstances which resemble your admirable wives, for they are things over which you have no control. Here is Europe going to war on a tremendous scale. Here are four Reform Bills ready to play *le Diable à Quatre* with Parliament. Here has the great house of OVEREND gone overhead with such a crash as has never been known in London. Yet, as I have already remarked, here we are again, and all agog for the Derby. And quite right too. If staying away from Epsom would prevent war, carry Reform, and reinstate credit, or do any one of these things, the man who would refuse to countermand his carriage would be something whom it would be base flattery to call something else. But as it is, I would observe, with the Poet-Laureate, "Let us have our Dream to-day," and to-morrow will do for the Night Mares. *Redeunt spectacula mane.*

Night Mares naturally suggest Horses. From Ephialtes to Epsom. You wish, brethren, for that Derby Prophecy, the perusal of which has been, I believe, for years, the great charm of the Derby Day. You desire that remarkable *olla podrida* of wit, whim, wisdom, vigilance, and wittuperation, which is a more savoury repast than the best pie from MORTNUM & FASON'S. My brethren—in which word I include sisters (whom, indeed, I much prefer)—there is a Shadow upon the Brow of the Seer, and he takes his second-sight at you with a pensive face. For the wind, even the east wind, hath blown upon the earth, and the rains have descended, and what are patent leather boots and a Siphonia? From the sparkling halls of mirth and from the bright presence of beauty, he descended one night into the cold and raging street, and there was not a blessed cab to be got for abuse or money. He "fled away into the storm," like the lovers on the Eve of St. Agnes. Between public events and private sneezing, he is saddened, not to say sulky, and you call upon him to assume the magic robe, and vaticinate elegant. He would rather weep. One who hopelessly remembers, Cannot bear a festive sight, He would rather watch the embers Of the weed he now doth light. But his life has been one of self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. Have it your own way.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (a novelist, young ladies, of the last generation) has said:—

"Look not thou on beauty's charming
Sit thou still when kings are arming:
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens:
Speak not when the people listens:
Shut thine ear against the singer:
From the red gold keep thy finger:
Peaceful, heart, and hand, and eye,
Ask no Derby prophecy."

Now, it wants no prophet to predict, brethren, that you will, on the Derby Day, fly in the face of the entire advice of SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet. You will look on beauty's charming, will stare into the broughams on the hill, and will probably get occasionally and deservedly checked in return for that attention. Kings are arming, but instead of sitting still and studying maps and telegrams, you will be cutting

about from eight in the morning till anything at night, deducting only the brief session for lunch. As for not tasting when the wine-cup glistens, you know all about that, and may your headaches on Thursday be blessed to you. You will speak whether people are listening or not, specially bellowing during the finish, though everybody can see as well as you can what is happening, and though your information is by no means wanted. So far from shutting your ears against the singer, you will call the mass of gipsy effrontery to the side of the carriage, and reward her Theresa ditties with silver, while for the Red Gold you will have your finger on it all day, and precious stupid bets you will make with it, beside laying out much in other disadvantageous ways. You will be anything but peaceful, your heart will be excited to extra action by champagne and betting, your hand will shake next day, and your eye will be full of the dust of the roads, and will not have recovered its comfort before the end of the week. But all this you know as well as I do. Go to, therefore, and let us overhaul the horses.

But really, brethren, when I do come to overhaul those animals, they kindle in me little of that poetic enthusiasm with which I have been wont to gild the Cockney festival until it shone like the Eleusinian Mysteries—I mean the Olympic Games. Why should I enumerate those costly beasts, and offer sportive epigrams on their names, that I may conserve the memory of the creatures long after they shall have become canine and feline nutriment? It were easy (for is it not done by sporting writers of the most limited liability in regard to intellect?) to talk of Redan rhyming to Sedan, and resembling it in having four living legs. We might say that Stabber would be a sticker; that the Bribery Colt should not have our vote; that Blue Riband was a K.G., or can't go; that Ceylon reminded us of double difficulty rather than of single-ease; that a man must be half-mooney to back Knight of the Crescent; that Vespasian was more an ancient Roman than a Danebury; that *de Auguste-ibus non est disputandum*, and that we should not like to drive him in a tandem—come, my beloved brethren, is this sort of thing worthy of men who live in the days of MILL, and CARLYLE, and TUPPER? *Majora canamus.*

There are two recondite quotations (recondite, young officers and the like, means abstruse) which seem to bear upon two horses of eminence. One of these quotations is—

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis."

Supposing that *Rustic* should pursue his namesake's course of conduct, and should wait while the flood of horses rushes by, I am inclined to think that he will not be in the enviable position of Winner of the Derby. For though we know that the world is to him who knows how to wait, especially if he understands the Carlylian duty of Eternal Silence, and is in fact a Dumb Waiter, there is such a thing as waiting too long, as servants often do, apparently with malice, when you want them to get out of the room that you may converse freely. At the same time, if our friend *Rusticus*, at the mildly conveyed suggestion of our friend CANNON, should only wait just long enough to see what sort of a river he has beside him, and then, like the steed of *Mazeppa*,

"The wild horse swims the wilder stream,"

cleaving his way to a front place and keeping it, I am far from saying that he will be far from winning. All depends on judgment, a little on skill, everything on luck, and the rest on endurance.

But I must again revert to SIR WALTER SCOTT, who has declared in ringing verses—

"Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms;
SIR DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms."

The Mount on the present occasion is, while I speak, in some doubt, but I do not think that SIR DAVID LINDSAY will mount first, because I do not see any such baronet in DOD, or WALFORD, and secondly, because it is not usual for British barts to ride for the Derby. But *Lord Lyon's* name is in high account, and when high accounts come to be settled I think it probable that the above verse will have charms for any sporting gentleman who has the wit to understand it. Decidedly the other horses must not be accused of sloth, though they see a lion in the path. He may be Leo the First. A zodiacal sign is in his favour. But to win he must be more than a King at Arms, he must be a King at Legs.

Brethren, be wise. I have done my second-sight, and I have peeped through the blanket of the dark. I have projected my mind into futurity. Tear the Veil. It is Torn. The pale stars of the morn shine on a Prophecy fearless of scorn. I give victory to one of the

FAVOURITES,

but I take The Field for my Cockboat. And it is my belief and conviction that the winner will be found in one of the sections which, following the constitutional example of my LORD RUSSELL, I have thus grouped together. May you be fortunate in following the advice of the only true prophet

PUNCH.

Advice to Austria.

WOULD Austria but Venetia yield,
She'd gain a friend to back her;
Then Prussia, single in the field,
Would never dare attack her.
What can't be kept long, KAISER, cede
To Italy the sunny.
Then take in Germany the lead;
What's called the "hegemony."

A PROPHECY FOR THE ADELPHI.—The *Fast Family* will "run."



MRS. FRUMMAGE'S BIRTHDAY DINNER-PARTY.

Mrs. F. ("coming from behind the Screen, sneakin' just like her"). "THERE! OH YOU GOODFORNOTHING BOY, NOW I'VE FOUND YOU OUT. HOW DARE YOU TOUCH THE WINE, SIR?"

Robert. "PLEASE 'M, I WAS—I WAS ONLY JUST A GOIN' TO WISH YOURS AN' MASTER'S VERY GOOD 'EALTH 'M!"

AT THE COUNCIL FIRE.

LET us bury the hatchet that all have been throwing;
Let us bring forth the wampum, of yarns woven long;
The short-cut of facts, twist of figures so knowing,
In the pipe of peace put them, and pass it along.
With the calumet, thus, while the young braves' are busy,
Their war-paint washed off, doft the war-path's attire,
Let GLADSTONE, great chief, and great medicine-man, DIZZY,
Take their seats, cheek by jowl, at the same council fire.

Give up picking holes, and combine for their suture
In the frame of the Bill, that lies stopping the way
From the House of the Past, to the House of the Future,—
'Tis a work must be done ere M.P.'s can go play;
Of defiance and difference sink the whole boiling,
And the wits spent on these in the crucible fling
Wherein Parliamentary alchemy's toiling
Reform to transmute from a Thought to a Thing.

Be it GLADSTONE's to give to it scope and dimension,
By his Faith and his Hope—and his Charity too;
While DIZZY combines, for its lat'ral extension,
The clay of a Squire with the brain of a Jew.
Let BRIGHT's power of passion be called into action,
Though it bring us Democracy's level and line;
And let GENERAL PEEL, for true-blues' satisfaction,
With the new dough the old Tory leaven combine.

Let our MILL grind us out his philosophy's harvest,
And afterwards riddle the grain from the chaff;
While thou, BOB LOWE, nonsense with wit's keen edge carvest,
And still choppest logic, though seeming to laugh.

Bring, STANLEY, thy coolness, bring, CRANBOURNE, thy acid—
Chili vinegar, surely, the mixture must be—
Show, MANNERS, how breeding, high-polished and placid,
With TOM HUGHES and the working-man creed can agree.

Bend all o'er the furnace, give all, of your metals,
Much pinchbeck, more tin, some gold, silver, and brass:
Stir the mass till well mixed, bate the fire as it settles—
'Tis betwixt hot and cold that blows-up come to pass.
Till out of the blending of various orders,
As erst from fused treasures of Corinth's burnt fanes,
Shall run, to the edge of still widening borders,
A mixed metal, finer than aught it contains.

Yes—'tis JOHN BULL's high task—stubborn brute though they
To show to the world how to weld old and new: [call him—
Let him feel but the need, the task will not appal him,
To find *what's* to be done, and the right men to do:
Sew new stuff on old clothes, put new wine in old bottles,
Graft new shoots on old stocks, and yet come to no ill,
Work a logic that leaves on one side ARISTOTLE's,
And what France does with barricades do with a Bill.

"Things not Generally Known."

THAT the natural element of Anchovies is oil.
That a butcher's shop in Paris is sometimes called an Hôtel de Veal.
The amount of Champagne drunk by hiring waiters at an evening party.
Where one's pocket-handkerchiefs go to.
What becomes of the stamps received as change in lieu of coppers.
The ultimate destination of pins, needles, and elastic bands.
Of "Things not generally known," the best example would be
"The Lancers."



THE DARK HORSE.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT WILL THAT 'DARK HORSE,' NAPOLEON, DO?"



RATHER 'CUTE.

Small but Sharp Passenger. "LOOK HERE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT CHANGE JUST NOW!"

Clerk. "TOO LATE, SIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR TICKET!"

Passenger. "SHOULD I? WELL, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME; BUT YOU GAVE ME HALF-A-SOVEREIGN TOO MUCH! TA-TA!" [Exit.]

RACY INTELLIGENCE.

CUPID'S CUP.

A MORE spirited contest than that which yesterday resulted in *Barrister* winning the Fanny Foxlove Stakes, we have not witnessed at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for many a fine day. Again have the Prophets to sigh over their losses, the winner being an outsider, and the favourite, *Lord Faddle*—nowhere. At starting the odds were: 2 to 1 on *Lord Faddle*, 3 to 1 against the *Cornet*, 5 to 1 against *Ironmaster*, 20 to 1 against *College Don*, 50 to 1 against *Barrister*, 100 to 1 against the *Littleborough Mayor*, and 1000 to 1 against *Count Glossylox*.

The Fanny Foxlove Stakes, value £20,000, with a pony phaeton added by her godpapa.

Along the course, which never did run smooth, *Lord Faddle* took the lead, closely followed by *Ironmaster*, and flanked by *College Don*, *Count Glossylox* hanging behind, and *Barrister* cautiously waiting for an opening to show his head. It was soon seen, however, that *Lord Faddle* had been overrated, and though he looked remarkably well in a cab, he had never distinguished himself out of the rank. *Ironmaster* had sterling metal in him, but his ugly temper made his staunchest supporters tremble. As for *College Don*, though his previous performances were respectable, having in 1844 carried off the £10,000 Widow Stakes, he was now too heavily saddled (with five small grandchildren) for this race, though he made way by degrees with professional bookmakers. The *Cornet* looked a promising colt, but had not cut his wisdom teeth, and stood in need of a curb. The *Littleborough Mayor* was in fine condition, but had on more than one occasion over a long course shown himself a bolter. *Count Glossylox* was a favourite last summer at Hampton, where he ran for the Ladies' Plate (with strawberries in it); but his pedigree being apocryphal, the odds were very

much against him. *Barrister*, with his splendid form and powerful action, carried his admirers completely off their legs, and though closely pressed by *Ironmaster*, succeeded in winning cleverly by a head.

Order of the race:—

<i>Barrister</i>	1
<i>Ironmaster</i>	2
<i>College Don</i>	3
<i>The Cornet</i>	0
<i>Count Glossylox</i>	0
<i>Lord Faddle</i>	0

The *Littleborough Mayor* bolted soon after starting, and never halted till he reached his crib at the Mansion House.

Remarks:—This race is suggestive of some serious reflections, not to betting men alone, but to better men than any included in that category. *College Don* showed many good points and only one conspicuous drawback; viz., too great an extension of the jaw. *Ironmaster* had a few days before lost his balance in trying to clear a Bank, and was thereby severely weakened. *Barrister's* success must be ascribed entirely to his having the longest head—it was that alone which enabled him to carry off the cup—and we might add the saucer of Beauty and Bliss. *Ver. sap.*

German Dietary Intelligence.

AN important telegram from Stuttgart announces that:—

"HERR VON WIEDERHOLD, the Minister of War, has resigned. He is succeeded by GENERAL HARDEGG."

Let us hope that the noble army of Württemberg will find itself able to support HARDEGG's yoke.

FRESH AIR!

OR, VICTORIA PARK PRESERVED.

Good people all, both great and small,
A bumper, everywhere,
To Parliament fill that threw out the Bill
For robbing poor men of fresh air.
For I own I likes fresh air,
I loves a breath of fresh air;
And dim their eyes whenever they tries
To rob a poor man of fresh air.

Some people thinks gasometer stinks,
Is respiration fair;
But I'll always contend, to my life's end,
That there's nothing to breathe like fresh air.
For I own, &c.

The health of men cyanogen
And hydrogen impair.
Whenever my chest with sitch is opprest,
I wish it was all fresh air.
For I own, &c.

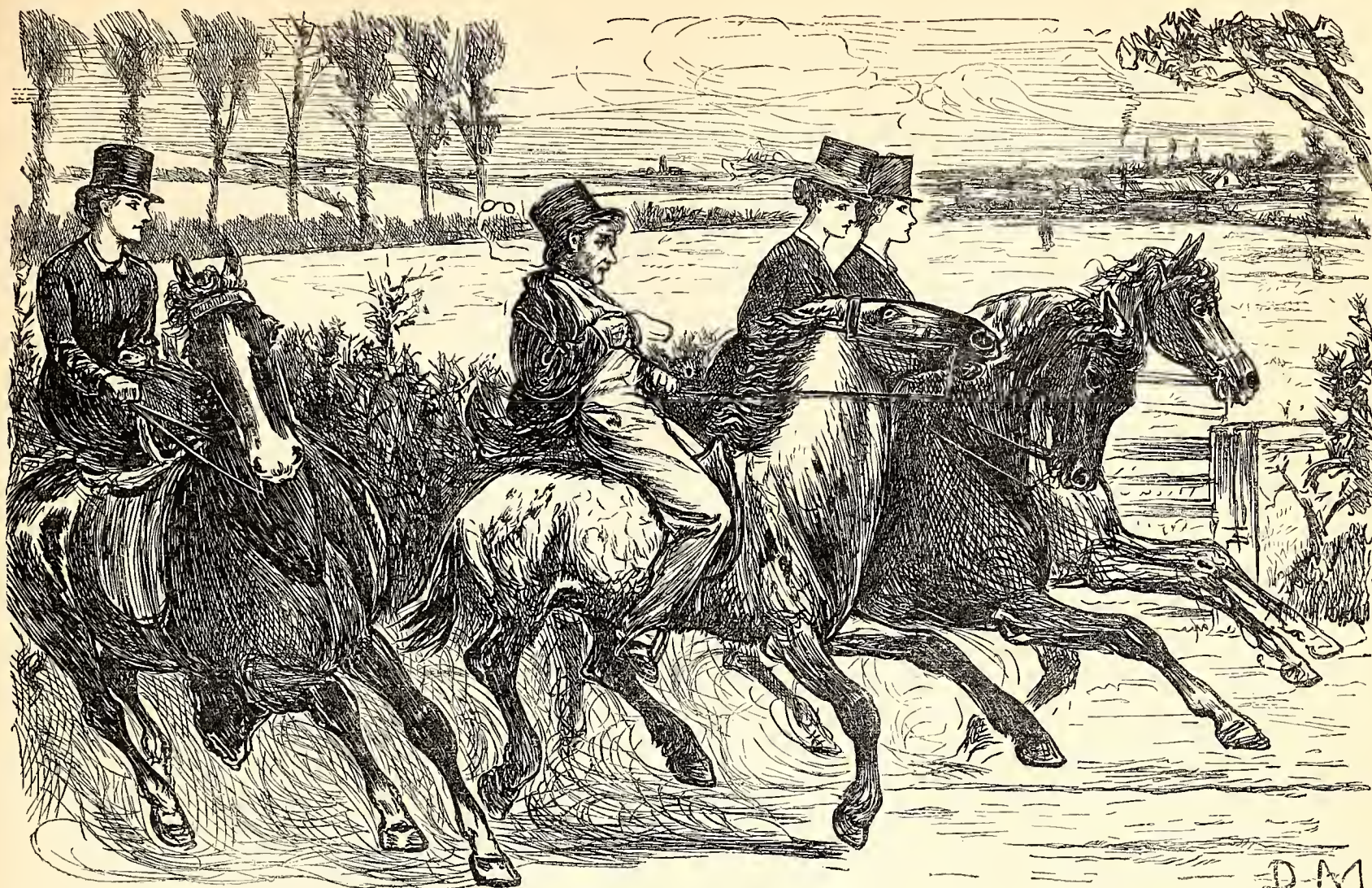
Sulphureous fumes the lungs consumes,
And burns the trees all bare;
But I always find both body and mind
The better for good fresh air.
For I own, &c.

O! 'Tis my delight on a holiday bright
In Victoria Park to fare;
Where MOLL and I, with little 'uns by,
Resorts for a breath of fresh air.
For I own, &c.

MOLL read the news we was to lose
The good of our walking there;
I could smoke my pipe but not eat my tripe
If the gas-works had pisoned the air.
For I own, &c.

Of all things thirst isn't quite the worst;
There's one that's as hard to bear:
Which is want of breath, being stifled to death,
Like them as is robbed of fresh air.
For I own, &c.

Let companies shape their projects to scrape
Up wealth, and dividends share.
But dim their eyes whenever they tries
To rob a poor man of fresh air.
For I own, &c.



A PREDICAMENT.

JONES HIS AGONY, WHEN HIS NOBLE STEED INSISTED ON JOINING A PARTY OF OTHER NOBLE STEEDS, ALL STRANGERS; VERY MUCH TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THEIR FAIR RIDERS.

HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM not going to prophesy or give you the tip. I am neither "AUGUR," or "ARGUS," "VATES," or "HARKAWAY." I do not execute commissions or make selections. I request no stamps, stamped envelopes, post office orders, or crossed cheques. I cannot put you up to a good thing or throw light on a "dark" horse.

Despite, however, these drawbacks, I dare to send you a few humble reflections on the names of the principal competitors for the Derby, the greatest of all the May meetings, hoping they may serve to fill up pauses in conversation, should any occur, between HUBERT and HILDA, between ALGERNON and ALICE, or any other well dressed and good looking couple who may meet and pair, and have extensive transactions in six-and-a-quarters on Wednesday, the 16th inst.

So attend, HUBERT and ALGERNON, CLAUD and MONTAGUE, for a few swift moments.

Lord Lyon.—First carefully eradicate from the feminine mind any preconceived notion that the favourite is called *Lord Lyons* after a gallant Admiral or a distinguished Ambassador. Do this diplomatically, and then give a glowing account, which you can say you derive from the *Herald*, of Caledonia's King-at-Arms, concluding with an expression of regret that as there is already one LORD LYONS, it will be impossible for SIR EDWIN LANDSEER to be raised to the peerage under that title when he has completed his leonine models for Trafalgar Square.

Should the favourite win the day, and, what MR. SUTTON will much prefer, the stakes, be ready instantly with your little jokes about his horse being the *Lyon* of the day, and himself taking the *Lyon's* share, and when the panting courser returns to his stable after the race, remark that he was regularly *Lyonised*, &c., &c.

Rustic.—You will not fail to announce that this horse is largely backed by MR. DISRAELI and the country party; and when deep in the hamper, and fairly acquainted with the Cup that cheers, ask the following exquisite riddle,—Why is the seat of *Rustic's* ducal owner like an encaustic tile with a flaw in it?—Because it is Bad-Minton. (N.B. MR. MINTON makes encaustic tiles.)

Blue Riband.—You are warned, under the heaviest penalties, not to make the most distant allusion to the Derby being "the Blue Ribbon, &c." As compensation, you may, if you like, say you have been given to understand, but are free to confess your disbelief in the report, that LORD ST. LEONARDS is joint owner with the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS of this horse.

Vespasian.—Sit up the night before reading PINNOCK, for you are sure to be questioned about this name. Answer that *Vespasian* was an elderly Roman Emperor who crossed the Rubicon, shouting at the head of the tenth legion *Veni, vidi, vici* (translate pithily), found Rome of brick, and left it of marble, and laid, with masonic honours, the foundation stone of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park. With reference to the conversion of Rome, and the change in its building materials, quote HANNAH MORE's lines, commencing,

"Rome! Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been."

Bribery Colt.—About this horse all I can suggest to you to hint is, your hope that his jockey will not lose his seat.

Knight of the Crescent.—At the end, not the beginning, of the hamper before referred to, you might, in reply to queries, answer that you knew nothing about *Knight of the Crescent*, but were intimately acquainted with DAY in the Square.

Monarch of the Glen.—Look at somebody's beautiful colour, and say you know a greater dear.

Maori Chief.—If this horse should get a place, tell everybody that LORD MACAULAY's New Zealander from London Bridge was present, positively for the last time, to witness the triumph of his country over fallen Britain.

KNOTT A. LYTE WAYTE.

Bless Her!

AN American young lady was reading *Don Quixote*, and came to the place where the fellow, whom the *Don* prevented from beating the lad, promised to pay the latter's wages in "perfumed money." "You see he only owed the boy some cents," said the lovely Columbian.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

EVERYBODY ought to have a partial, if unable to obtain a thorough, knowledge of the manufacture of the ordinary articles of nourishment in daily use among us. For instance, a young lady should be ready, at a pinch, to make a tart, a pie, bread, butter, and other luxuries. A bachelor should be handy with his needle and thread, and a married man should be able to do a carpenter's work, dexterously.

In order to excite generous emulation among all classes of our readers, we will now proceed to show the result of a few examinations instituted extemporaneously during meal-times. Paterfamilias, if he is well posted up in these matters himself,—and he can “cram” while shaving,—will find these instructive breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners the nearest thing to the classic symposia, or the schools of the ancient philosophers. The attempt to introduce a dish of instruction, under a cover of any sort, at breakfast, is not entirely free from some domestic difficulties, as will be seen in our first Breakfast Lecture on Butter.

No. 1.

Paterfamilias. MARY, dear, give me some butter.

[While his daughter is engaged, with the butter-knife, PATERFAMILIAS commences.

Paterfamilias. You know how butter is made?

Mary (readily, not wishing to be bothered). Oh yes, 'Pa.

Brother Tom (from School). I'll bet she don't.

Paterfamilias (reprovingly). Tom! You will not “bet;” and you will say “does not” instead of “don't.”

Brother (unabashed). Well, she doesn't, though.

Paterfamilias (to Tom). Then how is butter made?

Tom (triumphantly). Why from the cow, of course.

Mary (depreciating her Brother). That's very clever.

Paterfamilias (running into rhyme, unconsciously). Made from the cow : yes. But how?

Tom (making a desperate shot). Well, the milkman goes and stirs it up in a bowl—(Sees MARY laughing. To her)—Yes, it is. (Contemptuously) Well you don't know.

Paterfamilias (reprovingly to Tom). “Don't” again!

[It suddenly strikes him that he has made a grammatical error this time himself.

Tom (correcting himself). Well, “doesn't.” (To his Sister.) You doesn't know.

Paterfamilias (mildly, feeling that he has been wrong). When I said you mustn't use “don't,” I meant in certain instances, as for inst—(corrects tautology and substitutes “example”)—as for example, you should say “you do not,” not “you doesn't;” and “he does not,” not “he don't.” (Is satisfied with his own explanation, especially as he sees MRS. MATERFAMILIAS drinking in the words of wisdom silently.) Now, how is butter made, MARY?

Mary (pettishly). Oh, from the cow, and churned.

Paterfamilias (to Ellen, aged sixteen, nearly two years older than Mary). What do you say, ELLEN?

Ellen. Oh, Papa, I don't know. (Laughs pleasantly.) I recollect learning something about it once. (Carelessly.) Let me see, it's churned, and skimmed, and put in a dairy—

Tom (coming in with a new idea). And baked.

Mary (suddenly thinking she has recollected all about it). And you let it stand till it's eold.

[All three are perfectly satisfied, and resume their breakfast.

Paterfamilias (beginning to feel a little uncertain as to his own facts). Upon my word, MARGARET (to his wife), they ought to know these things.

Materfamilias (in self-defence). Then, my dear, why don't you tell them?

Tom (sharply). I say, Papa, Ma said “don't.”

Paterfamilias (remonstrating, with touching dignity). There, my dear, you really should be more careful. You heard me just now telling—

Materfamilias (petulantly). Oh, I can't be bothered with such trash.

Paterfamilias (foreseeing that the value of his authoritative instruction will be seriously injured). Trash! My dear MARGARET, it is necessary that my children should talk good grammar, and if they hear, as Tom did—

Materfamilias (angrily). If MASTER TOM speaks to his Mamma in that way again, he shall be packed off to school before the holidays are over. [At this cheerful prospect MASTER TOM becomes suddenly depressed.

Paterfamilias (still remonstrating, but wishing to return to the subject of butter). My dear, the boy heard—

Materfamilias (rising from table). Then the boy had better not hear. (To the unhappy boy.) Go, and get your hands and face washed at once, and don't—(regards PATERFAMILIAS triumphantly) and don't come down looking such a little pig as you generally do.

[Exit MASTER TOM under a cloud.

Paterfamilias (bottles up his feelings and proceeds with the subject). Butter, MARY (MARY hands him the butter)—no, my dear, I was going to say, butter is made in the following manner. Of course, as you know, you first obtain the milk from the cow—

Materfamilias (who has been looking out of window). While your Papa's lecturing we're losing all the fine weather.

[The girls rise from table.

Ellen. Yes, Mamma, and you said we were to go to MRS. SKEWFIT'S, and CHIGNON'S this morning.

Materfamilias (apparently ignorant of her husband's existence). Yes; you'd better get your things on while it's fine.

[Exeunt girls; they are heard giggling as they run up-stairs, and the words “Papa” and “butter” are more or less distinct.

Paterfamilias (severely to his Wife). My dear, it is impossible to attempt any instruction with the children on these useful points of every-day life, if you—

Materfamilias (quickly). Then you shouldn't correct me in their presence.

Paterfamilias (feeling that a complete answer to this is not to be made in a second, goes back to butter). But if you only gave them an hour a-day on such subjects as butter, tea, sugar, and so forth, it would be very useful.

Materfamilias (determined not to give in). Ah, well, they've quite enough to do. I hate cramming children; they're only idiots when they grow up.

Paterfamilias (has something sharp to say about idiots, but thinks of the value of peace and quiet, and bottles himself up for the second time. He then says with dangerous playfulness) Now, I dare say you don't know how butter is—

Materfamilias. Oh, rubbish!

[Exit suddenly.

Paterfamilias (growls to himself). Upon my word! Just like women. (Takes up the “Times.”) Really, there's no getting them to—(Growls, and tries to read the paper, but finds himself in the middle of last night's debate upside down.) I wish to goodness—(Unfolds the paper, rises.) I should have liked half a cup more tea; but of course—(Fails to find any, rings bell, and then walks to window carrying the “Times.” Enter Servant.) Clear away. [Exit PATERFAMILIAS, moodily.

THE SHINDY IN ST. STEPHEN'S.

FAST and furious, close and warm,
Grows the Battle of Reform;
GLADSTONE, foremost in the fray,
Like a good 'un pegs away.
Various, many-toned, and loud,
Rise the voices of the crowd.
Now then, HORSMAN, at him go,
Go it, ROBERT, go it LOWE.
Down upon him, BILL, well done!
Now young CALNE, return him one.
WILLIAM, hit him on the nob.
Let him have another, BOB.
Good, EXCHEQUER; well put in—
ROBERT, give it him agin.
GROSVENOR, STANLEY, now, you two
Let out; MARTIN, cut in you.
HORSEFALL, have at 'em, and, PIM,
Pitch into 'em after him.
Hullo, MARQUIS, mind your eye!
PEEL, old General, you let fly.
BRIGHT, my Brummagem, arise,
Hit him hard between the eyes.
At 'em ROEBUCK, at the lot,
Let 'em have it hot and hot.
MILL, prove worthy of your name.
TOM HUGHES, don't you miss your aim.
WALPOLE, WHITESIDE, fight like men,
Now or never floor 'em, BEN.
Oh, the roar, the row, the rattle.
Of Reform's tremendous Battle!
—May it end in more than prattle.

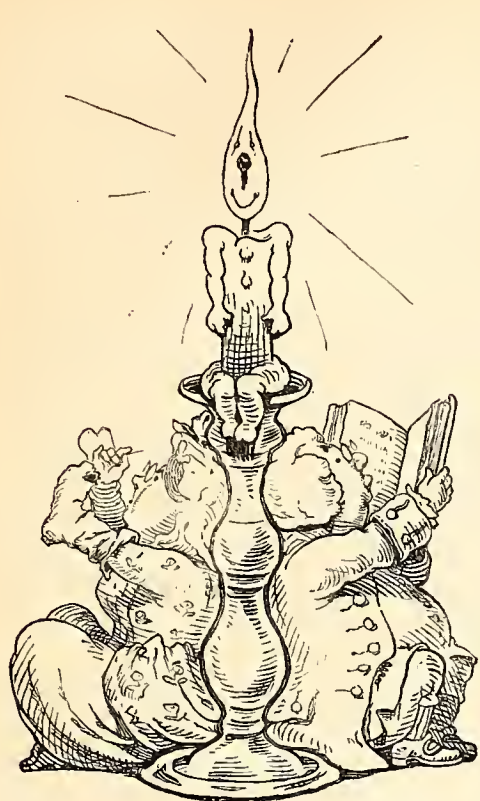
Political Probabilities.

SHOULD the Ministers encounter a defeat in Committee on the Franchise Bill, EARL RUSSELL will resign. HER MAJESTY will then send for SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE. The office of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will be offered to MR. WHALLEY. MR. BRIGHT will be made a Peer. The Hon. Member for Birmingham will be raised to the House of Lords with the title of BARON ROCHDALE.

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.

ENGLAND and Ireland put Government in a minority on the Reform Bill. But Scotland turned the scale, and saved the Cabinet. The Scotch were always a saving people.

PUNCH ON THE PEOPLE'S PARKS.



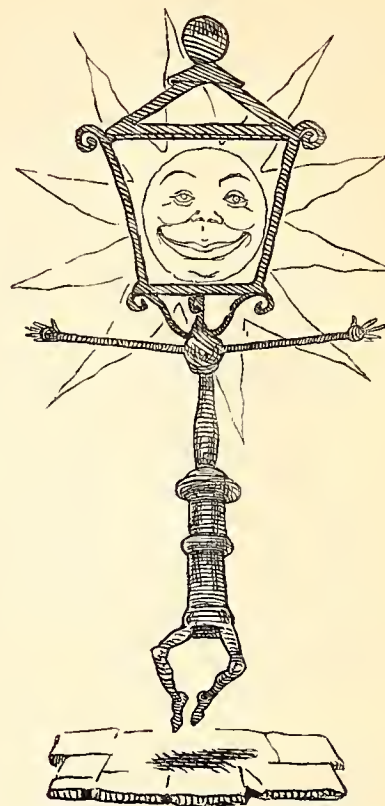
OUR ANCESTORS WERE CONTENT WITH A
TALLOW CANDLE,



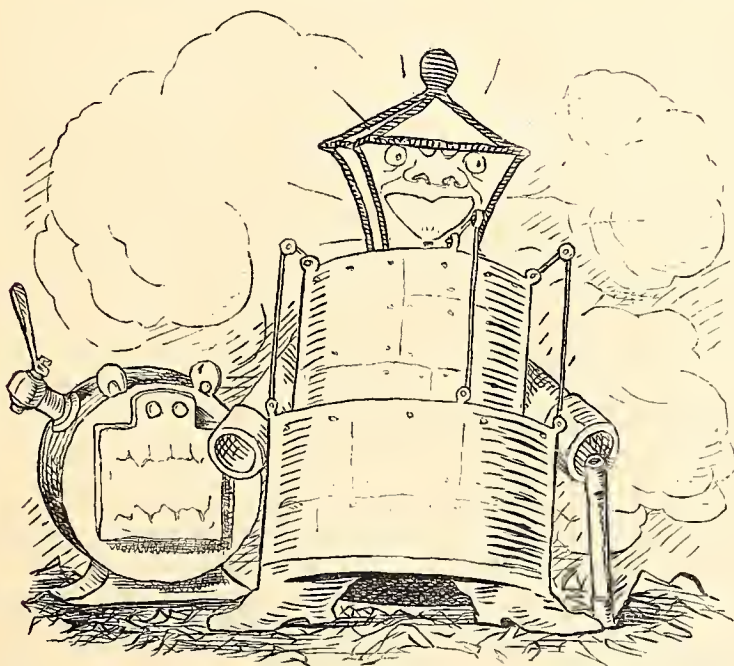
YES, MR. COWPER,



BUT THEN THEY HAD NO TREES OF
THIS DESCRIPTION.



WE, WHO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL AND
BRILLIANT GAS,



WILL NOT ALLOW THESE MALIGNANT METERS



TO DISTRESS THIS BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN—NO, NOT EVEN
IN VICTORIA PARK.

READING MADE EASY.

CAN YOU READ AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM? Many to whom this question is addressed will reply, I have leisure, will, and a ticket, but I cannot find the books I want. Eager to promote the education of the Public, which is by no means so well-informed as could be desired, *Mr. Punch* begs or rather takes leave to introduce to the aforesaid Public his friend, and their friend, MR. THOMAS NICHOLS. The Public—MR. NICHOLS: MR. NICHOLS—the Public. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the more you cultivate the acquaintance of your new friend, the easier will be the cultivation of your own minds. "How so?" you ask, with a smile, being certain to receive a satisfactory reply. Your curiosity is natural and laudable, and shall be indulged. If you make yourselves agreeable to MR. NICHOLS, or rather to his and our excellent friends, MESSRS. LONGMANS (a process which you may accomplish by an outlay so moderate that it is hardly worth mentioning) you will be presented with his *Handbook for Readers at the Museum*. With this capital little book in your hand, take your seat on one of those comfortable chairs, which roll about silently like the tables constructed by Vulcan for the Immortal Gods, and select the subject on which you

wish to be informed. MR. NICHOLS will instantly and frankly tell you where to obtain the precise volume, or MS., or map, or catalogue, or picture, or coin, or medal, or newspaper you would like to see, and will also assist your judgment in choosing such instruction as will be most available, whether you want to know about Pickles, or the metallic history of Nickels, or poems of Tickell's, or Mickle's, or the cure of Prickles, or ancient chariots armed with Sickles, or those pretty tales of Fanny Fickle's, or why Knaresborough's dripping well Trickles, just look at this admirable little book of NICHOLS. This is a puff, and we mean it for one, and a good one too, for it is in favour of the goodest Handbook that has lately come to our august hands.

An Old Cuss.

POST-OFFICE Returns show a vast accession of Letter-Tax income. It may not be amiss, therefore, to remind MR. GLADSTONE, who respects ecclesiastical facts, that in 1299, from St. Paul's Cross, BALDOCK "solemnly cursed all who sought a hoard of gold in St. Martin's-le-Grand." No Budget-making out of letters.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 14. We are "in a Scrape," said MR. DISRAELI to-night, on the Second Reading of the Re-distribution Bill. He justified the word on the authority of DEAN SWIFT. In a long and able speech, the Leader of the Tory Party, as he has emphatically called himself, pleaded for the small boroughs, urging that whereas land, manufactures, and commerce could easily obtain representation, professional men and "men of letters who pursued the liberal arts even as a profession," would not, unless these boroughs should be preserved for them. He opposed the system of plurality of votes for large places, contending that

these were always sure of advocates and friends. He said that the proposed grouping plan would only increase, terribly, the expenses of elections, but he was for grouping districts now un-represented. He approved the giving representatives to populations which had grown into being since legislation was effected. He asserted that the working classes had a preponderance in the counties. Finally, repudiating the statistics which MR. GLADSTONE himself had declared worthless, he attributed our Scrape to the hasty manner in which the Reform Scheme had been got up, and he said that both Parliament and the nation were in ignorance on the whole subject. "Ignorance never settled a question." He therefore urged the Government to let the Bill go by the board, to obtain, at leisure, trustworthy information, and then to come to Parliament with a complete and well digested scheme of Reform.

MR. CARDWELL was very much obliged for the advice, but Government were satisfied with their measure, and hoped to carry it.

The only other speech worth mentioning was one which was not made by an Irish member, MR. KER, who began about the Irish Reform Bill, but who, on being told that this was not before the House, apologised like a gentleman and an Oxonian.

MR. GLADSTONE, however, announced that in compliance with what seemed the general wish, he should fuse the Franchise and Re-distribution Bills into one Reform Bill. This mixture, the *Tinct: Reform: Comp.*, he proposes to ask MR. DISRAELI to swallow, as a constitutional remedy, on the 28th of May.

In the Lords be it noticed that DR. THIRLWALL, Bishop of St. Davids, stood up for the Conscience Clause—the Educational provision which relieves a child in the national schools from the necessity of receiving any religious instruction of which its parents disapprove. We are not aware of the course, when the father and mother hold different creeds, or whether there is a Jack Sprat clause for a couple who respectively believe in adipose and muscular theology.

LORD REDESDALE made a good speech on the evils of railway finance, as at present practised, and proposed various remedies, which Government resisted, and the matter—like much of the speculators' money—dropped.

Interrogated as to the rising of the House for the Derby, MR. GLADSTONE did not say, pleasantly, like LORD PALMERSTON, that he would not willingly deprive gentlemen of the happiness of exposing themselves to the east wind on the Downs, but sternly rejoined that on Tuesday night the House would be adjourned until Thursday. Perhaps, at his club sweep, he had drawn *Lothario*, or some other beast that was not to start, and the right honourable gentleman was not pleased.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD has a crotchet for putting down a great deal of Sunday trading, now permitted. He cannot understand why, if the tradesmen who supply 7 Eaton Square and the Carlton Club can shut up on the day of rest, those who supply the multitudes who possess no larders, cellars, refrigerators, wardrobes, or week-day leisure, should not shut up also. LORD TEYNHAM gave him some illuminating details, and LORD SHAFTESBURY wisely said that it was better to leave things as they are, and trust to the operation of higher influences than the police. Government took the same view. Later in the week the Bill was more earnestly opposed, and an Amendment was carried, merely ordaining that all trade should cease from 10 to 1 on Sunday. Thereupon, the legal Sabbatarian threw up his Bill, and Houndsditch, we suppose, illuminated.

The Cattle Plague has appeared in Ireland, but the most prompt and resolute measures are being taken to stamp it out, MR. FORTESCUE says. Let us hope that Irish officials are not proclaiming Munster when Ulster is menaced, and that an infected bovine head centre will not find friends in his gaolers.

We had then an interesting debate (the subject having been more briefly discussed in the Lords) upon the conduct of ADMIRAL DENMAN during the dastardly and cruel bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spaniards. The merchants who have

suffered are naturally very indignant, but neither in Jamaica nor at Valparaiso ought a British officer to be condemned without inquiry, and from what was said by the DUKE OF SOMERSET and MR. LAYARD, it seems clear that the Admiral had strict orders to be neutral. That the nation would have been pleased had ADMIRAL DENMAN disregarded those orders, coalesced with the American commander and his iron-clad, and beaten the Spaniards off, as they would probably have done, despite inferiority of force on the part of the civilised sailors, is not to the purpose. We are not at war with Spain, and it is not for our captains to embroil us with other nations. But Spain has done a brutal and detestable thing, which will be remembered against the cavalry bullies whom she calls her statesmen.

Do any of our readers wish to have the particulars of a debate on Irish Education? Persons of such tastes can gratify them by obtaining the daily journals of the fifteenth instant. We may note that MR. WHALLEY tried to speak, but MR. NEWDEGATE had torn the Protestant Mask from the countenance of that Awful Jesuit, and the House shouted down what might have been an insidious attack upon the religion and constitution of these realms. He also postponed a motion on Fenianism, which he proposes to connect with Catholicism, but such desperate efforts to show that he is not an Awful Jesuit are truly suicidal. Nothing will do, unless he convinces the House that the east wind on the Derby day was occasioned by Popish machinations.

Wednesday. The Houses and the Million met at Epsom, when, as Mr. Punch prophesied in the most distinct language would be the case, the Derby for 1866 was won by Lord Lyon. It is almost painful to feel that, like True THOMAS, in the fairy ballad, one can never make a misstatement.

Thursday. MR. BERESFORD HOPE thinks, as does Mr. Punch, that Burlington House is a fine memorial of a remarkable age in London history, and both gentlemen regret that it is proposed to destroy the house, even for the benefit of the gay SIR FRANCIS GRANT and his merry Academicians. LORD OVERSTONE gave utterance to this complaint to-night, and LORD GRANVILLE said that he had made a sort of bargain with the Painters, but that if they, as was rumoured, were not altogether pleased with that bargain, it was possible that Burlington House might be saved.

Touching the Panic, MR. GLADSTONE said that in five days the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street had pulled out of her purse no less than Twelve Millions, to avert the dreaded ruin. Things are reasonably serene again. Well done, old Lady!—she is an old tramp, she is.

Westminster is proud of two objects—her Abbey and MR. MILL. Of the latter she ought to be prouder than ever, after his masterly speech to-night on the Irish Lands Bill. The true doctrine of the Right in Land, the facts as to the exceptional case of England, and the duty of the latter to Ireland, have never been so lucidly stated. If we do not analyse this admirable address, it is only because we would not spoil the pleasure which all rational people (our readers) will derive from perusing it in full. Enough to say, that MR. MILL showed us that we ought to help the Irish tenant to improve the soil, whether the landlord likes it or not, but that no injustice should be done to the latter. Those who cannot see that the Land, of Heaven's making and not man's, is, in the noblest sense, a Trust, of which the owner should be proud, are themselves of the clod—cloddy.

MR. WHITESIDE opposed the Bill; and we should think the Irish landlords would be much obliged to their advocate, for he urged that, as soon as it passed, the landlord would try to defeat it by lying to the tenant, who would be fool enough to believe him. We think better of both classes. The debate was adjourned.

Friday. In answer to LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, on the state of Europe, LORD CLARENDON said that confidential communications, which might lead to negotiations, which might lead to expectations, which might promise pacifications, were going on, but that it was inexpedient to say more. The parties, as we gather from what MR. LAYARD said, are England, France, and Russia.

The Commons had a debate on the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty with America; and MR. WATKIN, the promoter, was rebuked by MR. LAYARD for imprudence, and assured that our Government was minding its business, while that of America was very friendly. But we Counted Out early on this Oaks day.

THE GREAT PANIC IN THE CITY.

FRIDAY, MAY 11.

SCENE—*The Private Room of a Great Banker's Establishment in Lombard Street.*

Enter Cautious Customer, who is also a private friend of the Firm's; he is somewhat disturbed by the prevalent excitement. He is shown into the sanctum, where sits the Senior Partner of the old established Firm. The Senior Partner appears anxious and disturbed.

Cautious Customer. Good morning. (*Senior Partner nods, and walks anxiously towards the glass-door, as if expecting some one.*) Very bad news, this morning.

Senior Partner (looking at his watch nervously). Yes, very.

Cautious Customer (begins to think he'd better "draw out" as quickly as possible). Of course (*hesitating*), these failures won't affect your House, eh?

Senior Partner (still anxiously looking through glass-door). Eh?

Cautious Customer (who doesn't like the Senior Partner's manner of evading his question). I say that this (*tries to repeat his observation as pleasantly as possible*)—failure won't affect your House?

Senior Partner (with some uneasiness of manner, and looking at his watch quickly). Our House? Eh? Oh, no; why?

Cautious Customer (anything but re-assured by Senior Partner's evasive answer). Ah! that's well. I thought I'd just look in to—to—

[*Thinks how he can come to the point at once.*]

Senior Partner (to him, anxiously). Did you see M'SIMUM (*he is a junior partner*) as you came by Cornhill?

[*Looks out of glass-door again, and becomes more fidgety than ever.*]

Cautious Customer. No, I didn't. (*Thinks "Hullo! the Junior Partner's gone to the Bank with securities, that looks bad"—and decides that he'd better risk a breach of friendship, and come to his unpleasant business.*) The fact is that, this morning, I—it's most unfortunate—

Senior Partner (seeing M'SIMUM entering the front door). Ah, here he is! (*To Cautious Customer.*) Beg pardon—one minute. (*Looks out of glass-door.*) M'SIMUM, is it all right?

M'Simum (shakes his head, and appears much disturbed.) They can't do it. Haven't got any.

[*Cautious Customer wishes he'd "drawn out" before.*]

Senior Partner (evidently very much unsettled by the information). Is it any use my going?

M'Simum (doubtfully). Well, they might do it for you. The demand from several quarters has been unexampled. (*Cautious Customer feels unwell.*) They may give you some sort of an answer by three o'clock.

[*Cautious Customer refers to his watch; it is now two, evidently no time to be lost.*]

Senior Partner (greatly agitated). Three! Can't we send anywhere else?

M'Simum (despondently). I've tried every place.

[*Cautious Customer sees that it's all U.P. with MINNYMUM, M'SIMUM, NYHILL, & Co.*]

Senior Partner (in consternation). If we don't get 'em by four, we're done. I'll go across myself. (*Takes up his hat. To Cautious Customer.*) I'll be back directly.

Cautious Customer (mistrustfully). I hope there's no difficulty; because, as I was saying just now, it's very unf—

Senior Partner. Difficulty! (*Pausing with his hand on the handle of the glass-door*) isn't there! I'm only just going across in the direction of the Bank.

Cautious Customer (unable to restrain himself). The Bank! Why, good heavens, you don't mean that—but—if you'll just let me have my book—I—um—

[*M'SIMUM orders Clerk to bring Cautious Customer's book.*]

Senior Partner (hurriedly). M'SIMUM will attend to anything you want. I really must go. Back directly. [*Senior Partner rushes out.*]

M'Simum. MINNYMUM's (*alluding to Senior Partner*) wild this morning. (*Seriously.*) Of course, he's told you about it.

Cautious Customer (looking up from his book nervously). No, he hasn't.

M'Simum (astonished). Hasn't he? Why, he's been over three times to Cornhill, and I've been to every other possible place this morning; we've offered the highest prices—

Cautious Customer (faintly). For—a—a—loan—a lo— [*Gasps.*]

M'Simum (opening his eyes). A loan! Why, my dear Sir, what did you think we should go for?

Cautious Customer (who has heard of several large firms "going for" vast amounts, turns pale, and seizes a cheque-book). Go for!! I—haven't a— [*Pauses horror-struck, with a pen in his hand.*]

M'Simum. Well, this morning there was a difficulty.—Ah! here's MINNYMUM! (*Re-enter Senior Partner quickly.*) Got 'em?

Senior Partner. I told 'em that we should want thousands as so many people were coming. (*Cautious Customer shudders, and writes down the sum he intends to draw out at once.*) But they've promised at one place five hundred at four o'clock, and at another they said—

Cautious Customer (puzzled). Five hundred—only five hundred—why—

Senior Partner. Only! Well, that's a pretty large order for Plovers' Eggs, eh?

Cautious Customer (covering his writing with his hand). Plovers' Eggs!

Senior Partner. Yes, it's our Goldsmith's Ball to-night, we're stewards, and I was commissioned to order the Plovers' Eggs for supper. I'd been over to BIRCH's three times this morning. M'SIMUM has been everywhere, too. Our credit as goldsmiths as to Plovers' Eggs was at stake, but we've got 'em at last.

[*Cautious Customer quietly pockets the cheque he had drawn, returns his bank-book, has a pleasant chat with the partners, and goes happily to luncheon at BIRCH's, where he hears further particulars of the Goldsmith's Ball, the failure of the supply to meet the demand for Plovers' Eggs, and the consequent Panic in the House of MESSRS. MINNYMUM, M'SIMUM, NYHILL, & Co.*]

THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS.

BÆOTIA had an oracle

Hid deep within a cave

Where no light ever brightened

The gloom as of the grave.

A grave it was, where buried

The future's secrets lay,

And they that sought to know them

Went down at close of day.

That dark cave of Trophonius,

The weird Bæotian king,

Was girt with stunted laurels,

Wherein no bird might sing.

But a hungry harpy-eagle

From the gloomy rocks gazed down,

That, black as Tophet's portals,

Above the cave did frown.

'Twas at dead of night you questioned

The veiled power of the place;

You saw nor priest, nor priestess,

Nor the guardian Godhead's face;

Only a depth of shadow,

And, rising from its womb,

A thick and shifting vapour,

Grey-glimmering through the gloom.

'Twas by this eddying vapour

That the future's shape was shown

To those who dared to question

The king of that dark throne:

And 'twas not alone foreknowledge

There the future's riddle spelt,

But a power to shape the future

Within that darkness dwelt.

This oracle still plyeth,

Though the oracles around—

Delphi's, Cumæ's, Libyan Ammon's—

Are now unhallow'd ground.

The fate that drove the Pythoness

From tripod and from shrine,

Still sends us to Trophonius,

The future to divine.

But no longer in Bæotia

The cave-mouth must be sought;

To the Seine's bright-flowing waters

Trophonius has been brought:

His cave is in the Tuileries,

Beset by questioners pale,

With the Future's cloud about it,

And the Voice behind the Veil.

Non Splendiores Vitro.

In a recent Charge a west country Archdeacon says,

"A man often spends £100 on a beautiful memorial window."

"But," suggests the excellent and arch deacon,

"How much more good those £100 would do if dedicated to the ill-paid curates of the parish!"

We don't know. All windows let in light upon us, but all curates don't. On the whole, Mr. Archdeacon, we think it is safer to stick to the glazier.

A TISSUE OF LIES.—A Forged Bank-Note.



AT THE TURKISH BATH.

Smith (abstractedly). "I SAY, BROWN, COME AND DINE WITH US TO-DAY, TO MEET ROBINSON AND HIS SISTERS. NO FUSS OR CEREMONY, YOU KNOW! COME JUST AS YOU ARE!!!"

BAIT FOR THE IRON HORSE.

THE Iron Horse, that gallant steed,
To go must have the means;
His food—although he wants no feed
Of corn, or any beans.
He grazes not, that Iron Grey,
Whom never mare did foal;
Nor do you for him store your hay:
His provender is coal.

The surface of this English ground,
Coal measures underlie;
Well-named, for there doth coal abound
In measured quantity.
Which, at our present pace, if we
Continue to consume,
The Horse of Iron starved will be
Long ere the crack of doom.

Of England's wealth, of England's might,
Coal is the needful source;
From coal our towns derive their light—
To coal we owe our force.
Yet do we half the world as well
With light and force supply.
For alien cash the coal we sell—
Which that cash ne'er should buy.

The Prodigal his candle burnt,
At once at either end;
From his example we have learnt,
How fuel to expend.
Prosperity's tremendous blaze
Is fed by coal, no doubt;
And would forthwith, if we could raise
No more of it, go out.

How long ere all our looms are still,
Our forges cold, each one?
How much yet longer bath, O MILL,
Our Iron Horse to run?
What tons on tons are yearly drawn,
By millions, from our store
Of fast decreasing coal, which gone,
That Horse will go no more!

The cost of meat is something dire,
As costly, soon or late,
It may be soon, will grow the fire
In the domestic grate.
JOHN BULL may have to blow his nail
Ere many winters roll.
Lest food the Iron Horse should fail,
Economise your coal!

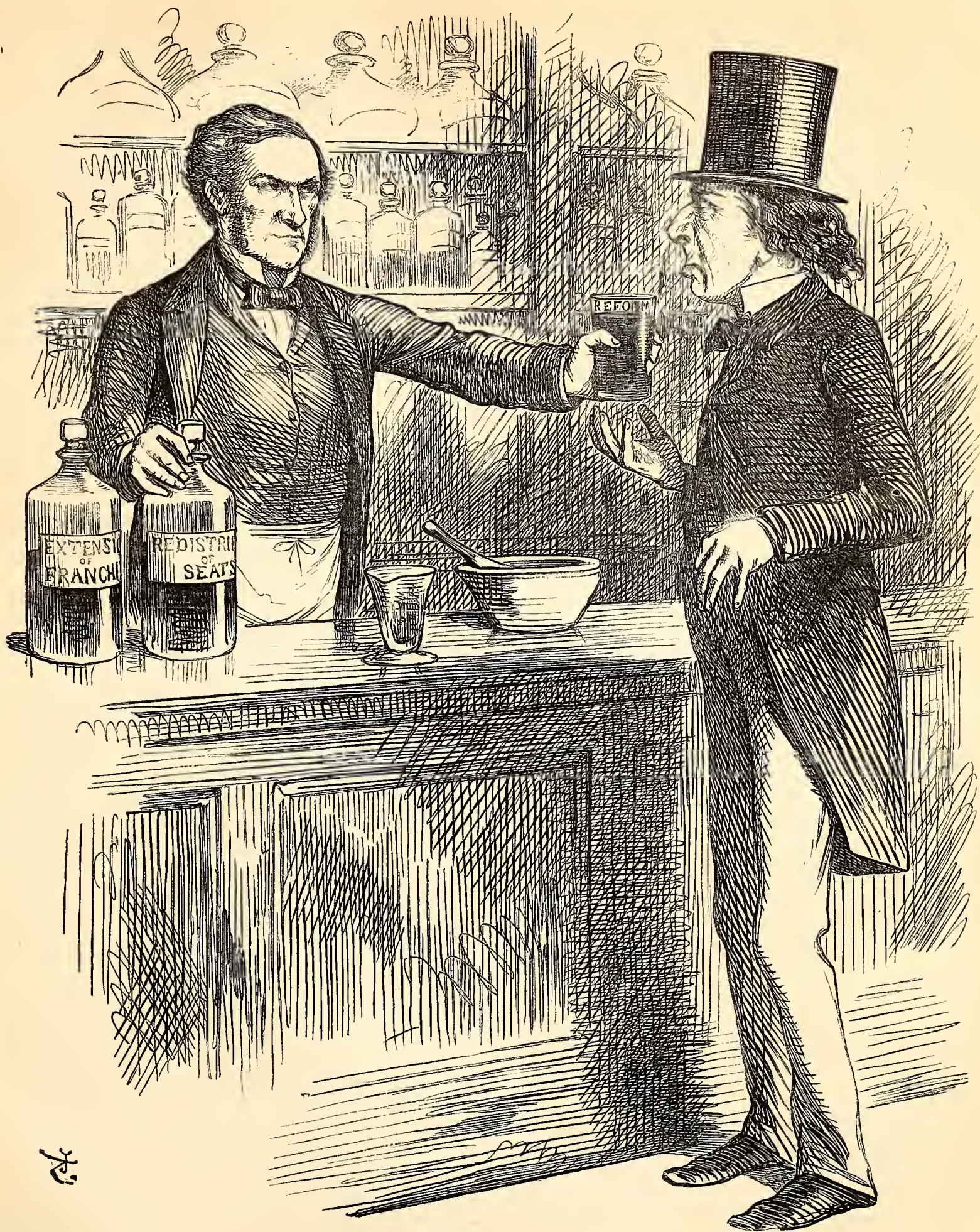
NELSON'S SLY'UNS.

(Trafalgar Square.)

THE largest Lion now in the Zoological Gardens has refused to sit as a model for the fourth Lion in Trafalgar Square. This, we believe, is the fact; and not, as at first stated, that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER positively refused to sit for the largest Lion in the Zoological Gardens. The Noble Beast (meaning the Lion) objected to his head being "taken off." The very same objection was taken by SIR EDWIN. We sincerely trust that some timely mediation may remove the existing difficulty.

Musical Intelligence.

A WELL-KNOWN provider of dance-music, after his return from the Derby, dashed off, on the spur of the moment, a spirited composition, which he entitled "The Preliminary Galop."



TINCT: REFORM: COMP:

MR. GLADSTONE. "THERE, MR. D.! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT AT ONCE; THE MORE YOU LOOK AT IT, THE WORSE YOU'LL LIKE IT."

CRICKET.

FIRST MATCH (ANNUAL) OF THE SEASON, BETWEEN THE ELEVEN OF COLWELL-HATCHNEY AND THE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE SEVEN AND SIXPENCE HALFPENNY OF HANLEY.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

THE odds were against us, perhaps, but we were on the ground before our opponents, and had sat down on our wickets, while the enemy were not yet out of bed, as we thought. We had just begun to play our own game, and had pocketed the red, carrying all before us, when cricket balls, stumps, and bats were hurled at us from the neighbouring thickets, and the fun began in earnest. We found ourselves in an ambush. I took this opportunity of scoring one very long run, and I shouldn't have come back again if I hadn't been induced to return by two Colwell-Hatchneyites hitting me over the shins with stumps. I waved my hand, and they were changed into cabbages, labelled "this side uppermost." I'll tell you how it's done. A capital trick. Take three parts of turpentine; mix and stir quickly; throw in brass-headed nails, and kick the dealer. STODARE would give anything for this.

The Colwell-Hatchneyites were only provided with single bats and two sets of wickets; but we, having taken the precaution to provide ourselves with two bats, each one being a brick-bat, were able to make our own terms. This I at once proceeded to do, sitting down in the middle of the field, while all my barons stood round me, looking at my signing Magna Charta. The first rule proposed by the enemy's Captain was, that there should be no hitting below the knee. This was carried with "and above the eye," as an amendment. Time being called, we walked slowly to our places, the organ playing the Dead March which was in *Saul*, but which we took out of it for this occasion, by permission, of course, of the Commissioners; and then we sat down to wash in real earnest. I threw up sponges every ten minutes; and my lieutenant, with a Catherine-wheel tied to his tail, who also ranks as a longstop, and his widow every week receives an annuity as a child of the ocean, rode furiously to the corner and wept. Hearing this, the Marker, who up to that moment had been polishing his boots, which had only just recovered from an attack of vaccination, flew to his post, took the letters prepaid, and hit the Assistant on the head with a bootjack. This led to words. After some discussion, it was settled that the Assistant had no right to be on the ground at all. This being decided, the Assistant tried to get off the ground, but we scuttled him fore and aft, and tied him to a spent ball that was passing at the moment, having been discharged some time previously for bad conduct in a catapult. The first Act was laid in Venice. But no matter. The score then stood:—

Colwell-Hatchneyites	300 marked by the ordinary umpire
Hanleyites	500,000,000 marked by ourselves

On this announcement being made there were enthusiastic cheers, and calls upon several shareholders. The scene was indescribable, and in another ten minutes every man was hard at work. Stumps, bats, balls, brick-bats, fire-irons, flat-irons, harpsichords, gingerbread, double dummies—all were flying about as the game progressed merrily, and very few escaped a watery grave. I lay down in the middle of the field, and said, "Do they run, HARDY?" It was a most exciting contest, and we shall be ready for the Marrowbone Club, the M.C.C., any day of the week. We'll give it 'em. Fight 'em on their ground, and provide our own stumps, at catch weight.

FINAL SCORE.

Some one who was called Butterfingers for trying to catch a ball on his nose	Said he was "out," but he wasn't, as I saw him behind the window blind
CHARLES, afterwards <i>Don Caesar</i>	Legs before wickets, and fingers before spoons and forks
No. 298, Portrait of a Gentleman	SOL HART, R.A.
The Hardy Norseman	No. 90 in the books
A Nobleman, myself	£60,000; out twice, but refused to go
The Cobra di Capella, in his Sunday coat	Left playing
A Stranger, supposed to belong to another tribe	Severely wounded in three places
A Visitor (<i>two brandies-and-water, and one to follow</i>)	6s. 8d.
COUNT LAGRANGE'S <i>Gladiator</i>	6 to 1 taken and off.

Total 50000,0; 000: 000! 0000? 0. (*aside*) $\frac{000000}{1}$

At the present rate of interest, this isn't bad. The first match of the season ended happily, and all returned to each other's homes highly delighted with their well spent and agreeable day. The police were only called in twice, and left early.

Yours,

POOR TOM BOWLER.

POLITICAL AND VINOUS.

A Congress *ad hoc* has been proposed. Wine merchants are requested to send in samples of their light wines.

LETTER FROM AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the name of Peace and Quietness, of which I well know the value—no one better!—I call your attention to this announcement, in the public Press, of the Muddlessex Distillery Volunteers:—

"Battery (Skeleton) Drill from 7 to 8."

Skeleton Drill! Good gracious! this sort of thing would have been all very well when, early in the present sentry, we were going to fight BONEY-PART, but, thank you all the same, we don't want no skeletons now, and I make no bones of saying so. Again, the Engineer Volunteers write as follows:—

"Parade at 6.30. Full Dress. Officers Undress."

Now, Sir, what do you think of that by way of an *order du jour*, as the Foreign Millytares say? I approve of Volunteers: it does a great deal of good to the young men of the present ginnyration, and I like to hear of them firing off their rivals, when they're out of earshot; but still for all that, they oughtn't to be allowed to violet the sanctuary of Dick Corum by such *orders de jeters* as I have ulteriorly quoted above.

I remain, Sir, your old friend,

Crook Cottage, Hookham.

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTHAM.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

No, Madam, I don't call that young lady plain. I never use middle terms to express extremes. Would you term a bull-dog plain, for example?

The Gorilla is not plain, but very far from plain. So, on the other hand, is your daughter. On the other hand, I say, Ma'am. No compliment; only an illustration.

Indeed, the fact is that a plain girl is generally more eligible than a pretty one. Beauty is nothing when you're used to it; which is very soon. It is gone in a year or two, and leaves behind it—what? Generally what men go to Clubs to escape from, Ma'am.

A plain wife has no beauty to lose—and with it all her husband's liking. Plainness washes and wears—and doesn't paint, Ma'am. Plain good looks, resulting from mental qualities, will last a lifetime. A middle-aged lady, once a plain girl, is commonly no less handsome than most other middle-aged ladies, and often handsomer. She may still look as well as ever she did, when the belle of former ball-rooms may have shrunk into a Sycorax, or swollen into a grampus.

A plain woman and a plain joint; both well dressed in their way. None of your French kickshaws and toys. That is what I say to my nephew, Ma'am.

I also say that when a man marries a plain woman with his eyes open, he cannot be deluded by appearances into marrying a fool.

ABERGELDIE.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

WRANG horse that *Abergeldie*!

Wrang horse that *Abergeldie*!

Wot ye hoo he lat in me?

Scarce ane of a' the lot excelled he.

Wrang horse, &c.

He looked a braw an' bonnie steed,

I liked his name the best of ony;

But, ah! *Lord Lyon* took the lead—

He won the race—I lost my money.

Wrang horse, &c.

My beast was naewhere in the course,

Sae mony heels in front beheld he.

Wad I had backed the winning horse,

Or ta'en the odds 'gainst *Abergeldie*!

Wrang horse, &c.

A Wrinkle.

WE see advertised—

HARRISON'S PATENT ECCENTRIC SWELL ADAPTED TO ALL LOOMS.

Surely it would save the Patentees some expense in advertising if they were to call their invention simply "THE DUNDREARY."

A BAR SINISTER.—A Turnpike.



CLEVER!

Master Jack (after disputing obstinately the right of the Company to charge for the animal at all). "WELL, I SHALL ONLY PAY HALF-FARE FOR HIM, 'CAUSE HE'S EVER SO MUCH UNDER TWELVE, YOU KNOW, OLD FELLOW!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN ENCYCLICAL ON
VALPARAISO.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,

AN unheard-of atrocity, inflicted by Christians upon Christians, has deluged our soul with a flood of bitterness, and with unspeakable anguish has lacerated our paternal heart. The town of Valparaiso has been bombarded by the Spanish fleet.

What can be more bitter, what can be more painful to the heart of a father than an outrage suffered by his children at their brethren's hands?

The bombardment of a defenceless town is an act of mere revenge, which is forbidden to all Catholics. It were, indeed, not at all to be wondered at if such a crime had been committed by Protestants, heretics, and enemies of the true faith. Such a deed, perpetrated by such impious and abandoned wretches, We might have been content to censure as nefarious, execrable, odious, abominable, and damnable. But so great a wickedness having been the act of Catholics, is an enormity which to condemn sufficiently strong language fails even the successor of St. Peter.

We cannot but declare, as in a voice of thunder, Our indignation at this most horrible scandal. For We have never ceased to proclaim, blowing as loud as possible that Our own trumpet, which gives no uncertain sound, Ourselves to be the sole fountain of justice on this earth and the supreme Judge, under the celestial wisdom, of right and wrong. If, therefore, We were now to refrain our lips from speaking, not only would the very pavement exclaim against Us, but all the pernicious perfidious, pestiferous, malicious, venomous, and villanous heretics in the world would taunt Us with Our silence. Particularly the English, with their accustomed audacity, would ask how it was that, whereas We never fail to cry out whenever injury is done to the Holy See, and always loudly denounce the authors of any the least offence against Ourselves, We forbore to rebuke the guilty Government of Spain for the savage and vindictive cruelty which it has practised at the expense of those others. And then, peradventure, they would even attain to such a

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met ;
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of Jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness,
Were charmingly in tone,
With the colour on her features,
For the hue was nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now ;
With the hair that Nature gave her,
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion
When next we met, she wore ;
The expression of her features,
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one,
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid,
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her,
No radiant locks were there ;
An unmistaken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer !
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

To Printers and Others.

WHAT is the great difference between the set of metal letters used in a Printing-Office and any one of the squirts which grace Trafalgar Square?—One is a fount of type, and the other is not the type of a fount.

height of irreverence as to say of Us, in their familiarly scurrilous form of vernacular discourse, what a precious old humbug We must be.

Unless, therefore, they by whose iniquitous order the town of Valparaiso was inhumanly destroyed repent and make plenary satisfaction for the damage done to its grievously wronged inhabitants, We intend to excommunicate the whole lot of them; but in the meantime, Venerable Brethren, on you, who are doubtless ashamed of being in communion with such barbarians, We bestow Our Apostolical Benediction.

PIUS P. P. IX.

FASHIONABLE ON DIT.

IN consequence of the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's having set the fashion of gentlemen starting as Volunteer Fire-Brigademen, it is rumoured that a certain noble Marquis has already instituted a Volunteer Ramoneur Corps, to assist the professionals. They commenced proceedings, we believe, on the Great Ramoneur Festival of the First of May. On the Derby Day several people who had lost a Sweep, applied for information to his Lordship in Command of the Black Broomsweepers. The Reward of Merit will be the Order of the Jack-in-the-Green, and efficiency in the art will be recompensed by the Volunteer being raised to the peerage by the title of "My Lord." For the band fund (the band consists of a fine drum and unrivalled pandæan pipes) an amateur performance will soon be given, on which occasion a Chimney-piece will be played.

Music and Sport.

A HUNTING friend, who is also a first-rate musician, says that when dressed for the sport he occupies the quarter of an hour before breakfast in singing "tantivy" to his own chords.

VISIBLE SPEECH.—“Taking a Sight.”

HOW TO SERVE OUR STREET-BOYS.



DEAR JONES,—The other day I heard you complaining of the nuisance that small ragged street-boys are to you whenever you go out. With touching pathos you described how they bespatter you with mud by turning "head-over-heels" in the gutter by your side: how they hit you in the eye with their shuttlecocks and tipcats; how they shake your nerves by shrilly whistling in your ear when you stop at a shop window; how they crowd around you, chaffing, when you stoop to tie your shoe; and how they terrify your horse and you by getting underneath his legs almost at well-nigh every corner, or shouting out "Hi! Guv'nor! why

don't yer get inside!" You wished that some one would do something to clear away these little Arabs, as you are pleased to call them, so that a fine old English gentleman—as you are pleased to think yourself—might take his exercise in peace.

But this is a free country, and even little street-boys have a right to try and live in it. You can hardly find a HEROD to get up for you in Parliament, and propose that small boys' heads shall be chopped off by the police. Still, persuasion may do something, if we may not use the "Force." See, here is a good training place where youngsters may be taught to use their legs and arms in industry less troublesome than turning head-over-heels:—

"At No. 3, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, there is a Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys. It has existed there since 1857, when it was removed from Bloomsbury, and from its first establishment till the end of the past year it has been the means of rescuing 1,016 boys from misery and crime, and of placing 758 of that number in positions where they have the means of living honestly and well. So limited were the means at hand when the Refuge was first established, that only 6 boys could be admitted; now the average weekly number is about 100. But the number of homeless and destitute boys who apply for admission within the walls is so great that many are constantly being refused through want of sufficient funds. The children are fed, clothed, educated, lodged, and trained for some trade or service either at home, at sea, or in the colonies; and with very few exceptions they have turned out useful members of society."

On the uses of this refuge the *Court Circular* remarks with much good sense and truth—

"Few at least will be found to do more. Four points, therefore, are gained—the relief of poverty, the lessening of crime, the increase of the working population, and the salvation of life—by an encouragement of this Refuge. It commends itself alike to the charitable amongst us, and to social reformers; to those who love to help the poor, and to those who on steady scientific principles would empty our gaols."

It is far better to use our ragged urchins than abuse them. Despite our quickly growing census, skilled labour is expensive, for skilled workmen are in London comparatively scarce. By taking small boys from the gutter, and putting tools instead of tipcats in their hands, charity may add some hundreds yearly to our workshops, and in doing so may help to clear the street-boys from the streets. Moreover, as good sailors are as useful as good workmen, and they who plough the land have as much need of good training as they who plough the sea, I am vastly glad to hear that—

"To extend the field of operations, Government have granted the use of a 'training ship' moored in the Thames, where accommodation will be provided for 200 boys to be educated to a seafaring life. It is also proposed that a 'country home' shall be established, where others may be brought up in a knowledge of agricultural pursuits. But for these purposes a sum of £3,000 is required immediately, besides a further annual sum of £6,000; and for raising these the Committee make their appeal to the public."

Thus, you see, small street-boys may sprout into great sea-swells, if they but have sufficient luck. At any rate young sea-urchins will not plague us like young Londoners, and many a poor lad may be saved from picking pockets by being sent to sea.

So, ye Gentlemen of England, who would walk abroad with ease, Send a liberal subscription to Great Queen Street, if you please; And help to clothe half-naked brats, in winter-time who freeze. And teach them how to go to work to earn their bread and cheese; And to be of good behaviour, and to mind their q's and p's. And let some of them be taught to plough, and grow wheat, beans, and peas, While others off are shipped, brave boys, to sail upon the seas. Thus all may earn their living, and busy be as bees, Which is better far than hunting them to gaol with our poleaxe.

Thus hoping to excite the bump of your benevolence, and urging you to help to check the street-boy nuisance by drawing a big cheque for the refuge in Great Queen Street, I will subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

EPAMINONDAS BROWN.

Punch's Derby Prophecy.

Not to glorify himself, not because he is fond of shouting (for he is with Mr. CARLYLE, and would rather meditate in Eternal Silence over the Immensities) does Mr. Punch once more proclaim that he has led you, brethren, to victory, and that his Prophecy was literally accomplished. He only calls your attention to the fact that his vaticination was pure and simple, one and single. While other journalists meanly resorted to the trick of laying on half-a-dozen Prophets, each foretelling a different winner, the great Punch, scorning such dodges, boldly told you that a Favourite would win if one of the Field did not. And was not Lord Lyon a favourite. How superior is Mr. Punch's conduct, how inferior is that of his contemporaries. But he forgives them, you, every one, and gives his blessing *urbi et orbi*. *Bibimus papaliter*.

THE AGE OF LIGNUM VITÆ.

BRONZE, gold and iron have severally had a long and shining reign. The present era being distinguished by a certain stringency of fibre is less suggestive of metallic than of ligneous worth. Our longevity is perfectly notorious, and though a respectable virtue in private life, it has given rise for a considerable time past to much national alarm. We have Ministers of Justice on one side of the Channel in such a fine state of preservation, that old PARR's shade begins to tremble for his laurels, and JENKINS is prone to hide his visionary head. Talk, as Majors and Minors do, of emerging from infancy at twenty-one! At three score we really begin to feel our feet, and scarcely marvel when octogenarians prattle about seriously settling down to work. At a recent meeting in the Four Courts at Dublin it was unanimously resolved to fix the grand climacteric at 101—a judicial resolution. In ermine robes are hidden the arcana of rejuvenescence, and from our legal luminaries a new light is flashed upon the mystery of perennial youth.

As unremitting labour is however apt to engender dulness, we would gently urge our faithful servants to allow their energies occasional

repose. For this purpose every public officer, on attaining his tenth decade, should be released from toil for a few years, so that he may come back to business with increased alacrity and zest. How gratifying during this short vacation to see Solon and Nestor in the exuberance of their animal spirits flinging away their pulvereous wigs, and bounding once more into the juvenile Gymnasium, displaying at "prisoner's base" those tactics, which for half a century had rendered them the terror of criminals vile, and proving in their renewed childhood that dunces at Latin may be dabs at law.

With respect to our pets, Operatic and Terpsichorean, we remark with gallant gratitude that they exhibit an endless spring. We have seen *La Sylphide* surrounded by an infantile *troupe* to whom she stood (on a sunflower) in the endearing relation of grandmamma. With smiling surprise we have also listened to a vocal imperatrice, "bringing down the House" as if in haughty scorn of all liability for dilapidations imposed by the lease, under which she had held it spell-bound for a term of ninety-nine years. Is there not ample warrant then for characterising this as the "Age of Lignum Vitæ."

KING HONESTMAN'S BEST POLICY.

If purblind statecraft Italy deceives,
She'll join the baser of contending thieves,
And, to redeem Venetia, share the theft
Of States on false pretence from Denmark reft.

KING HONESTMAN, be warned! Risk not thy throne!

Bide thou thy time—reserve thy blow till then.

Now rogues are falling out; soon honest men
May, honesty preserving, win their own.

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—Over the Flower-beds.



OUR ARTIST

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OFTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

Art-Critic (log.). "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOUR!"

Artist (maddened). "CON—FOUND—SO DO YOU, SIR!"

[Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."]

FROLICS AND FASHIONS.

MR. PUNCH,

NOVELS now-a-days is all the goo wi young whimmen. I heerd one o' my gals t'other day rade a rum passidge out o' one of them there sart o' books by the neam o' *Chandos*. Rum, I calls ut, though the tippie you'll find menshund in't ain't that sperrut. 'Twas about a young 'ooman, one *Flory Delorme*, discribun her gwaiuns on wi' *Chandos* "in the midst of an intoxicatun atmuspheer of pasteels and parfewms, and wines, and crished vlowers, and bruised froot, and glancun tresses, and langwid eyes, and lips fit for the hymns of a CATULLUS"—not much, I take it, like DR. WATTS's. In this here lucksurius higgledy-piggledy, whilst *Chandos* was a lollupun about somewhere at Richmond, she "leant over un and twisted CATULLUS like in the bright masses of his long golden hair a wreath of crimson roses washed in purple burgundy." A purty notion, bain't ut now?

I never tasted no burgundy, never but once, and that was at a Mare's feast, where I took a glass on't jest to try ut. 'Twur sitch sour stuff I couldn't abear ut as 'twus; so I stirred up a spoonful o' shugger wi't, and then 'twas zummud like.

Sokun roses in purple burgundy, and stickun on 'em in a chap's hair! I hope he liked ut. In his golden hair, the book says. I wonder if his hair was dyed gold, like the fine ladies dyes theirs. And, Loramassy, to think we be come to that! Who ever thought o' livun to see ladies stainun their hair carrots? This here fashion is *alla Francey*, I spose, and the burgundy roses likewise, burgundy beun a French liquor. Burgundy roses in golden hair makes no doubt a charmun mixtur o' purple and gold. But what if you han't got no purple burgundy? Would purple elder wine do instead?

Howsomever, if the burgundy isn't to improve the colour o' the roses, it can't matter what beverage they be soaked in. For the mere fun and fancy o' the thing any other 'ood do as well; and, for my part, if are a young 'ooman was to take it into her head to show her likun towards me by stickun roses steeped in some intoxicatun liquor about

mine, and I plazed to let her, and had the liquor to choose, I should say Beer. But I'd a preshus sight rather drink all the beer up, and I should ha' to drink strong beer till I couldn't stand or goo afore I should be willun to submit to sitch a tittivation.

At harvest whoam zum on us be zumtimes apt to take a drap too much. The young whimmen, all on 'em now more or less, yeaps their betters, and perhaps some of ourn, if so be they've read *Chandos*, will then be tryun to immitate the frake o' that gal as dressed up *Chandos's* golden hair wi' roses drippun wi' burgundy. They'd be 'bliged to use beer 'cause they oodent ha' nothun else. But then for to match wi' the malt liquor, the best plan ood be, instead o' roses, to dickarate their sweethearts' bristles wi' ears o' barley.

Well, Mr. Punch, these is strange times we be a livun in. What with sitch pranks as is related in *Chandos*, and our ladies a stainun their hair yaller, and paintun their veaces, and one thing and another, I wonders where they be all a gwaion to. Their last figary, I hear, is them sweepun trains as wipes the pavements. We sims to be a drivun of our pigs to a preshus market. There now, just you tell 'um that, Mr. Punch, wi' the complimence of your humble sarvant,

Barley Mow, Whitsuntide, 1866.

JACOB HOMEGREEN.

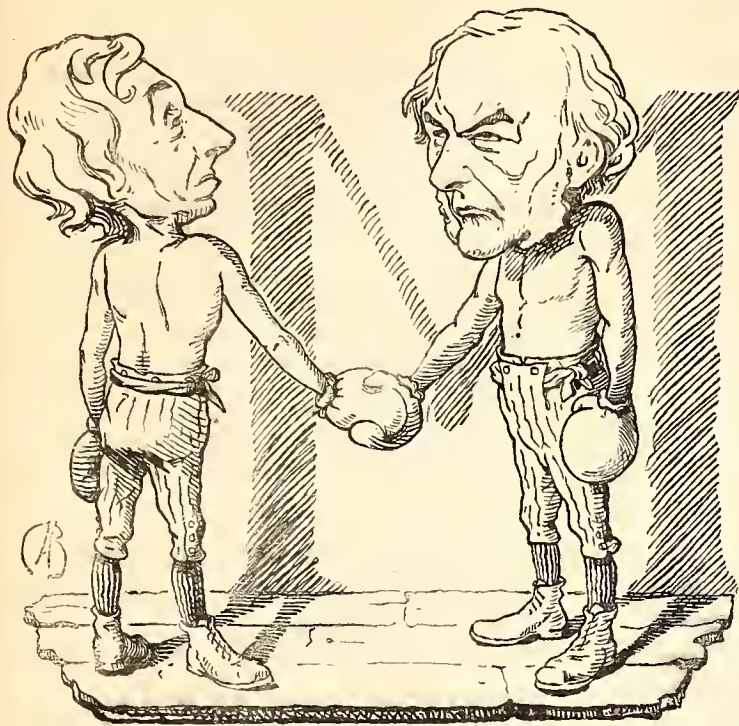
"Go Ye, and "Don't" Do Likewise."

(A Hint to DIZZY & Co. for the next General Election.)

A BAD precedent for sinning
At Elections Epsom makes,
When the *Bribery Coll's* near winning
The thumping Derby stakes!

THOUGHT BY A BOOKMAKER AT A BOOK-STALL.—That "The Race for Wealth" is *not* the Derby.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



On Dizzy's brow and on his rival's face
Were signs that both were sworn to pound away.

The following Monday for the fight was fixed,
In other words 'twas then to come to pass
Whether the *Tinct: Reform*: by GLADSTONE mixed,
The Tories would drink down, or smash the glass.

ARK! *Thursday* last the Faithful Commons met,
And sat debating till the clock struck one.
They talked of GLADSTONE's plan to pay the Debt,
Topic of many figures, but no fun.

Asked touching Congress, he had nought to say,
Save that he hoped the thing would come about;
And when they met upon the following day,
So few appeared that those were Counted Out.

We raised no talk upon the Great Reform,
But waited till we should behold the Bill,
The single Bill designed to meet the storm,
Directed onward by Caucasian skill.

No dastard hands, like those of Goss and MACE,
Met in mock prelude of avoided fray:

"CLEAN YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

THERE is a party that *Mr. Punch* will touch his hat to when he sees them enjoying themselves on the top of their drag at Ascot. This lot consists of the President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Medical Attendant, Committee, and Master of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, 241, Marylebone Road, Edgware Road. At the Races, people accustomed, like *Mr. Punch*, to descend from their conveyance for awhile and mingle with the crowd, are always more or less in danger of having their pockets picked. Thanks to ROBERT CULLING HANBURY, Esq., M.P., and the gentlemen over whom he presides, we shall now be less in danger thereof than we should be but for the Shoe-Black Brigade Home and Ragged School.

These gentlemen may be principally actuated by a sentimental motive. Never mind, strong-minded Swells! Very likely they contemplate what they call doing good to their fellow-creatures merely, in saving street-boys from going to the bad. But they also do good to you and me. Do they not, when, by their means, the urchin who blacks one's boots might have stolen one's watch?

The support of the Shoe-Black Brigade, Home and Ragged School, will not only amuse those sentimentalists who delight in the amusement of doing good to their fellow-creatures, but is also worth the money of men of the world who want to prevent their fellow-creatures, as much as they can, from doing harm to them.

The Bankers to the Committee of the Institution above named are MESSRS. BARRETT, HOARE, HANBURY, & LLOYD, 60, Lombard Street.

FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAREST JULIA,

THANK you O so much for your *interesting* letter. I declare I hardly slept a wink last night from thinking of it. So you really are engaged, dear! O you lucky thing! I should so like to *kiss* you! I always said that you were just the girl to be a *parsoness*. Perhaps ere many years are over you may rise to be a *Bishopess*! Only fancy! How imposing it will sound when bawled out by big footmen at the bottom of a staircase!

Well, now about your dresses, love. I quite agree with you that you should come to town *immediately*. It is so important now you are affianced that you should dress becomingly. A Bishopess that is to be ought never to look *dowdy*. Besides, dear, as you know, a girl with your complexion never ought to trust to the taste of country milliners. So very much depends upon a proper choice of colours, when one has lost the blush of youth, or at least is *over twenty*.

Have you seen this month's *Le Follet*? Among the dresses it describes is one that would just suit a country parsoness, I think, and so I'll cut it out for you:—

"A morning toilette of knickerbocker, pale violet; dress, short paletôt, and under-skirt, all of the same material. At the bottom of the lower skirt a plaiting of violet taffetas. Upon the dress, at each seam, a patte rather wide at the waist, and ending in three points with tassels, which fall over the bottom skirt. Paletôt trimmed with revers taffetas. Fanchon bonnet of violet tulle. Three bouillons, separated by cordons of violets."

A knickerbocker suit will be a *famous* thing to trudge in, when you go about the miry lanes to visit your parishioners. And violet of *all* colours is best suited for a clergywoman. I rather doubt, though, if the Fanchon shape will suit your style of cheekbone. Perhaps upon the whole, dear, a Pamela would be better. I see one in *Le Follet* described as being "entirely composed of shaded violets." This really must be charming, so sweetly pure and *spring-like*! I wonder, by the way, if the violets be real ones. If they are, to keep them fresh, I presume that you must daily put your Pamela in *water*.

Of course, dear, you will have to give up *dances* now, and settle down into a *dinner belle*, as Cousin CHARLEY says. See then what a lovely dress *Le Follet* here describes for you:—

"Dinner-dress of silver-grey satin—'Princesse' make—trimmed all up the front with a double row of white satin puffs let in the material, and edged round with black lace. Similar trimmings, on a smaller scale, up the seams of the sleeves, and fancy buttons of silver."

That rude boy CHARLEY says that "trimmings" would go well with a leg of mutton sleeve, but as for "satin puffs," although they may be

sweet things in a linen-draper's eyes, they can't be half so sweet for dinner as good jam ones. Men always think it funny to crack jokes about one's toilette; and with all their college learning and *superior intelligence*, they never comprehend the simplest language of the milliners. For instance, CHARLEY has been puzzling his poor brains about the following, and cannot for the life of him make out what it means:—

"Evening dress of white poulx de soie. Skirt on the bias, with trimmings up the seams of rose-colour and white ruches, pinked. Bottom of the skirt trimmed round with double ruches of tulle to match. Similar ruches round the top of the low body. Guimpe of Brussels application."

Of course *you* know, dear, well enough what a "skirt on the bias" is. That stupid monster CHARLEY will have it that the *bias* is only found in *bowls*, and he can't conceive what *ruches* are, or how the white ones can be *pinked*. "Double ruches of tulle" is Double Dutch, he says, to him; and what is meant by "guimpe of Brussels application" he knows no more than why the name of Brussels has been attached to *sprouts*. What stupid things men must be not to know such simple matters! Why, the language that we ladies use in speaking of our dresses is ever so much plainer than the horrid slang men talk about their "laying on the field bar one," and their "drawing bills at sight," and their "selling out New Threes at eighty-four five-eighths!"

I can write no further now, dear, for I promised C. to let him ride out with me this morning, and he reminds me that the horses have been waiting very nearly three-quarters of an hour for me. So good bye for the present, love, and mind you come up soon, and I'll get CHARLEY to go *shopping* with us. Won't it be a *treat* for him?

Ever, ever yours, dear, with sincere congratulation, and a thousand, thousand kisses,

GEORGIE ADA GUSHINGTON.

P.S. I heard that darling *Faust* the evening before last, and LUCCA sang so charmingly! Pa has a box this season, and you must mind and go with us as often as you can. You know it won't be *proper*, dearest, when you are a *parsoness*!

The Goose's Peculiar Complaint.

WE are told by a contemporary that "a new species of disease has broken out among geese," particularly at Mitcham, Walton, and other places in Surrey. We are further informed that "the disease affects the young geese with stupor," and that some "ascribe it, in an indirect way, to the easterly winds." No; surely it must be a disease of repletion. Geese are apt to stuff themselves. A goose must have got overfull to be more stupid than it was before.

"WANTED, A TUTOR FOR A LAD OF 14," &c."



1. THE NEW TUTOR, FANCY-PICTURED BY THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE FAMILY (SISTERS OF THE LAD OF 14).



2. THE NEW TUTOR ANSWERING THE ADVERTISEMENT. (PICTURED FROM LIFE BY OUR ARTIST.)

SONG BY A SCOT IN THE CITY.

AIR—"Ye banks and braes."

YE banks and mines a' ganging doon,
How sma' the sum ye fetch per share!
How flat ye 've got, ye railway lines,
And a' the Change sae fu' o' care!
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou civic crash,
That made my paper fit to burn,
Thou mind'st me o' departed cash,
Departed never to return!

Oft hae I purchased shares gane doon,
When panic bade a' stocks decline,
And waited for them to improve,
When muckle profit aye was mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I stored the gain
Fu' safe in the Per-Centies Three;
Aweel, when Trust resumes his reign,
The rise may mak' amends to me!

Mild Answers to Mendicants.

Male Tramp. Gentleman, ar yer got arra copper to relieve a poor man?

You. Copper! Haven't such a thing in the house. We put out our washing.

Female Vagrant. Please, Sir, good gentleman, would yer be so kind as to give a poor distressed creecher a copper?

You. You would do no good with a copper. Didn't you sell your mangle?

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next Meeting of the Royal Society a Paper will be read "On the Heat of the Moment."

A NOBLE PLAN OF PEACE.

To the Emperors and Kings.

MY ROYAL BROTHERS,

I FIND from my friend, EARL RUSSELL, that the obstacle to the preservation of peace is the difficulty of finding territory to be used for the purpose of re-adjustment. In other words,

Italy wants Venetia.
France wants the Rhine-frontier.
Prussia wants Saxony.
Austria wants Silesia.

Italy ought to have Venetia, and there is reason in the Austrian wish for Silesia. The other claims are indefensible. But, for argument's sake, let us concede all the demands. Then you want some compensations in territory.

There is a country in a capital situation, and richly favoured by nature. As regards man, he has neglected her. Her resources are not worked out in a tenth degree. Her people are lazy, cruel, and superstitious, her statesmen are adventurers, and her military and naval men are brigands and pirates. They have just committed a hideous crime at Valparaiso, and her Government announces perseverance in such brutalities.

Let us all unite, take Spain, and cut her across and across like a Good Friday bun. Make four pieces of her.

Give one to Austria, in lieu of Venetia. This quarter will be just the kingdom for the EX-EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, a short time hence.

Give one to France, who is not to have the Rhine provinces. I should assign her the north-eastern bit, for two reasons. It is convenient to Biarritz, and it is within English reach, should improper use be made of it.

Give one to Prussia, who will instantly release all claim to the Danish duchies.

Give one to the KING OF DENMARK, as a slight compensation, respectfully offered on the part of Europe, for all that he has undergone.

Due provision will, of course, be made for toleration, on the part of the two Protestant states, of the so-called religion of the Spaniards, until they become enlightened; but Baths and Washhouses shall be imposed by all the four Powers upon every portion of the Peninsula.

I need hardly say that there will be no bloodshed. A nation that bombards defenceless cities will cross no bayonets with real soldiers. I will undertake the partition, with the aid of our Yacht Clubs and a

regiment of Zouaves, which my friend the EMPEROR will kindly lend me.

Thus the peace of Europe will be preserved, a kind of Alsatia broken up, and a valuable country added to the continent.

If you will consider this in Congress and apprise me of your decision, I will act according to circumstances.

Your faithful Brother,

PUNCH.

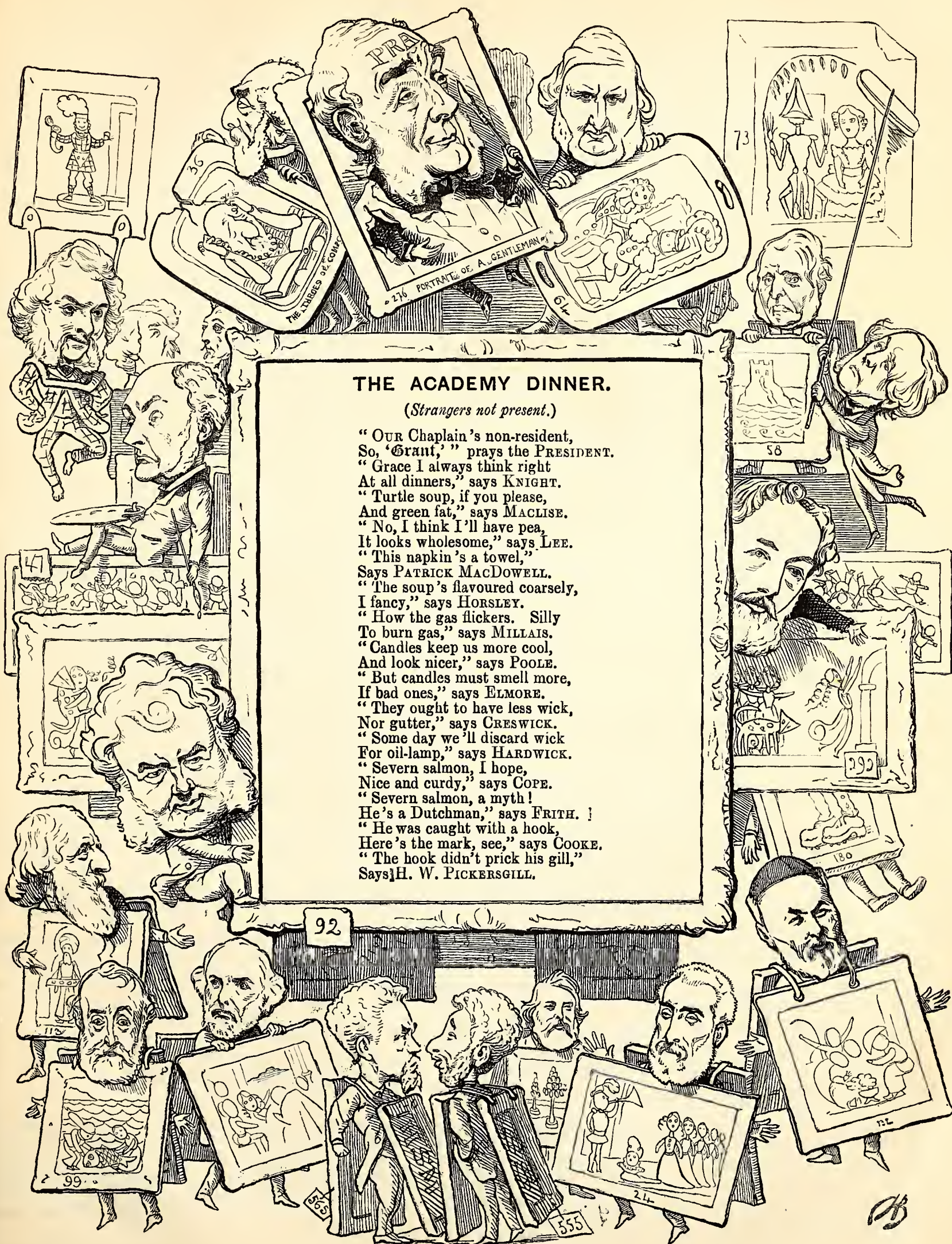
P.S. We are none of us quite discontented. I shall only ask (as a reward for my suggestion) that I may remove the Alhambra to Victoria Park.

WHAT TO SEE.

BY all means see MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED and MR. JOHN PARRY, who, having safely launched *their Northumberland*, will now be carried by favourable gales, and on the tide of popularity, well into the present season, which promises to be a most auspicious one for their *Yachting Cruise*. The rehearsal of *Hamlet*, with MRS. REED as *Ophelia*, MR. REED as *the Moody Dane*, and MR. JOHN PARRY as *the Ghost*, "with a song," is worth all the money, not to mention MR. PARRY sitting down to play at sight MR. REED's composition, and making the most woeful discords in the bass. As to *Mrs. Roseleaf's Wedding Breakfast*, it is simply inimitable: words cannot do it justice. MRS. BROWN reigns again at the Egyptian Hall, which is another way of saying that the attraction of MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's entertainment has in no way diminished. His panorama, too, is capitally painted, and the whole thing is really "drawing;" in fact, it may be called a Drawing-Room Entertainment. Talking of painting, by the way, MR. GRIEVE's yachting arrangements, with the *back-ground* of sea, with view of the harbour, is perhaps one of the brightest, lightest, and freshest scenes he has ever done for the Gallery of Illustration.

Luxury, Indeed!

IN one of the Wine Circulars quoted in City articles a dealer bemoans over the fact that Wine is still regarded as a luxury, but he believes that ere long it will cease to be considered one. Some recent experiences of ours, at very genteel dinner-tables, and our subsequent headaches, induce us to concur in this belief.



"A small piece of turbot,
I pray for," says HERBERT.
"Some fins and some bones—
They're the sweetest," says JONES.
"These Kremeskys I laud,
They are models," says WARD.
"The suprême's nice and hot,"
Says the Architect SCOTT.
"Then Restore it—I'm partial
To that, Sir," says MARSHALL.
"I always eat slowly
At dinner," says FOLEY.
"I never ate leeks,
Are they toothsome?" says WEEKES.
"On that waiter a stupor
Has come," says A. COOPER.
"I saw lamb in his hands here,
I thought," says CHARLES LANDSEER.

"Champagne? No, some red wine.
More safe," says SIR EDWIN.
"Well, a very good hock's all
I care for," says BOXALL.
"This cup's not ill made,
And well iced," says T. FAED.
"If it's mingled with skill lip
Meets worse things," says PHILLIP.
"Overdone, tell the cook,
Are these ducklings," says HOOK.
"Try the Charlotte, you should all,
It's scrumptious," says GOODALL.
"I knew gout, in Banff, healed
By iced food," says STANFIELD.
"If that salad is lobster,
I'll have some," says WEBSTER.
"But crab you had best make hot,"
Says sensible WESTMACOTT.

"Neither jelly nor tart
For yours truly," says HART.
"Parmesan, not too new, is
Digestive," says LEWIS.
"Some tea—I've to work
Before bedtime," says SMIRKE.
"Tea sends me to bed grave
And wakeful," says REDGRAVE.
"Now, we'll have a cigar,"
Says young PICKERSGILL, F.R.

CHORUS OF FIENDS. (ASSOCIATES.) *Outside.*
You in there! Thirty Eight!
Sitting stuck up in state,
And looking so proud and so haughty,
Elect, and be blowed,
For Reform's on the road,
And next time we shall vote with the Forty.

VAGUE PEOPLE.

WITH the Professors and Disciples of the Vague School certain phrases are used as equivalents for long stories and explanations. As in the phrase "All that sort of thing." Thus:—

Vaguer Questioner (much interested). You saw Whatshername¹ the other day. What did you say to her?

Vague Respondent (who wishes to give his friend a general notion of the importance of the communication without going into lengthy and troublesome details). Oh! I told her it was almost impossible for Thingummy to manage it; and if she—er—(thinks how he can abbreviate the narrative)—er—thought that—er—I could after all do the—

Vague Questioner (perfectly understanding him so far). Yes, I see. Well?

Vague Respondent (satisfied that his friend won't understand it a bit better if he talks for half an hour, hesitates as to finishing at once or not). Yes—and so we—we—er—talked it over several times ("several times" is artistically thrown in to give the idea that the conversations weren't of much importance as regards the result, and therefore are not worth recounting). And she said that—er—it wasn't at all the sort of way to—(finds that he's getting into a dialogue form, and simplifies the matter by skilfully bringing in the "vague phrase") and, in fact, all that sort of thing.

Vague Questioner (perfectly satisfied). Oh! and so there was nothing more done?

Vague Respondent (much relieved by his Vague's friend quick apprehension). No, nothing.

Two other vague phrases, which obtain among the Vague people; "You know the sort of thing I mean." The first is "you know" used flatteringly; the other "you know the sort of thing I mean," used *causâ troublam savendi*. e. g.:

Vague Questioner (ready to ask anything about everything for the sake of conversation). What is a Rantoon? (His friend has been talking of Rantoons.)

Vague Respondent (probably lounging and smoking). A Rantoon? Oh, don't you know? (superfluous question: an inartistic method to be avoided.) It's—er—(inspects the ash of his cigar, as if he saw a plan of a Rantoon in it) it's a—er—one of those sort of things like a thingummy with large wheels (his friend smokes vaguely)—goes along the road—(says by way of flattering him and avoiding further question.) You know. (Friend nods as if he was in possession of several secrets of this sort.)—Well—it's only larger—(knocks the ash of his cigar) and goes quicker—er—and (gets bored with the explanation) you know the sort of thing I mean.

Vague Friend (who being totally uninterested in Rantoons is perfectly satisfied for the second time). Oh yes, I know.

Now if at some future time Vague Questioner is asked what a Rantoon is, he will reply somewhat in this form:—

Vague Questioner. A Rantoon? Oh yes, I know very well. (As if he'd been living among them all his life.) Whatshisname was only talking about it the other day.

His Friend, not a Vague Disciple, but one really seeking information. Well, what is it?

Vague Questioner (half laughing, as if there was something so utterly ludicrous associated with a Rantoon as to beggar description). Oh (little vague laugh) it's a thing that runs along—(Friend thinks he's going to hear of an animal)—you go along, you know, on a sort of a—um—dear me—(in an annoyed tone as if he'd forgotten the name, which indeed he has) er—(sees that his friend doesn't understand vagueness, and is anxiously waiting for an answer) you know—what you go on along a road—without a horse (Friend thinks of "legs" and "a Railway") no—no—Perambulator—(recollects that that isn't the word, but deter-

mines that it must do for the present) and you know the sort of thing. Good bye, old fellow, see you again soon. (Leaves his friend wondering what the deuce a Rantoon is.)

Vague People never know the names of streets. Let a stranger to London meet a Professor of Vagueness by St. James's Palace, at the bottom of St. James's Street, and ask his way to Hanover Square.

Vague Prof. (who has allowed his thoughts to wander as he strolled along, is now utterly unable to collect them in order to meet the demand). Eh? Hanover Square? (Thinks if he'd been asked for Belgrave Square he could have told him.) Hanover Square. (Considering.) Well, you must go up here—(forgets the name of St. James's Street) and then you know—into what'sitsname street—to the right—rather—and (hopelessly) there you are—(corrects himself and suggests a way out of all difficulties) at least any one will tell you. (Gets rid of him).

When the stranger has gone, the Vague Person will wonder to himself where the dickens Hanover Square is, and whether the fellow didn't mean Grosvenor Square: he then recalls the fact that he has been to a ball in Willis's Rooms, in Hanover Square; on second thoughts, he says to himself, "Willis's Rooms are in Grosvenor Square, or no, in Thingummy street where St. James's Theatre is;" and then he makes a happy hit by arriving at the conclusion that the Hanover Square Rooms are in Grosvenor Square. Finally, meeting a friend, he asks where the Hanover Square Rooms are, and is told in Hanover Square, whereupon he identifies the spot by remarking, "Oh yes, I know, there's a statue of Old Thingummy in it," and straightway congratulates himself upon his accurate knowledge of London.

Vague people, being generally persons with no occupation, are prone to scandal. They perhaps do less harm than your regular gossip by their ingenious use of blanks and dashes in conversation: e. g.

Vague Person. You've heard of course of—er—?

Vague Friend (who would like to know all about it, but thinks that a show of ignorance will defeat his object). Oh, you mean about—er—?

Vague Person (quite up to him). No, no. I mean Whatshisname in the — There are two of 'em—you must have heard it.

Vague Friend (unwilling to give in). What, do you mean the case that was in the paper (he hasn't of course the slightest notion of what he's talking about).

Vague Person (interested). No, what was that?

Vague Friend (baffled). Oh! I thought you'd seen it. (They consider whether they shall exchange confidences: slight pause). Oh, it's nothing. I thought it was the same affair.

So the conversation continues, and ultimately Vague Friend learns that there is "some sort of a row between old Whatshisname, you know the fellow, and that chap who—let me see what did he do last year?—however, you know both parties well enough—however that's the state of the case."

On the use of "So on," "And so forth," "You understand me," &c., we will speak another time.

More Valuable Statistics.

(BY OUR OWN OLD FOOL.)

IN the list of Marriages in the *Times* of one day last week, extraordinary not to say remarkable to relate, we find twelve brides whose united Christian names contain the unprecedented number of 144 letters of the alphabet, giving an average of twelve letters each. This we think is even more astounding than the revelation that if ten old parties have lived to various ages between seventy and eighty, the aggregate number of years is rather large. The social value and interest of both facts seem about equal.

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—Milton.

¹ On the Vague use of Whatshisname, see our former paper on Vague People.

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.



IR,—“I am writing a book in which I have occasion to mention the amusements that have beguiled the leisure moments of great men. Can you from your multifarious reading, supply me with some instances?”

ALISON HUME.

[LORD THURLOW was always at snap-dragon; JOHN HUNTER never grew tired of amusing himself with the bones; FRANKLIN loved his kite; DR. JOHNSON frequently played at hop-scotch in Bolt Court with LORD MANSFIELD; CARDINAL POLE diverted QUEEN MARY by his per-

formance on the slack rope: PROTECTOR SOMERSET could tumble head over heels ten times running; JOHN LAW blew bubbles; HOBBS (of Malmesbury) was such an enthusiastic mechanician that when not engaged in reading CHUBB'S Works he was always contriving locks; DEAN ALDRICH revelled in cricket, particularly in a good catch; LORD ELGIN (British Museum LORD ELGIN) liked marbles; LORD BUTE danced beautifully; WILLIAM OF ORANGE had much difficulty in tearing himself away from Loo; WILLIAM THE “SILENT” invented whist, and the Great CONDÉ condescended to skittles and beer.]

“What is the origin of the following phrases:—

- a. He thinks no small beer of himself.
- b. He is up a tree.
- c. A rogue in grain?”—AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

- [a. There is much uncertainty about this expression. Some historians say it was first applied to SIR MATTHEW HALE, others to ENDYMION PORTER. But a letter written by SIR WILLIAM BUTTS, physician to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and preserved in the Vatican (Cod. Vat. xxx.) attributes the saying to the Presbyterians' aversion to OLIVER CROMWELL, the brewer's son of Huntingdon. The genuineness, however, of this document is greatly questioned by BREWER.
- b. First came into use when CHARLES THE SECOND hid himself in the Boscobel Oak. Knights of the Royal Oak were to have been created after the Restoration, but this proved a royal hoax.
- c. Said of TITUS OATES, who along with WHEATLEY, a limner, and BARLEY, one of the many husbands of BESS of HARDWICK, got up the Rye House Plot, a conspiracy to compel every householder to consume only brown bread at a time when wheat was 200s. the quarter. Special constables were sworn in and knocked the plot on the head with their truncheons. Hence the expression the staff of life. See *Baker's Chronicle* lately published by direction of the Master of the Rolls.]

“I am a great purist in the language I employ, and wish to know the exact difference between the following words:—

1. Artist and artiste.
2. Person and personage.
3. Lunch and luncheon.”—LINGO.

- [1. Consult the authors of the programmes issued by MR. GYE and MR. MAPLESON, or any Music Hall proprietor.
2. Write to the *Court Newsman* or the *Morning Post*.
3. Bread and cheese under a hedge in a country lane is lunch; a hot meal at 2 P.M. in Grosvenor Square is luncheon.]

“Who wrote the *Splendid Shilling*?”—A. PENNY WISE.

[JOHN PHILIPS. He had a place in the Mint, and afterwards went out as Minister to the Argentine Republic.]

“‘THIERS, idle THIERS.’ I have heard some beautiful lines set to music beginning with these words, and am told they are TENNYSON'S, but I have searched through his poems and cannot find them. Can you help me?”—BOOKWORM.

[Is there not some confusion in your mind between the secretion of the lachrymal gland and a celebrated French ex-Minister, whom no one ever accused of indolence?]

“Who wrote a book on *Tar Water*?”—BERKELEY BISHOPP.

[The work on *Tar Water* (only another name for sailors' grog) is generally attributed to SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.]

N.B. *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be known that he cannot undertake to answer queries relating to the management of infants, the best method of curing hams, the legality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister (at all events during the lifetime of *Mrs. P.*), the destruction of black beetles, the Nibelungenlied, the respective merits of the logical systems of HAMILTON and MILL, the Sleswick-Holstein question, a good receipt for clear soup, and the new Reform statistics.

NEMESIS.

THERE'S a funeral shadow lying
Athwart Europe far and wide;
Drifts and scuds of terror flying,
Fierce and fast, on every side.
Over Germany they darken,
Over Italy they gloom;
Sea-girt England's hushed to hearken
For the trumpet of the doom.

What is it, this black terror?
Is't but the cloud of war,
By some pernicious error
Drawn near, from seeming far?
No, 'tis a deeper dark'ning
Than e'en war's-cloud can spread;
And the Voice for which we're heark'ning,
Thrills with more than battle's dread.

There's a lustre as of lightning
Hid in the war-cloud's breast:
There strikes an upward bright'ning
From an armed nation's breast.
There is music in war's voices—
Stern music though it be—
When down-trod Right rejoices
Might has ris'n to set her free.

But in this cloud no lifting
Of the heavy pall we trace:
Light breaketh through no rifting
Of this veil on Europe's face.
No exultation blendeth
With this low mourning moan
Of Freedom as she bendeth
Her face aside to groan.

'Tis Nemesis—dark angel
That follows on ill-deeds,
And writes her stern evangel
In the fate of crowns and creeds—
'Tis Nemesis, that mouldeth
This shadow dense and deep,
From the wings that she unfoldeth
With long and lingering sweep.

'Tis Nemesis that speaketh
In the thunder of these clouds,—
The Nemesis that wreaketh
Kings' wrongs on guiltless crowds.
'Tis Nemesis preparing
Bloody crop from evil seed,—
The Nemesis, ne'er sparing
Ill-doer, or ill-deed.

So England naught rejoices,
In the view of god-less fight;
Has no well-wishing voices,
Where none are in the right.
Sees not Freedom's angel springing
From the blood that shall be shed;
Only Nemesis, slow winging
O'er her due track, strewn with dead!

Half and Half.

It is an old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. The *Monde*, however, by its fashions and phraseology appears to be quite sufficiently well informed about the life of the *demi-monde*.



PLEASANT FOR SIMPKINS!

Photographer (to Mr. Simpkins). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES. STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

Mrs. S. (by a look that Mr. S. quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE HIM WINK!!"

THE KING'S REVENGE.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

The King (throwing down a paper). BISMARCK!

Bismarck. I venture to recognise in your Majesty's tone the presence of surprise in your Majesty's mind.

The King. I should be surprised if you did not. Read that paper.

Bism. It was my duty to make myself acquainted with its contents prior to its coming before my Sovereign.

The King. And you handed it to me as coolly as if it had been a petition for justice, or any other trumpery trash.

Bism. Certain that your Majesty's mind would instantly assign it a fitting place, I abstained from remark upon it.

The King. My mind, BISMARCK. That's all very well. I suppose that my mind is as clear as anybody else's—

Bism. As any other King's, even, Sire.

The King. But this is not a case of mind, but of majesty. Are my people going mad?

Bism. As your faithful Minister, Sire, it is simply my business to turn the swine into army pork. I do not inquire whether they are possessed.

The King. But—but—you have read this. It is rebellion.

Bism. Squeaking changed into grunting Sire, nothing more. A variety in music is not unwelcome.

The King. I am astonished, BISMARCK, at your talking so calmly of what is a frightful manifestation of treason, and a personal insult to myself. Do you comprehend this document, Count?

Bism. The Prussian people, Sire, object, as I understand, to send the flower of their educated youth to be slaughtered by Croatian savages, in a cause which many of your subjects deem bad, and to which the rest are indifferent.

The King. That is the blasphemous remonstrance which they have dared to address to the Anointed. And you talk of it as coolly as if it were a humble prayer for leave to erect a statue in my honour. Is the world coming to an end?

Bism. We Calvinists have unfortunately no state religion, Sire, or I should venture to refer you to the Minister of that department for a reply. I can, however, write to the President of the Ober Kirchenrath, and ask his opinion. EARL RUSSELL has an advantage over me in this respect, as he can confer with the BISHOP OF SHAFTESBURY or the Scotch Bishop CUMMING.

The King. BISMARCK, I have the temper of an angel—

Bism. (aside). Or rather of the animal who spoke in his presence.

The King. But I am also a soldier, and apt to be choleric.

Bism. How have I offended you, Sire? I have evinced no indignation at that protest, but if your Majesty likes I will place myself in any attitude of anger and rage which may seem expressive. I have been fortunate enough to be complimented on my success in private theatricals. There, Sire, do I look angry enough?

The King. You presume on my good-nature, BISMARCK. That outrageous document is not to be treated thus. I am considering what form my vengeance ought to take. The people dare to have an opinion as to what I shall do with my armies! I have a great mind to make a hideous example.

Bism. Sire, an English poet, who is better understood here than in his own stupid island, has said,—

"O Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire."

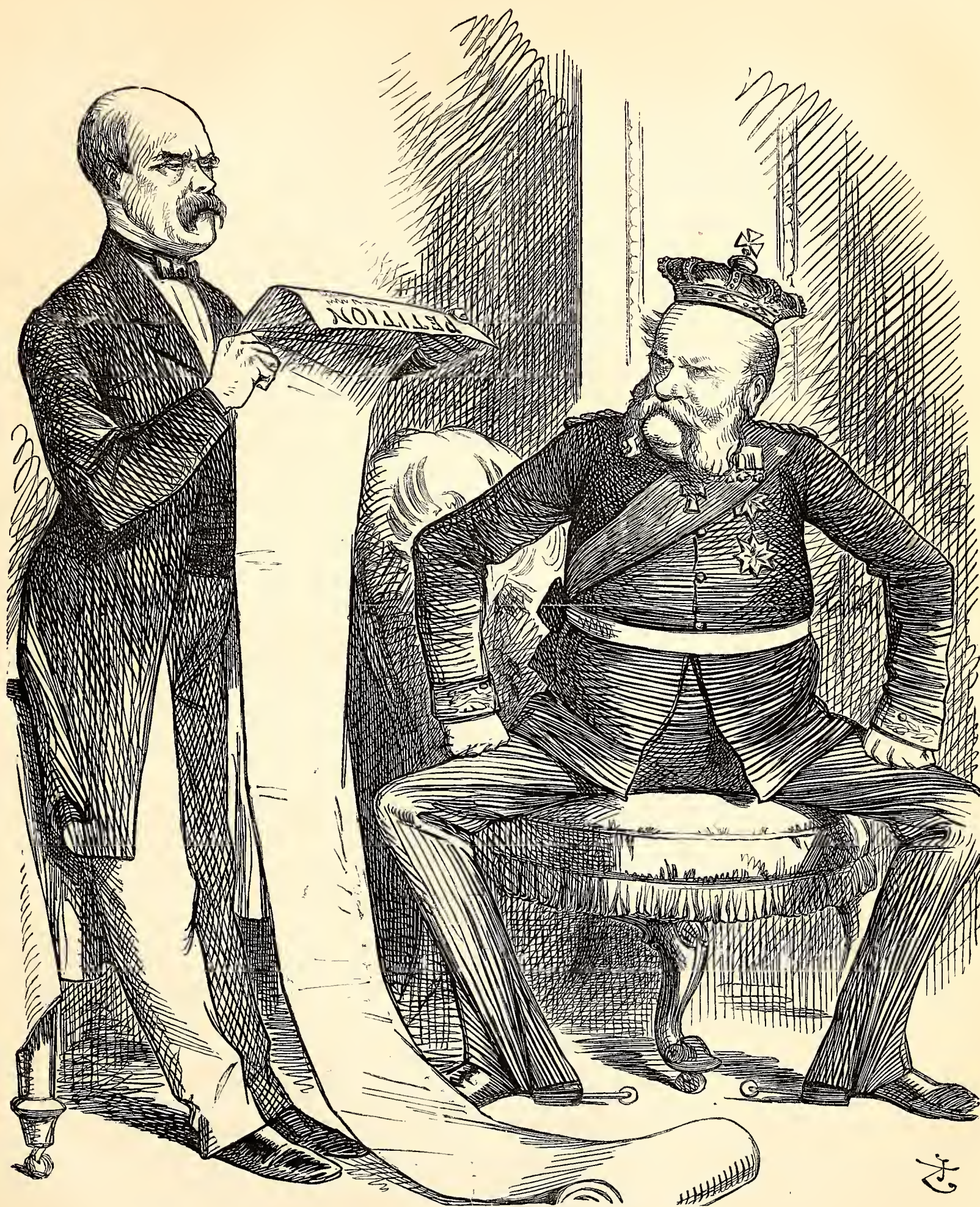
I pray your Majesty to accept my congratulations on the splendid spectacle of indignation which you have honoured me by letting me behold. As I am only a man of business, I await your Majesty's orders.

The King. What ought I to do to this profane *canaille*?

Bism. As a Calvinistic Christian, Sire, of course you have but one duty—forgive them.

The King. If I do, may I—

Bism. Sire, although I have lived too much with Kings to attach weight to their oaths, I am opposed to rash and unnecessary swearing. The rest of my sentence may save your Majesty the trouble of a curse.



CHECK TO THE KING!

BISMARCK (*reads from 3000 Citizens of Cologne*)—"In view of the miserable condition of the country—in view of a civil war, with its attendant sufferings and fearful calamities . . . we couch a solemn protest against engaging in such a war—"

KING OF PRUSSIA. "WHAT IS THAT? DARE MY SUBJECTS OBJECT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?"

I should have added that as a King, Sire, entrusted with the task of instilling right principles into your subjects, you are bound to punish them severely. But punishment should never be administered in anger.

The King. I was never so angry in my life. Infernal traitors and rebels! They ought to feel honoured in my condescending to give them orders to go and be killed anywhere. Blasphemers! Object to fight Croats, as if a Croat's being *my* enemy did not make the fighting him a service which my subjects should deem a glory. Miscreants!

Bism. Sire, your logic is irrefragable. Let your deductions take the form of action. I should inflict the most terrible vengeance on these men.

The King. Now you speak like a nobleman. What would you do to them?

Bism. Would your Majesty be satisfied if we killed twenty or thirty thousand of them?

The King. I have ordered you not to joke, Count.

Bism. I am as serious as a German comedy, Sire. I promise you this vengeance, at the very least.

The King. Explain, Count; explain.

Bism. Carry on the war, Sire.

The King. And take no further notice of this atrocity?

Bism. Your Majesty, if we drive the pigs to the pork-butcher, I think that we may permit them to make any noises on the way. I humbly submit that any other notice of that document would be unworthy of a King.

The King. Perhaps you are right, BISMARCK, perhaps you are right. And if they should get well peppered, it will be a just vengeance upon them for their parricidal conduct.

Bism. Providence watches over the interests of Kings, Sire—that is, when they are legitimate Kings. We will teach these pigs to protest against the will of their owner.

“The Wild Night Huntsman hath gone by.”

The King (joyfully). Are they singing that? Then war is certain.

Bism. (devoutly). With the blessing of Providence, Sire.

HYDROPHOBIA AND HALF-A-CROWN.

THE numerous paragraphs which have lately appeared in the papers, headed “Death from Hydrophobia,” give interest to the case of JOHN MEADE, Hyde Park Constable, No. 8, pulled up the other day at Marlborough Street Police Court, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for torturing a dog. The constable was trying to kill the dog, and failing in the attempt to knock it at once on the head, of course shocked impulsive bystanders. His account of the transaction was as follows:—

“Seeing the dog in question in the park, and being told it had bitten some one, he laid hold of it by one hand, and it bit him on the wrist. He then seized it with the other hand, and asked a constable to take a piece of string from his pocket and give it to him. When he got the string he tied it round the dog's neck, and then people came up and said he was ill-using the dog. He certainly did put his foot on the dog after he had been bitten, and would have killed it at the time.”

Two witnesses deposed that this dog had been known about the park for some years as a vicious dog. Moreover—

“COLONEL MARSHALL, of the Guards, said the stray dogs in the park were a dreadful nuisance. A recent case of hydrophobia had occurred in consequence of the sufferer having been bitten by one of them. He had written to MR. COWPER on the subject of the danger to park frequenters and riders from stray dogs running about. While walking through Rotten Row that day he had noticed seven dogs in the road. MR. DAVIS said there were about 100 stray dogs.”

So far the case is clear enough, and has doubtless been reported with the usual accuracy of the *Times*. In what follows there must surely be a mistake. The Magistrate said:—

“He had himself seen riders in the park, ladies especially, put in danger from dogs running after their horses and snapping at their hoofs. He had not seen any one actually thrown, but he had certainly seen riders very much shaken in consequence. The park-keeper did his duty in laying hold of the dog, and in destroying it. The question was, did he exceed his duty in what he was seen to do? Could he, after placing the string round the dog's neck have dragged it to the wood-house? Though instructions were very properly given to destroy vicious dogs, it was monstrous they should be destroyed in the face of the public. The defendant was no doubt doing his duty, but as he did it in some respects improperly, he would mark his sense of the excess of duty by fining him half-a-crown.”

We can have no doubt that the conclusion of the judgment, above quoted, ran, as really delivered, thus:—“The defendant was certainly doing his duty, but as he did it in a rather bungling manner, the reward which would be given to him, for the courage he had exerted in destroying a dangerous animal, would not exceed half-a-crown.” How could a most sagacious Magistrate fine a man half-a-crown in any case for putting a dog to death? Half-a-crown is far too small a penalty for killing a dog wantonly and cruelly. Considered as imposed for excess of duty in destroying a dog, it is simply a caution to park keepers and others to mind how they destroy dangerous dogs.

THE HAIRESS AND THE HAIRLESS.

SHE wore no wreath of roses,
The day when first we met;
A porkpie hat was pertly cocked
Upon her curls of jet.
Her eyes with lustrous brightness,
'Neath their long lashes shone,
And temptingly the roses grew
Her dimpled cheek upon.
But chiefly I admired the hue
(’Tis not in fashion now)
Of those dark tresses shadowing
Her fair and snowy brow.

That girl, when next I see her,
I scarce can recognise;
Her altered presence fills me
With wonder and surprise.
Gone are those glossy ringlets,
In colour like the crow;
Her hair is palest yellow now,
And frizzed to look like tow!
I saw her sadly altered
For the worse, you will allow;
But she told me ’twas the fashion,
To which all girls must bow.

And once again I see her,
O what a wreck is there!
The dyes she used have sadly thinned
Her once luxuriant hair.
She tries a hundred remedies,
Alas! ’tis all in vain;
For hair, when once by art destroyed,
By art ne’er sprouts again.
Ere long, to hide the baldness
That threatens her, I vow;
A wig she will be wearing
Upon her youthful brow.

MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY.

IN the advertisements addressed to a nation you study its social nature. Here is an invitation to some gardens (very good gardens) near London:—

“Come to our Gardens and hearken to the wind whispering among the solemn pines, and the birds warbling among the ilex and lime-trees, and hear the jocund guffaws of the revellers at the Ridotto. Dancing every evening. Dinners and Teas always, especially Sundays. The fireworks, by JONES, will this night eclipse those of the Crystal Palace.”

What light does this scrap throw upon the character of JOHN BULL! How his curious nature is appealed to! A touch of melancholy, not to say maudlin, and then—jocund guffaws. The wind whispers, the birds warble, and like MISS JEMIMA IVINS and her friends, he remarks, *sotto voce*, “Ow ’eavenly!” Perhaps weeps. Then, dashing away thought and tear, he exclaims, “Ha! ha! ha!”—and revels. Here is his picture in little. While admiring it, we would add that the pleasant little oath, “by Jones,” in affirmation of the goodness of the fireworks, is the newest thing out. Much better than “by Jove,” who was only a heathen deity, and by no means a respectable one. “JONES the Avenger” is a preferable person to Jupiter Ultor. Henceforth, whenever we emit a jolly guffaw, we intend to swear by Jones.

SERVE YOU RIGHT.

DEAR PUNCH,

Paul's Chain.

DON'T you hate a fellow, especially a tradesman, who can't take a joke? I received from a person who occupies the proud position of being one of my creditors, a letter (I am bound to say the sixth or seventh of a series to the same effect) in which he pressed upon me the necessity of settling his bill. I was just reading a Sunday newspaper, and it occurred to me, as a bit of clever fun, to cut off a notice which the editor had appended to a correspondent's epistle, and annex it to my persecutor's communication. Which, therefore, went back to him thus annotated.

[Here this Correspondence must cease. Enough has been said on a subject better let alone.]

Sir, the fellow has no sense of fun. He took me at my word, and the next document I received began with the name of our gracious Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA. As I said, don't you hate a man who does not understand a joke?

Yours faithfully,

PROCTOR LITTLEWIT.

SKETCHES OF M.P.'S WHOSE SEATS HAVE BEEN RE-DISTRIBUTED.



VIOLENT M.P.



FRANTIC M.P.



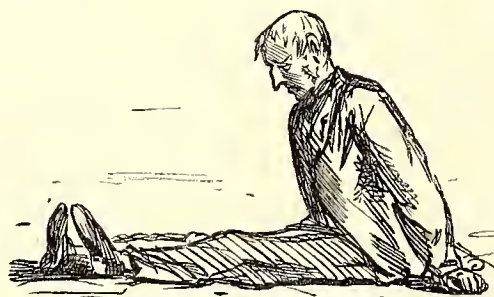
ILL-USED M.P.



HEREDITARY M.P.



STUPEFIED M.P.



M.P. WHOSE HOPES ARE SHATTERED.



COLLAPSED M.P.



M.P. WHO FLATTERS HIMSELF HE DID NOT SHOW HIS FEELINGS WHEN HE LEFT THE HOUSE.

A CONUNDRUM FOR CHEMISTS.

THERE are some things which even *Mr. Punch* does not quite understand. The subjoined advertisement is one of them:—

WANTED, in a Private Laboratory, a young Chemist as ASSISTANT. He will be expected to carry out research, to perform commercial analyses, and occasionally to wait at table. A graduate preferred. Address, Philo-Chemicus, "Chemical News" Office, stating lowest terms.

What are we to make out of such a want as that above advertised? What capacity is that which a young chemist is wanted to fill in a private laboratory where, in addition to carrying out research and performing chemical analyses, he will be expected occasionally to wait at table? And what sort of a graduate is it that will be preferred for the performance of these offices—especially the latter? A graduate, as such qualified for waiting at table, is one who can be conceived to have graduated only in having been accustomed to run up and down stairs. This is the graduation of waiters, and certainly no one can be better adapted than a waiter to wait at table. But then, how is the character of the graduate of the staircase to be combined with that of the chemist? And what is the research which the young chemist, wanted in a private laboratory as assistant, will be expected to carry out? Is it bottles? and will he carry out research when he conveys a pie or a shoulder of mutton and potatoes on a tray to the baker's? Then, too, what are the commercial analyses which he will be required to perform? Cleaning boots and shoes, knives and forks perhaps, or discharging some other menial functions, denoted by an euphemism.

Or is the foregoing notification a symbolical one, concealing a mystic sense? It appeared in the *Chemical News*. Is it a specimen of the nomenclature of modern alchemy? Can "PHILO-CHEMICUS" be a warlock of the Rosy Cross? Does "graduate" mean "adept?" and the table at which he will be expected occasionally to wait, the plane or superficies of "projection?"

There are not a few, perhaps, who will conjecture that this is a cant advertisement of a certain sort, whose covert meaning was of course

unsuspected by the management of a respectable scientific journal. To their apprehension a "private laboratory" may be a phrase for some illicit concern; the "graduate" may stand for a party who has taken his degrees in penal discipline; and the "research" that he is to "carry out," and the "commercial analyses" which he is to "perform," may be operations which will not bear to be specified in plain English. Is this a too monstrous supposition? It is surely not so monstrous as the hypothesis that there exists a Snob so ridiculously insolent as to propose engaging a young chemist to carry out research, perform analyses, and occasionally do the service of a "Buttlers!" Yet here is the reply of "PHILO-CHEMICUS" to a letter sent him by a graduate of an University, inquiring, if he accepted the engagement advertised by that person, how often, approximately, he would have to wait at table, and in what dress:—

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., and to state that I have selected your reply as being probably most eligible for the vacancy. You wld. not be required to wait at table more than once a month and probably not so often as that for some time: out of deference to the feelings of a gentleman the ordinary dress alone wld. be expected to be worn.

"Will you oblige by stating your degree and the precise nature of your academical standing.

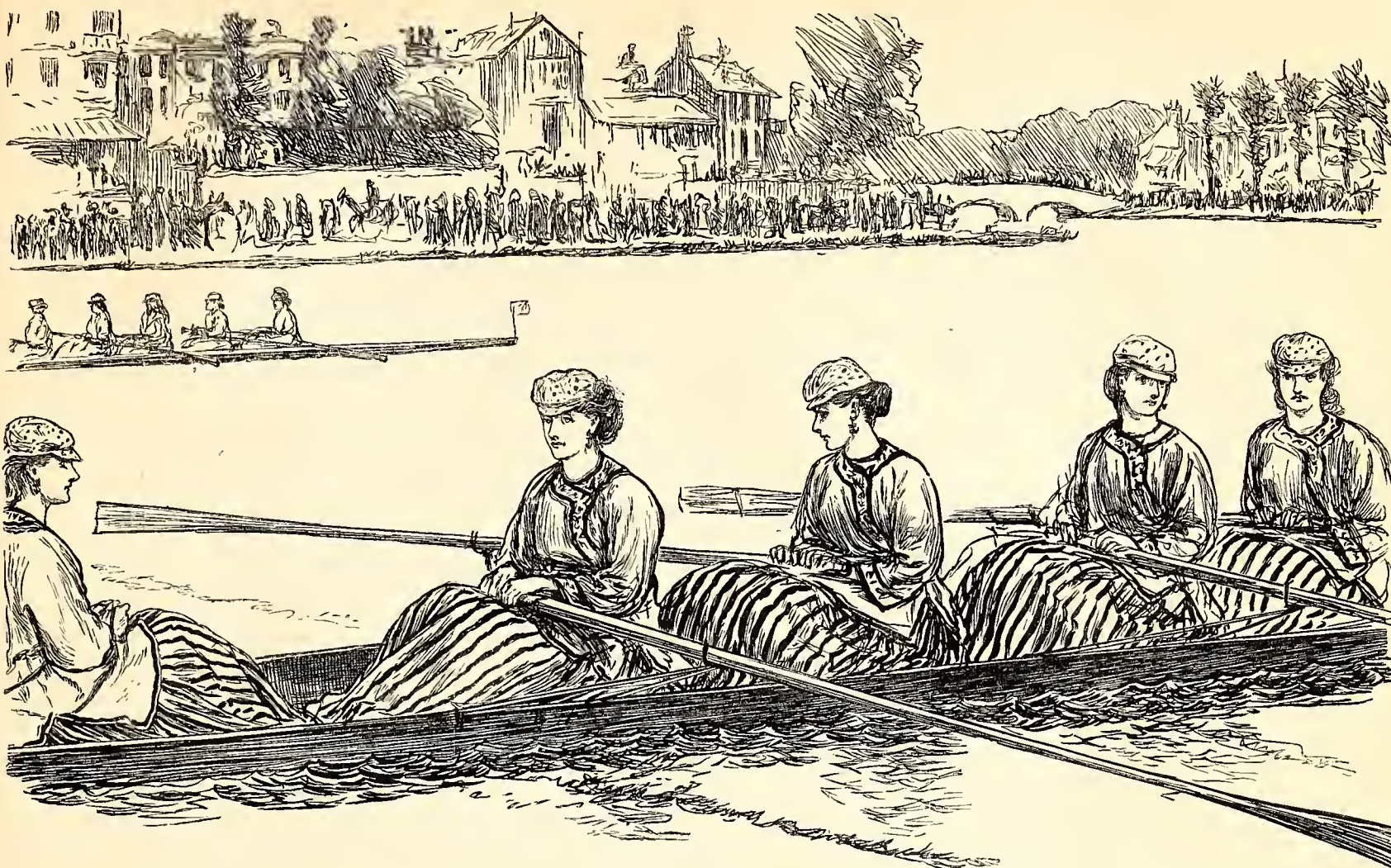
"These must be a necessary preliminary to further negotiation you will readily understand my reason for not divulging my name at this stage.

"May 15, 1866.

"PHILO-CHEMICUS."

The italics in the foregoing specimen of Philo-Chemical composition are PHILO-CHEMICUS's own. They seem to indicate that he really is such an amazing Snob as to expect a gentleman and a scholar occasionally to act as his footman out of livery. The peculiarity of his diction bespeaks a Snob, at any rate. It justifies the conclusion that he is a most illiterate as well as a most preposterous Snob; but his concluding reticence leaves room to doubt whether that is all and the worst we should think of him.

METEOROLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE.—This May the weather has been peculiarly unseasonable. At Whitsuntide the wind was Easter-ly.



BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.—DRIFTING DOWN TO THE STARTING-POINT.

THE VOICE OF PRUSSIA'S PEOPLE.

SIRE, who, thy nation's discontent,
Didst wage a murderous war to lull
By national additament,
Accounting us so basely dull
That we, of liberty bereft,
Should be content to sit us down
With other slaves, made thine by theft
Of provinces from Denmark's Crown :

Alas, O King, by thy pretence
Of race oppressed and German right,
Deluded was our loyal sense ;
And we were duped the Danes to fight !
The Highest Name, o'er carnage wrought
For spoil, with thanks didst thou invoke
How solemnly ! We little thought
How solemnly our King could joke.

But there—the Danes were only Danes,
Mere fellow-Christians, nothing more,
Whose throats we cut, blew out their brains,
Their members crushed, their vitals tore,
By the strong arm to work thy will,
And wrest thy neighbour's land away.
Must Germans also Germans kill
That thou may'st keep thy stolen prey ?

Thy Brother of Dahomey may,
His rule a race so loyal owns,
Have subjects glad to let him play
At bowls and skittles with their bones ;
And we are loyal too, though not
Enough, for thy ambition's whim,
The willing food of steel and shot,
To perish, as they die for him.

So precious are our human lives
That, ev'n to aggrandise thy throne,

Our mothers grudge their sons, our wives,
Their husbands. Draw the sword alone !
What, are thy subjects dogs, that they
Should be set on to do this thing ?
Away with BISMARCK—or away
With BISMARCK's weak or wicked King.

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

It has been said that the man who makes a blade of grass grow where none had grown before deserves a civic crown. What shall he receive who discovers a specific for a troublesome irritating disease ? Why immortality in the pages of *Punch* ! And surely the following treatment for the cure of Chicken Pock merits such a distinction :—

My dear Mama

22nd May
some dates

I have got the chicken pox so please send me a hamper with a cake an four pots of jam and a ham and a tongue can you send me some plants for my garden and some buter scotch and some oranges and some seeds send me a cricket bat six stunps 2 ^{bales} wickets and a ball send me my *Comic History of ENGLAND* and my steamer

I am your loving son

A B C

The experiment remains to be tried, but we have no doubt of the result.

An Unaccountable Omission.

AMONGST the exhibitors at the International Horticultural Show we do not find a name that should have been prominent in the list—COUNT BISMARCK. Why did he not send the fruits of his industry in the shape of the Apple of Discord.

A PARLIAMENTARY WISH.—That BISMARCK, baffled, may be "a Count out."

BELLES AND BLOSSOMS;

OR, THE MORAL OF THE FLOWERS.

At the show by South Kensington fathered
Of each floral and fash'nable grace;
The belles and the blossoms are gathered,
Each to look on the other's fair face.
Never Delhi's world-famous Dilkoocha,
With its gardens hung high in the air,
For azalea, and orchid, and fuchsia,
Could with *our* new DILK-oosha compare.

And as we floor India for blossoms—
(So far *our* COLE *their* *suu* excels)—
Take their harems and in to boot toss 'em
Their houris, we'd beat her for belles.
Such cheeks of true lilies and roses,
Such chiguons, as true—more or less;
Such fine figures, such dear little noses,
Such "sweet things" in bonnet and dress!

Under EDGINGTON's acres of awning,
Along ORMSON's miles of hot pipe,
From the first peep of day's West End dawning
Till the time for EVE's toilette is ripe,
Flows the tide of our fair flowers of fashion,
Showing colour and shedding perfume,
Till they put the prize flowers in a passion,
Their rivals in beauty and bloom.

Where the rich rhododendrons are clustered,
While rose on cheek mocks rose on tree,
With an o'er-dose of loveliness flustered,
Mr. Punch in a dream seems to be.
Betwixt blossoms and belles, he supposes,—
So fierce runs the fire in his veins—
He is dying of too many roses
In the most aromatic of pains!

But while thus enraptured he gazes
From delicate fair ones to flowers,
Till he loses himself in the mazes
Labyrinthine of beauties and bowers,
Hark! with ring like the silv'riest of metals,
A voice the piled blossoms upheaves:
'Tis a speech from the sylph of the petals,
And this lesson he reads from the leaves:—

"Peace from flower to fair one! We greet her
In her spring growth of muslin and lace:
Such sweet faces cannot look sweeter
For tulle's cloud or ærophant's grace.
Let not jealousy rouse us to passion,
Common cause 'tis our duty to make,
As we're both of us victims to fashion,
Against her our stand let us take.

"We flowers are as ill used as you are,
Dear fair, by *La Mode's* servile hands:
Your soft hair they twist, screw, and skewer,
And our leaves must obey their commands:
When in graceful *abandon* we'd straggle,
They peg us down fast, trim and round,
When in gentle despondence we'd draggle,
They tie us up tight off the ground.

"A girl must be patient as Grizzle,
And so must a plant in its pot:
Ladies' heads, if once fashion says "Frizzle,"
Must be frizzled, look ugly or not!
A la chinoise, dragged back from each forehead,
All the hair in the country must be,
Or *à la Grecque*, all in curls o'er head,
Be screwed at stern Fashion's decree.

"So for us, it don't matter a farden
How kind Nature meant us to grow,
If the fashion that rules in the garden
To the old-fashioned practice says 'No.'
She doubles what Nature made single,
Stains petals in Nature's despite,
Till in sulky companionship mingle
Hues as hostile as black is to white.

"See these pyramid piles of azalea,
All bloom, not a leaflet all o'er;

Had Nature done that, 't were a failure,
When Art does it, all cry 'Encore!'
Roses trimmed into conical models,
And ladies in hoops, ought to feel
They may well lay together their noddles
To get Fashion under their heel.

"Our foliage and your *chevelure*—
Though Nature will 'never say die'—
Fashion boldly says 'Dye, and ensure
The tone I command you to try!'
Be it staining geranium leaves scarlet,
Or converting all locks into gold,
Still Fashion, that insolent varlet,
To his own taste compels Nature's mould.

"Then, sweet sisters, let's spurn the oppression
That equally weighs us both down,
Belles and blossoms once linked for aggression,
Can dictate the taste of the town.
To Scotch gardeners *we'll* bid defiance,
'Gainst the milliners *you* should rebel:
Flowers and fair ones make holy alliance,
And let Beauty, in both, Fashion quell!"

MUSKETRY DRILL.

DEAR PUNCH,

CORNET SAUNTER must have been an awful duffer. I find musketry easy enough, and am confident of getting an "extra first;" but then I always take notes of all the instruction that is imparted to me in the lectures. I send you my notes of to-day's. There is nothing new in them, being *verbatim* from the red book, but they are in a condensed form, and may be of use to others, who, like myself, are cramming for certificates.

Yours faithfully,

L. U. NATIC.

THEORETICAL INSTRUCTION.

The atmosphere is an elastic fluid composed of Monthly Progress Returns, the size of a shilling on a white ground, who are to make themselves acquainted with this important part of their duty by attaching the swivel to the claws of the trajectory, which scarcely deviates from a bull's-eye three feet by two, the fixed points being thrown out over the top of the foresight in the direction of the Officer Instructor, who is useless and an incumbrance to the Battalion. The ranges are to be surveyed by a committee composed of a Stadiometer and two District Inspectors, who are to be carefully wiped with an oiled rag until the tendency to wink is overcome, when the danger flag will be raised at the marker's butt, the sights being kept upright, and the practice will be continued till he becomes a casual, when his mean deviation is to be removed from the lock-plate by means of a diagram, kneeling, the left eye being placed round the trigger-guard.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE STABLE MIND.

"ARGUS," the vigilant and well-informed sporting correspondent of the *Post*, speaking of certain jewellery commemorative of *Lord Lyon's* victory at Epsom, says that—

"MESSRS. LONDON & RYDER appeal to the ladies with gold horse-shoe brooches, the centre of which is composed of a jockey's cap enamelled in the red and black of MR. SUTTON's colours, and the *tout ensemble* is very neat and appropriate."

It may be not wholly unnecessary to remind some constant readers of horsey intelligence, unacquainted with any but the vulgar tongue, that *tout* in the foregoing question does not rhyme with scout, and that *tout ensemble*, in the language of the turf, must not be taken to mean a lot of fellows employed clandestinely to watch a horse.

A NEW VERSION OF THE OLD PROVERB, "EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE," &c.

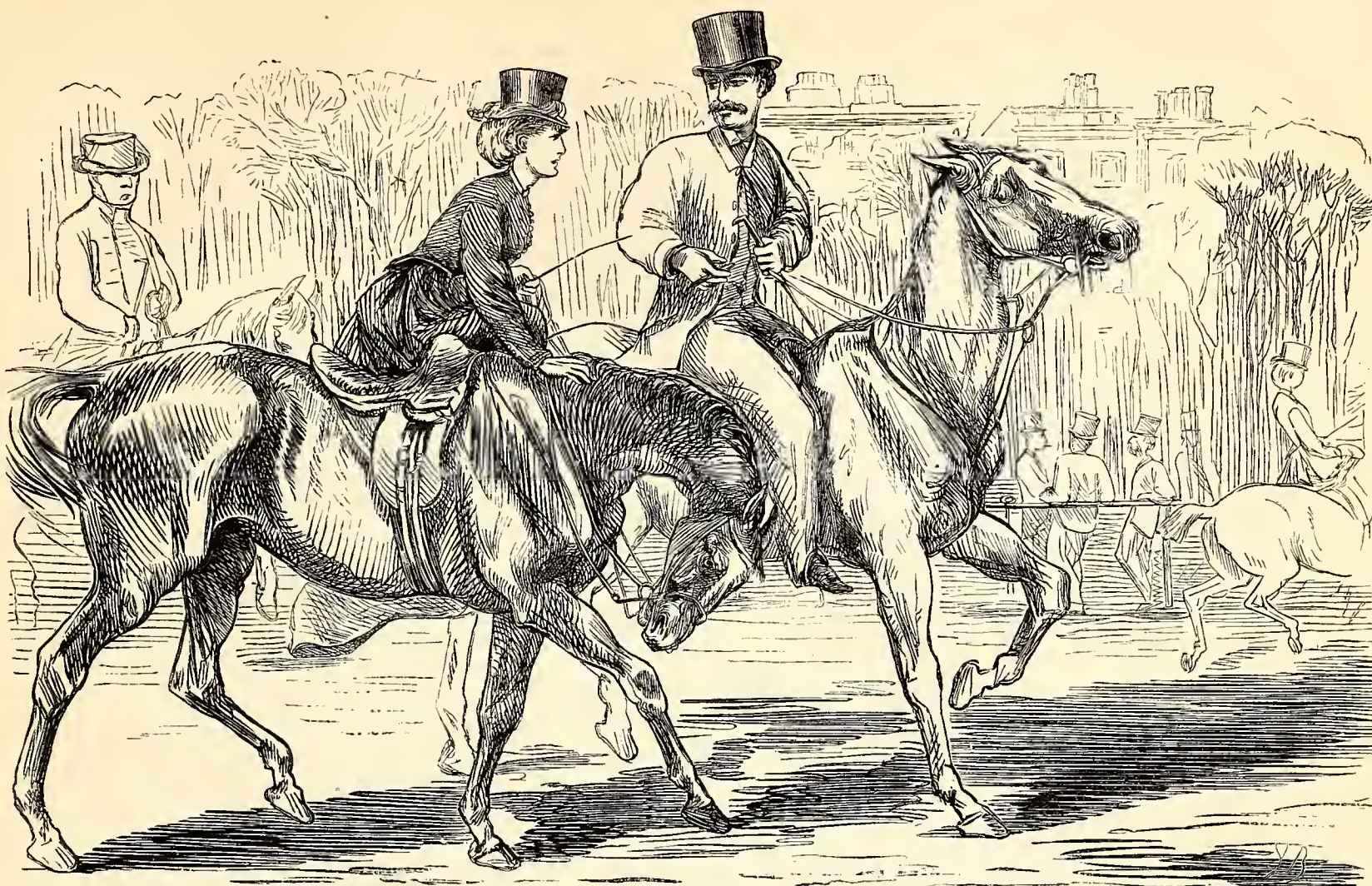
If late a man's in, and late out of bed;
He'll get thin, short of tin, and thick in the head.

HARD LINES ON INDIVIDUALS.

THE compulsory purchase of land by a Railway Company is insult added to injury. The buyers take a site in the seller's face.

CURIOUS FEAT.—A Scampish Builder ran up one high perpendicular wall of a suburban villa in two days.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—Ahem!



SYMPATHY.

Laura. "YES, TIRESOME HORSE TO RIDE! PULLS NOW AND THEN TREMENDOUSLY, AS IF HE WOULD LIKE TO RUN AWAY WITH ONE!"
Charlie (who is so absurd). "AH, THEN I CAN UNDERSTAND HIS FEELINGS!"

MRS. GRUNDY ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AH! drat the nasty foreigners; there's always some new bother,
 Some fresh to-do or piece of work with one of 'em or t'other.
 And with the very words for which I haven't common patience,
 I can't abear to hear about what's called their complications.

Oh, dear me!

What a blessed world without 'em this would be!

I do despise their questions that's awaitin' a solution,
 And talk about that good-for-nothin' Federal execution;
 I wish they'd execute them there as causes all the bobbery,
 And hang the criminals which planned the murder and the robbery.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, each other's blood a spillin';
 Let bears and lions growl and fight as much as they are willin';
 But what consarns us is their wars puts we to sitch expenses,
 For Hironclads and Harmstrong guns and all them there defences.

Oh, dear me! &c.

With all the forces they maintains, them filthy foreign nations
 Would soon be down on England but for England's preparations.
 And if they dragged us into war in spite of our objection,
 The duty upon tea would rise—that's always my reflection.

Oh, dear me! &c.

Their squabbles sends the funds down, and I'm told the loss is
 shocking;
 But all the stock as I got is invested in a stocking,
 Where thieves can't find—for we've birds too of that spread-eagle
 feather:

But English people ain't, like some, a lot of thieves together.
 Oh, dear me! &c.

The French it was at one time, at another 'twas the Rooshians;
 And now the rumpus is between the Austrians and Prooshans.
 Adrabbitt 'em! I can't find words to say how I do hate 'em all;
 I wish there was some powder, like, or stuff to extirpate 'em all!

Oh, dear me! &c.

SAWBBATARIAN SAWNEYISM.

THE Sawbbatarian Sawneys of the Free Kirk at Glasgow have taken upon themselves to deny the religious ordinances of their sect to MR. ROBERTSON, a compositor engaged on the *Glasgow Herald*, for being accustomed to set up the type of that paper on Sunday evenings. Against this outrage of rampant Sawbbatarian Sawneyism, MR. ROBERTSON appealed to the Free Kirk Assembly of Edinburgh. The superior Council of Sawbbatarian Sawneys ratified the act of their subordinates. Before this precious ecclesiastical tribunal, MR. ROBERTSON attended, and spoke for himself. He argued that, in the households of the strictest of Sawbbatarians, the Sawbbath evening was constantly desecrated by work, for which, unlike his own, there was no necessity. To this plea an attempt at an answer was made by a certain REV. DR. GIBSON, who said that there was "so much the more reason for the Church sending out no uncertain sound in this matter." The Church that speaks by the mouth of DR. GIBSON in this matter does assuredly give out a sound that is by no means uncertain. There is a certain sound with which the sound sent out by that spokesman of Sawbbatarian Sawneyism is unmistakably identical. It is the sound wont to be emitted by a particular quadruped that oftentimes, as he browses, belies the legend associated with Scotia's thistle. He bites the thistle with impunity.

As to MR. ROBERTSON, since the Sawbbatarian Sawneys have excommunicated him, he should also excommunicate the Sawbbatarian Sawneys, and quit the Free Kirk for some society of intelligent and educated Christians. A newspaper compositor is a man of letters, and ought to dissolve all connection with illiterate fanatics.

Interesting.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read the other day that "the Judges were Churched." I hope they are all as well as can be expected.

Yours truly,

Theodore-Hookham Cottage.

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTHAM.

NEW NAME FOR THE PETROLEUM ARISTOCRACY.—The Oiligarchy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



inadvertence, but really no case for action. LORD ELLENBOROUGH, however, spoke out *ore rotundo*, declared that there was a hatred on the part of the old officials in India for any native who obtained office. This should be noted—if true, we are blundering.

A new Reform fight then began. SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY, a Conservative County-Member, moved that Anti-Bribery clauses should be inserted in the Reform Bill. Then followed a double and splendid display of Hypocritical Fireworks. MR. GLADSTONE had to pretend that he believed the supporters of this proposal had not introduced it simply in order to hinder the Bill, and the whole House had to pretend that if there were one thing in the world that rich and honourable gentlemen desired, it was the making it impossible for them to use their money and influence to get into Parliament. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (whom we are happy to see in the House, and none the less that he dashed into Nottingham and broke down a pretty plan for forcing a Bristol teetotaler on that borough) was unpolished enough to point out the humbug that enveloped the bribery question. There was some more smart speaking. MR. BRIGHT, of course, menaced the House with the ill opinion of those out of doors, and MR. DISRAELI angrily, but fairly denounced the attempt at establishing a Reign of Terror. After a rattling fight, Government was defeated by a majority of Ten, the numbers being 248 to 238.

Resign! Nothing of the kind. MR. GLADSTONE said that he should be very happy to do his best with the clauses which SIR RAINALD might insert, but should not recede from persevering with the Reform Bill.

The Reform Bill was next to be wounded in the house of its friends. CAPTAIN HAYTER, Liberal Member for Wells, and son of SIR WILLIAM HAYTER, the very clever "patronage secretary" of days not long gone, moved an amendment that the Re-distribution scheme was neither convenient nor equitable. He entered into long details in proof of this, and also said that his father had declared to him that were he in office he would resign sooner than be party to such a measure. It was an awful idea, that. Men did not know how to realise it. If ever a gentleman was the Essence of Whippedy, SIR WILLIAM the Whip was the gentleman. To imagine his resigning, except with his party, was like imagining a limpet taking a header from its rock, and going out for a private swim. It seemed not impossible that so tremendous a statement might floor the Reform Bill and the Ministry. An epitaph on the Bill,

"BRIGHT smiled, and said that I might do;
But HAYTER hated me, and slew."

Upon the Captain's amendment debate began, and having lasted all night, was adjourned until Thursday. MR. DISRAELI said that there had really been no discussion yet, after three months, upon the principle of the Complete Measure. *Mr. Punch* will simply, and without note or comment, quote two lines from MR. JOHN GAY:—

"Ay, quick as CÆSAR, wins the day,
And No, like FABIUS, by Delay."

Tuesday. The Area of Education in Public Schools is to be extended and made more thorough. Government propose this, and LORD STANHOPE and LORD DERBY concur. A special Commission is to improve the system. It was about time. *Mr. Punch* is so intensely addicted to classic lore that he never misses an opportunity of hauling in a god, or leading in a goddess, or sticking in a quotation, and he quite approves the social free-masonry which keeps two gentlemen reserved and haughty until they have exchanged six words from HORACE, when they discover that they may converse with propriety and safety. But it is rather a bore when your boy comes home from a great school, perfect in his quantities and easy in Greek chorus, to find that he cannot say a word to his pretty French cousins, that he

shirks all conversation that hints at geography, that he has some idea that the war in Mexico is being carried on by PIZARRO, that when his Mamma asks him to cast up her milliner's bill, he gets up three different results, all wrong, that when his sisters were reading *Romola*, he could not tell them whether *Savonarola* was a fictitious character or not, that he knows the tides are the cause of eclipses of the moon, that he supposes PRESIDENT JOHNSON to be son and successor to PRESIDENT JACKSON, and that he thinks a watershed is an outhouse in which they keep hydraulic presses. Worse than all, that he can just learn an isolated fact by an effort of memory, perhaps a *memoria technica*, but that he has no power of generalising, or of connecting his knowledge.

"Without being obliged!" Now, really. It was all very well to talk anti-bribery when a Government Bill had to be helped and injured, but to do so on an off-night, and abstractedly, *Punch* will be no party to such windbagery. MR. VIVIAN moved something, which after a good deal of talk, was withdrawn. MR. OSBORNE said that something might be done by making canvassing penal. A man who does not feel that the work is in itself penal servitude is not likely to be deterred by any threat of prison and crank. The Jesuit, WHALLEY, making a second attempt, that night, to de-NEWDEGATE himself, was Counted Out.

Wednesday. Debate on MR. CLAY's Reform Bill—that which proposes an Educational qualification. This was another day of Grand Comedy. The Liberals opposed the Bill, urging that it was too democratic, and the Tories supported it, because Intellect ought to give the right of voting. *Falstaff* and the *Prince*, in the tavern scene, did not exchange parts more promptly or amusingly. MR. GLADSTONE made a good hit by proposing a sum in arithmetic, and declaring that not half-a-dozen men in the House could do it; but MR. BRIGHT's earnestness, when he prayed the Opposition to be Conservative, and to adhere to the doctrines of their ancestors and the old grooves of the Constitution, was the richest piece of acting we have seen. The high class Drama can never die while Parliament lives. The so-called debate was adjourned.

Thursday. My Lords debated the Death-Punishment Bill, and LORD GREY hindered its progress by carrying an amendment against the clause that constitutes degrees in slaying. He urged that certain kinds of killing were not to be punished as Murder, and therefore ought not to be called by that name.

"The Captain's a Bold Man," and debate on his bold motion was resumed. Among the speeches of note was one by MR. MILL, who was good enough to explain that stupid people were generally Conservative, but that the Conservatives ought not to be offended at his saying this, as by the laws of nature the fact ensured a solid and powerful party, entitled to respect. MR. BAXTER thought that the Reform Bill was going to be defeated, and was glad thereof because a much larger Bill must follow. MR. LOWE made the speech of the night, told good stories, launched biting epigrams, used apt quotations, and ended with so effective a burst of anti-democratic declamation that the House clapped its hands at him—as we do at an actor. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL felt that even he was not too great a man to cope with such an opponent, and put forth his own strength in reply. MR. DISRAELI and SIR GEORGE GREY, as Marshals of the Games, exchanged undertaking to end the fight on the following Monday.

Friday. My Lords smashed the Anti-Sunday-Trading Bill. Tradesmen must choose between their pockets and their consciences.

The Jesuit WHALLEY renewed his desperate effort at self-purgation. He interposed between the Commons and the Reform Debate with a long speech, (annotated by the howls of the House) charging everybody in the world with Fenianism. At last SIR PERCY BURRELL hit on the splendid idea of demanding a Count, though the House was crowded. The SPEAKER then got MR. WHALLEY to shut up. Why does not this misguided person at once take the vows, retire into a respectable monastery, and practise the singing of Latin hymns?

SIR HUGH CAIRNS made a very long attack on the Reform Bill, and several others followed. What they said, *pro* and *con*, had not much interest, but a question by LORD ELCHO had a good deal. "If Government get a small majority, will they postpone the Bill?" "I will not tell you until Monday," said MR. GLADSTONE, of course with an amplitude of phraseological utterance.

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH considers the Exhibition as an admirable mode of popularising instruction in English History. While there Little TOM EAVES, his contributor, noted down the following conversations:—

Educated Person (who wouldn't buy a guide because it would be of no use, as he knew all about it, and because it was eighteenpence, stands before the picture of INIGO JONES and says to his Friend) That's good, isn't it? (Pronounces the name as if he hadn't seen it written under the portrait.) INIGO JONES.

His Friend (who wanted Educated Person to buy a catalogue, but wouldn't spend the eighteenpence himself.) Ah, yes. (Then, as if he did know, but had momentarily forgotten.) Who was INIGO JONES?

Educated Person (well up in history). INIGO JONES? Oh, he was—a—a—(Looks round to see if anybody's near him with a catalogue.) He was an architect.

His Friend. Oh, of course. (Still not quite clear on the point.) Didn't he try to get into Buckingham Palace once?

Educated Person (contemptuously). No! my dear fellow. He lived in JAMES THE SECOND'S, no (hesitates), CHARLES THE SECOND'S, or JAMES THE FIRST'S. Let me see—(recovers himself)—at all events one of that lot.

[He says this as if they all lived in the same year.]

His Friend (distrustfully). I wish you'd bought a catalogue.

Lazy Person (on a chair with a catalogue in his hand to Friend without a catalogue, who is staring at the pictures). It's very tiring seeing pictures: wonder who that is? [Alluding to a painting in front of him.]

His Friend (with sound common sense). Look at your catalogue.

Lazy Person (languidly). Eh? what's the number? Ah, number 915. (Opens the guide carelessly by several other names.) NELL GWYNN. (Meditatively.) I haven't seen NELL GWYNN. I should like to see that.

[Pauses vacantly.]

His Friend (keeping to the point). But what's 915?

Lazy Person (as if very much bored). Oh, it's Lady Lucy (slowly) Theresa (slower) Herbert.

His Friend. Is it? (Suddenly awaking to the fact that the picture is that of a man in court robes). You haven't got No. 915. (Looks over him.) You're reading 953.

Lazy Person (helplessly). Am I? Ah, all these people were so very much alike. (Loses all interest.) Here, find the thing yourself.

[Nearly falls asleep in the chair, and is left by his Friend.]

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GALLERY.

Elderly Female from the Country (evidently out for a holiday). Lor', Mrs. PROBBIT, look here! there's a Blue Beard.

[They are looking at a picture of Henry VIII.]

Mrs. Probbit. Well, ain't he now?

Elderly Female. Don't he look it, too?

Mrs. Probbit. Ah, don't he!

Elderly Female (looking at Anne Boleyn). ANNE BOWLINE. (Jocosely.) That's a rum dress.

[Addressing probably her husband.]

Respectable, hot-looking, and silent Man (accompanying the Country Party, carrying a mysterious basket). Um! [The party moves on.]

Vague Person (arriving in the Gallery with Vague Friend). Where shall we begin, eh?

[Vague Friend becomes utterly unsettled.]

Vague Person (summoning up all his energy to decide). We will begin with Charles the Second. (They walk towards that division; he stops). Oh, I wanted to see Thingummy's portrait. (Vague Friend is perfectly ready to see it.) I mean SHAKSPEARE'S—the one, you know.

Vague Friend (without any curiosity). Oh, yes.

[They turn back towards the Elizabethan Gallery.]

Vague Person (undecidedly). And yet I don't know—p'raps it would be better to see Charles the Second first, eh?

[Vague Friend thinks "yes, p'raps, that would be better," and they retrace their steps.]

Intelligent Gentleman (with catalogue, overheard by Vague Couple). The Galleries one ought to begin with are up-stairs.

Vague Person (to his Friend, pausing). There are galleries up-stairs.

[This information quite unsettles them as to Charles the Second.]

Vague Friend (suggestively). Well, let's go up-stairs.

Vague Person. Very well. (They go towards the stairs; they stop.) And yet I think I'd rather see Charles the Second's time, it's more interesting.

[Vague Friend says "yes, he thinks it's more interesting," and they go to Charles the Second's Gallery.]

Vague Person (suddenly, and as if they'd been looking for him everywhere). Oh, here's the Earl of Ossory.

Vague Friend. Ah, yes (tries to recollect). It was OSSORY who wrote those poems, wasn't it?

Vague Person. Ah! (Carelessly.) I forget, exactly. (Recollects a name, and inquires doubtfully.) Wasn't that OSSIAN?

Vague Friend (not liking to give in to his Friend on a point of history). No, I think not, he wrote the—(vaguely) what's the name of the thing—and Rochester—and all those, you know, of that time—(turning the conversation) By the way, who was OSSIAN?

Vague Person (beginning to distrust himself). OSSIAN? Oh, I always thought he was an Irishman. (They meet a third Vague Person who is esteemed a well read man.) You can tell us.

Other Vague Person (smiling at portraits). Eh, what?

[He feels safe with a catalogue.]

Vague Person. Why he (alluding to Vague Friend) wants to know (as if he himself didn't) who OSSIAN was?

Other Vague Person (thinks he's in the catalogue). Eh? why—the number—(a thought suddenly strikes him) Oh, no, he was a mythological whatshisname (vaguely), wasn't he? He played a harp on a dolphin's back, or something or other.

[Determines to look out OSSIAN in Lemprière when he gets home.]

Vague Friend (half satisfied). Ah! I thought he wasn't a whatyou-maycallem in this time.

[He means a Cavalier in the reign of Charles the Second.]

Vague Person (after looking at five or six pictures, suddenly). Who was KILLIGREW?

[Vague Friend looks to Other Vague Person for information.]

Other Vague Person (who thinks he really ought to know who KILLIGREW was without looking at his catalogue). KILLIGREW? he was a wit—(Pauses, and thinks what the dickens else KILLIGREW was)—yes, he was a wit—(Pauses again, but can't think of anything else)—yes, that's all. (Adding, as if he was going to correct any mistake there might be about KILLIGREW in the catalogue.) I'll see what the Catalogue says.

OUTSIDE THE GALLERY (Any day afterwards).

Sleepy Person (who was awake by their closing the Exhibition). Oh! (to a lady) you should go to see the Portraits, it's so interesting.

Vague Person's Opinion. Oh, you should go! There are all the pictures of Thingummy, and Whathisname, and CHARLES, and the whole lot of 'em.



OLIVES.

FROM some cause—probably an irritating east wind—there is just now a great, we might say an alarming scarcity of this wholesome fruit. Italy seems to have relinquished altogether its cultivation, her speculative genius hovering over pickles, with her arms ready at a moment's warning to plunge into family jars. Olive oil is largely employed in French cookery, the *chef de cuisine* always having a flask in hand while accelerating or retarding, at his own convenience, a variety of broils. Our German cousins are very uncomfortable, cracking hard nuts over the "good Rhine wine" instead of chewing an olive. In merry England we have a company (limited) whose business consists entirely of expressing from Olives their essential oil, and who have long been desirous to take the War Office as a warehouse for their goods. Some years ago this enterprising company sent their travellers to Russia with samples, but that frigid nation declined to exchange their ursine unction for a mollifying fluid. Oil of this description is doubtless very serviceable in its proper place, but most sensible people recoil when solicited to swallow it with their eyes shut, and MR. BULL, a successful grower of laurels, stoutly refuses to sit down upon them, and have his palate tickled by it experimentally at any price. The company, in consequence we believe, are thinking seriously of winding themselves up.

THE RIGHT PLACE.—In the forthcoming International Exhibition at Paris, the contributions of Nice and Savoy will be put, of course, in the *Annexe*.

MOTTO FOR THE SPIRAL ASCENSIONIST.—*Dum spiro, spero.*



QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

Stout Passenger (obstreperously). "HOY! HOY! HOY!!"

Bus-Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER VITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"

"FATHER WHALLEY."

(*Pall Mall Gazette.*)

SINCE the fiendish attack made upon MR. WHALLEY by MR. NEWDEGATE (who has not only cast doubts upon the Protestantism of the Member for Peterborough, but has given rise to the belief that the honourable gentleman is the Head Centre of the English Jesuits), MR. WHALLEY has devoted himself, with increased vigour, to the noble duty of living down the terrible accusation, in the mean time displaying, if possible, increased zeal against Popery. At dinner on the 30th ult. somebody incautiously mentioned that he had read in his almanack that the day was the anniversary of the death of ALEXANDER POPE. MR. WHALLEY, with some honourably indignant remarks about the popularity of that Papist, immediately opened the window, and threw into the street a handsomely bound copy of POPE'S *Homer*. He refused to attend the fire-work show at the Crystal Palace, being unable to obtain from MR. GROVE a written undertaking that no Roman Candles should go off. He has called twice on LORD DERBY to induce him to use his influence for the removal of all portraits of Catholics, or at least of Catholic clergymen, from the Exhibition at Kensington, but unfortunately LORD DERBY has in both occasions been particularly engaged. He has given notice that on the next vote for the Royal Academy, he shall move an amendment to the effect that no painter of the Popish persuasion shall be eligible to the place of Academician, and that at no future Exhibition shall any pictures of Catholic ceremonials, legends, or achievements be admitted, except Massacres of St. Bartholomew and the like.

He has also signified to MR. MILL that, on the introduction of the new Parochial Act, he must move that all such names as those of S. Pancras, St. Mary la Bonne, St. Peter, and other Popish saints be expunged from the boundary posts of the metropolis, and that the names of LUTHER, CALVIN, KNOX, and WHALLEY be substituted. He has intimated to the SPEAKER that he will not again attend service at St. Margaret's until the church be dedicated to somebody else. He has applied to the PRINCE OF WALES to know how, as the heir to a Protes-

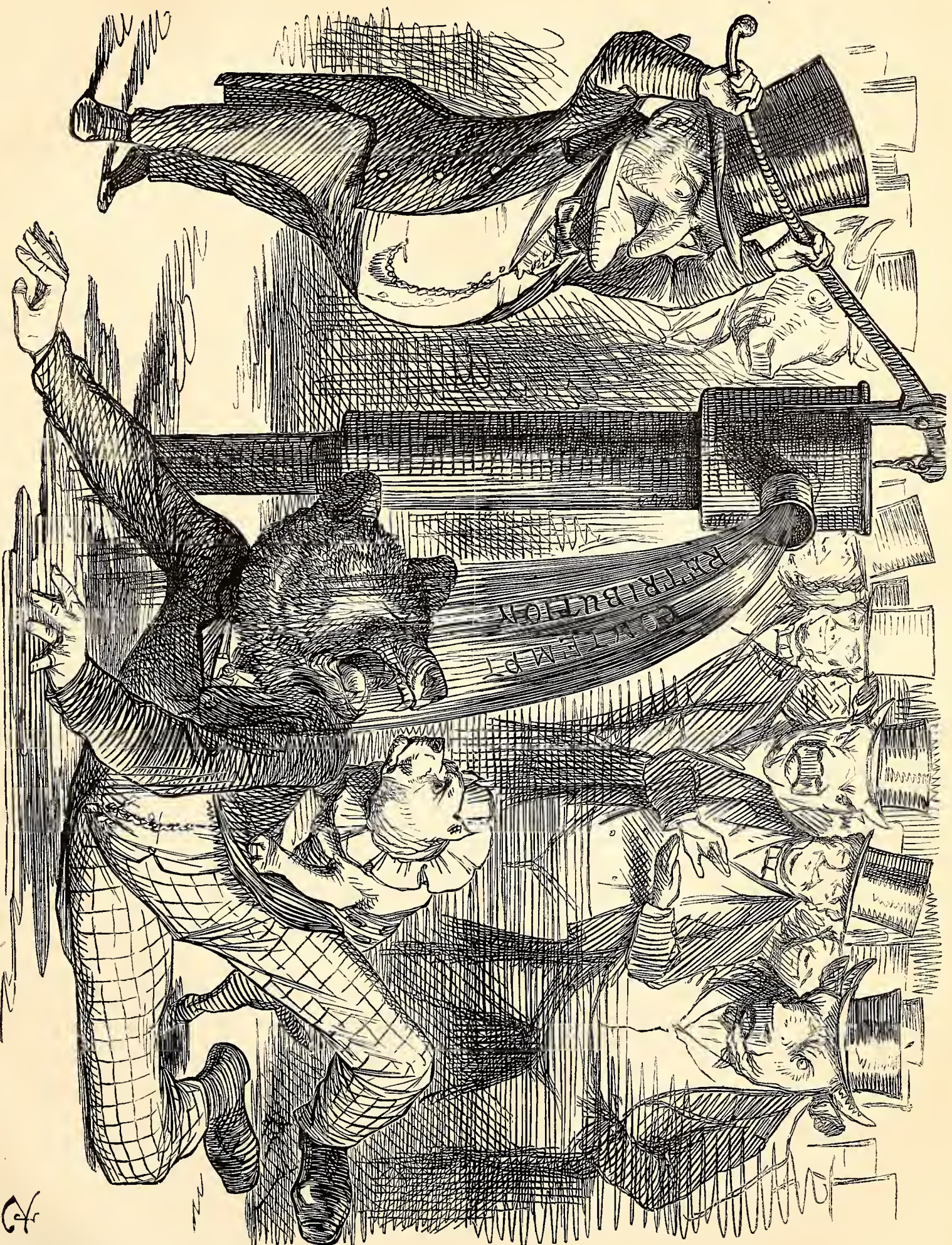
tant crown, he could sit and see the Roman Catholic horse, *Gladiator*, win at Ascot. He has informed LORD RUSSELL that when he, MR. WHALLEY, accepts office, he must not be expected to go to the white-bait dinner from the Charing Cross Station, where the Eleanor Cross insults the eyes of true Protestants. He is arranging with LORD WESTMEATH to ask the DUKE OF BEAUFORT the next time he takes his seat in the Lords, whether he considers it lawful for a British nobleman to receive, from a Catholic sovereign, a prize won on a Popish racecourse, on a Sunday. He has written to DR. SCLATER to know whether the handsome old French sailor who makes *tableaux* with the Sea-Bear, is a Catholic or a Protestant, and upon the reply will depend the question whether MR. WHALLEY will address a remonstrance to the Bishops who are Fellows of the Zoological Gardens. He refuses to read any book that is published in Paternoster Row, Whitefriars (he gets his *Punch* at 85, Fleet Street, but in buying it always shakes his fist at St. Bride's), or any other locality with a Popish name, and he never goes over Blackfriars Bridge. He declines to pay his rent on Lady Day, or Michaelmas Day.

Lastly, he is about to move for a return of the number of Irish cattle that have perished of Rinderpest, distinguishing between Protestant and Catholic cows, as he has reason to believe that the Jesuits have been the means of introducing the complaint into Ireland, in order to increase the disaffection of the country. We think that these evidences of the Hon. Member's religious earnestness ought to go far to remove the impression caused by MR. NEWDEGATE's contemptuous remarks, and ought at all events to screen MR. WHALLEY from the ridicule with which it seems to have become habitual, on the part of Parliament, to receive his Protestant efforts.

The Royal Edinburgher.

OUR Heir Apparent's affection for the Cigar endears him to all persons of taste. But it may not be generally known, because it is not true, that PRINCE ALFRED owes his new title to the playful resolve of his brother to prevent the Duke's calling him "AULD REEKIE."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 9, 1866.



HOW TO TREAT THE "BEARS;"

Or, Speculating for a Fall,—and Getting it.

THE EAGLES IN CONGRESS.

THE Eagles of late had to loggerheads got
After long living happy together,
In a holy alliance of absolute sway
O'er the small fry of fur and of feather.

'Twas but last year the two German heads of the breed
Had joined in a grand federation
To dismember a poor Danish cock o' the wood,
Who objected to Germanisation.

In vain he prayed aid from the Eagle of France,
In vain from the bull-dog of Britain;
Both promised, but neither would make first advance,
So the poor bird was swooped on and smitten.

His limbs were apportioned—a drumstick to one,
A nice liver-pinion to t'other:
And psalms were intoned, and *Te Deums* were sung,
The cries of the victim to smother.

But in act of apportionment, fairly to fix
Six for one to the other's half dozen,
The Eagle of High Hohenzollern essayed
The Eagle of Hapsburg to cozen.

'Tis a way Eagles have, and 'tis lucky that though
In couples they hunt keen as beagles,
They are apt to fall out in dividing their prey,
On what's called "want of honour 'mong Eagles."

Hapsburg's eagle drew up, Hohenzollern's looked big,
Each showed talons and neck-feathers ruffled,
Each appealed to the buzzards and kites that around
Uneasily sidled and shuffled.

Hapsburg swore Hohenzollern was breaking the peace;
Hohenzollern 'gainst Hapsburg swore ditto.
Each vowed that the other, in spite of his teeth,
Arms in self-defence forced him to get to.

Each called on the vultures and hawks of his blood,
Of his creed or dynastic connection,
In Vaterland's name to strike in on his side,
On pain of paternal correction.

Hohenzollern, when Vaterland's aquiline race
Hung back or adhered to his foeman,
To Italia's eagle appealed in his strait,—
The eagle that once was called Roman,

And fain would be Roman again,—newly fleshed
From Magenta, Messina, Volturno;
A bird that would gladly set Hapsburg's aroast
In a hotter than DANTE'S *Inferno*.

So the quarrel spread wide and more wide, till the world
Looked aghast for the clashing of pinions,
The tearing of talons, the rending of beaks,
Through the far-spreading Eagle dominions.

When suddenly in sailed the Eagle of France,
Calm, taciturn, lean, and long-headed,
Called as Aquiline Arbiter down from the skies,
To avert the catastrophe dreaded.

"What! brothers use talons and claws, save for prey
On the bird-tribe, for eating that cries out?
Forbear from such fratricide: 'hawks,' as they say,
'Should be too wise for picking hawks' eyes out.'

"In Congress assemble—there fix, without blows,
What birds, to what sauce, shall be eaten;
If not, and you *will* fight, *œ victis*, you know,—
I'll be down on you both when dead beaten."

Quoth the Eagle of Hapsburg, "I ask nothing more—
'Tis quite 'gainst *my* will we've been arming."
"Ditto," quoth Hohenzollern, "if I'm up in arms,
'Tis that Hapsburg's claws looked *so* alarming."

"Then a Congress," quoth Hapsburg, "but, *par parenthèse*,
On one point I'll no meddling submit to—
My Venetian preserves—" "No, nor I," interposed
Hohenzollern, "on *my* German ditto."

"Nor will I undertake not to get back my own,
Of which that black carrion has robbed me"—
Screamed Italia's hot eagle, "aye, robbed is the word!
Out of which he has not fought, but jobbed me."

"Fair and softly!" replied the calm Eagle of France,
"Of your answers I quite read the moral;
You're all willing to meet, if it's quite understood
Nothing's said about each eagle's quarrel."

"Were the Congress for peace, that might make it absurd,
But as 'tis to find plausible reason
For *not* making peace, your exceptions I own
Appear to me strictly in season."

"So we'll meet, and we'll talk, and if then *you* should fight,
Your conscience no doubt will feel easy:
As for me, I've some qualms still 'bout justice and right—
The Congress may leave me less queasy."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Undergraduate.)

THEY gave a Prize here for English verse the other day to MR. YELD, of Brasenose, subject, VIRGIL reading his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA. By the way, if he had to read it aloud, a suggestive name is *Yelled*; but no matter. I didn't get it, I know that, and I want every one to know it too. Why not? Why *not*!! Heavens, Sir, do I deserve this! I enclose my poem on the subject which was "declined with thanks."

THE (OR WHAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE) PRIZE POEM
ON VIRGIL READING HIS *ÆNEID* TO AUGUSTUS AND OCTAVIA.

When VIRGIL read his *Æneid* to AUGUSTUS and OCTAVIA,
Whose ladies wore waved hair, but she wore hers a great deal waveyer,
He did not rant or rave like a dissenter of Moravia,
Nor thumped he on the rostrum like a fierce converted paviour,
But he thought it wise to be upon his very best behaviour,
So spoke in tones as soft as those of parsons in Belgravia;
The Empress held a copy of the poetry which gave he her,
And when the poet made a slip he cried out "O peccavi:" her
AUGUSTUS (who had got a crib¹) observed to his OCTAVIA,
"This gentleman, my dear, I think is very very clayvier,
But as I must be off at once on business to Pavia,²
You'll take him in to lunch and give him bits of toast and caviare."³
They gave him meat at lunch, each slice was gravier and gravier,
Which was a sign, that for the time, he'd found imperial favour,
And goblets of Falernian of which he loved the flavour.⁴
Then when he wanted to go home, they called out "Hi, a slavey here!"
Who brought a hired char'ot, swift as love-bird in an avia-
ry. VIRGIL read his *Æneid* thus to 'GUSSY and OCTAVIA.

¹ A Crib. Hardly necessary perhaps, as it is highly probable that AUGUSTUS understood Latin.

² Pavia. The ancient Ireland, and therefore the modern *Padua*.

³ Caviare. Pronounced by AUGUSTUS Căviër. It's all right: plenty of authorities.

⁴ Falernian. Eh? This shows that I've drunk of the Pierian font, doesn't it? Then why haven't I got the prize? Posterity shall do me justice, or I'll know the reason why.

Yours, YOUNG TOM, Ch. Ch.

A SECEDER AND A SECEDER.

THE United States Government has determined to put MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS on his trial for high treason. The Ministry of GEORGE THE THIRD would probably have dealt just in the same way with WASHINGTON if they could have caught him; and with just as much justice. Is the spirit of GEORGE WASHINGTON ever present at MR. JOHNSON'S council table? If so, it might be induced to communicate its opinion about the consistency of treating the leadership of secession as treason. That opinion, expressed in a series of raps on the table, would, for those around, probably constitute a smart rap on the knuckles.

MR. ROBERTSON'S CASE.

Lucus à non Lucendo.—The Free Church of Scotland.

LATEST FROM OUR FARM YARD.

In the Fowl House.—"Left Sitting."

A SOVEREIGN IN PERIL.—Old King Coal.



HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE! IN THE 19TH CENTURY, TOO!

SCENE—A Railway Waiting-Room.

First Villain. "WELL, JACK, WHAT DID YOU DO AT THE POOL TO-NIGHT?"

Second Villain. "OH, NOT MUCH; I ONLY TOOK FIVE LIVES."

First Villain. "WAS BROWN DEAD WHEN YOU LEFT?"

Second Villain. "NO; BUT WILKINS WAS ON HIM, SO HE COULDN'T LAST LONG."

OUR AFTER-DINNER MARTYRS.

PERHAPS the most painful form of social martyrdom is the having to preside at, or attend a public dinner. Whether the infliction be the worse for those who speak, or those who merely have to listen, is a question for debating clubs to argue if they please, but which we at present have no leisure for discussing. If it be a bore for a man just after dinner to get upon his legs, and talk on vocal tip-toe at the tip-top of his voice, it is also a great nuisance for the others to break off their pleasant social chatter, and pretend their ears are pricked up to catch what he may say. Public speakers, as a rule, know very little of the subjects upon which they have to speak, and have recourse to wordy platitudes to hide their want of novel thoughts.

With a chairman, it is true, the case is somewhat different, for he is bound to look a little before leaping into speech, and what he says is usually studied well beforehand, and at times learnt off by heart. But what a pitiable plight is that of some distinguished guest, called suddenly to talk upon a toast which is confided to him, and of which although he may know much, he knows but little how to say it. Surely prompters should be furnished for such unhappy orators, and thus save them from the stammering and stuttering which is so terrible to listen to. One cannot hope that swells will ever give themselves the trouble to learn a speech by heart, even granting they be gifted with intelligence to write it. So when such orators are asked to attend a public dinner, we think that prompters' boxes, like the one at Covent Garden, should be placed before them, and words suitable and proper thus be put into their mouths. The prompters might be hidden underneath the table, and protrude their heads through holes which the boxes would conceal; and if the orators be slightly deaf, the prompter's words might be conveyed to them through gutta percha tubes.

Perhaps, in course of time, the world may be so civilised, that after-dinner speaking will be utterly prohibited, on pain of instant death. But till that happy age arrives, the man who can propose a mitigation of the misery which is caused by public dinners, deserves surely to be viewed as a great public benefactor, which is the title *Mr. Punch* so constantly assumes. The suggestion above offered affords another proof that he is rightly so regarded, and as the lightest of his hints is immediately acted on, we may expect to see a foot-note appended to all public-dinner cards of invitation, to this brief but pregnant purport—

N.B. Prompters supplied.

THE ASSOCIATES' SUPPER.

(Not that they do not have the most elegant and costly dinners, but for poetical purposes a distinction must be drawn between the artistic Senate and House of Representatives.)

"PLEASE pass me the pickle,"

Requests ERSKINE NICOL.

"Here it is, but no spoon,"

Replies HENRY LE JEUNE.

"Mashed potatoes here, Betty, Browned nicely," says PETTIE.

"They're best in the peel,"

Says judicious O'NEIL.

"What things to feed Nobs on!"

Says W. C. DOBSON.

"I'll have some cold meat,"

Observes wise G. E. STREET.

"These lettuces want

The right flavour," says SANT.

"With vinegar stir 'em,

And Mustard," says DURHAM.

"Have some curry, or Kari,"

Says EDWARD M. BARRY.

"No, it makes tongue and jaw burn

Like winking," says THORBURN.

"Those oysters must cost

A small fortune," says FROST.

"Sent up in deep shells,

That is proper," says WELLS.

"Waiter, put a hot plate on

This table," says LEIGHTON.

"And a hotter, a scaldier, on

This table," says CALDERON.

"I've not eaten, *nuper*,

Worse fowl," says T. COOPER.

"Do Fuseli dreams

Follow suppers?" says YEAMES.

"Yes, by Jove, that's the grievance,"

Returns EDWARD STEPHENS.

"Here, waiter! That man's dull.

Some Stilton," says ANSDELL.

"This beer's from some ditch-pond,

Don't drink it," says RICHMOND.

"The fault's not with Betty,"

Says kind MAROCHETTI.

CHORUS OF FIENDS. (EXHIBITORS.) Outside.

There they are! There they are!

Ça ira, ça ira!

Let's kill 'em, and skin 'em, and gibbet 'em,

Unless they all swear

To unite in our prayer

For increasing their number ad libitum.

CHANCERY LANE DIALOGUE.

Coke. Heard the Chancellor's last?

Lyttleton. No; out with it.

Coke. Why, a new plea for Bankrupts *in formâ pauperis*.

Lyttleton. Well, what is it?

Coke. Why, the plea of *non compos mentis*.

Lyttleton. Oh! they'll never stand a plea of Lunacy in Bankruptcy.

Coke. Ah! you don't see; *non compos mentis* means "no composition is meant."

[LYTTLETON disappears hurriedly.]

De Dye in Dyem.

In our last volume we drew the public attention of mothers of large families, who were anxious to economise in washing, to the important domestic fact that kids could be cleaned at "twopence a pair." We now notice a still further improvement, which must be most interesting to all negrophilists and Exeter Hall believers in the superiority of the nigger over the white man, and it is to the effect that "kids can be dyed black" at a very trifling cost.

CONTRASTS TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.



FEW things *Mr. Punch* confesses that he cannot do. For instance, he cannot find any language strong enough to express his approbation of conduct exactly the reverse of that which the KING OF PRUSSIA has been pursuing whilst BISMARCK has led him by the nose. Nor is *Mr. Punch* able to think of any appellation or epithet sufficiently laudatory and respectful to apply to an honourable and righteous Prince whose behaviour is extremely contrary to his Prussian Majesty's. Such a Prince is the KING OF SAXONY, who the other day, when he opened the Saxon Diet in person, delivered a speech from the throne in the interests of peace, humanity, justice, and civilisation, at the sametime breathing a spirit of courageous resolution sustained by conscious integrity. Referring to warlike preparations which he had been necessitated to make by the

insolent threats of strong-handed and determined thieves, this noble King had the pluck to say in the teeth of Rascaldom:—

"Having been menaced with military measures on account of those preparations, I applied to the Diet in a peaceful spirit for mediation, but at the same time called my people to arms, in order not to be surprised by an unforeseen attack. Even a State of little power would be dishonoured were it not to meet unjustifiable threats with courageous resistance."

The KING OF SAXONY will not be caught napping, and his precautions against burglars must command the sympathy of every British householder. He acts as well as talks, indeed, like a true Briton, and may be said to be a Saxon and something more, inasmuch as he shows himself equal to an Anglo-Saxon of the genuine type.

There is another German Sovereign who, in one respect at least, deserves to be highly commended in comparison with the Prussian Monarch. By a telegram from Munich we are informed that—

"Much irritation is expressed in Government circles towards the young King; MM. DE PFORDTEN and PFEISTER-MEISTER even wished to retire from the Ministry. It is related that when the decree for the mobilisation of the army had to be signed the King could not be found for three days. It has since transpired that the King had repaired to the high table lands of Bavaria, where he had given a rendezvous to the celebrated *Maestro* RICHARD WAGNER, in order to celebrate the latter's birthday."

At all events the KING OF BAVARIA, in absenting himself from his throne, did no positive evil. If the KING OF PRUSSIA would do likewise, and do it altogether, he would at length do something at least not bad, and at any rate far from execrable. KING LUDWIG, whatever he did during his temporary retirement, was not employed in contriving the misery of his subjects and his neighbours to gratify a selfish ambition. On the contrary, in running away to make holiday with HERR WAGNER, he testified that he preferred harmony to strife, and wished to encourage the Music of the Future, instead of inflicting present discord upon Europe.

Extract from a Letter from Mr. J. Stephens to Mr. Punch.

"THE Money doesn't come in. The fellows won't even pay a fee for having their names enrolled, or for hearing me speak. Better drop it all as Fenianism, and only remember it as No-Fee-nianism. Poor Ireland. Green, very Green Erin.—J.S."

A PHYSICAL THEORY.

A MEMBER of the Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society requiring strengthening medicine would naturally take *Sing-chona*.

A STEREOSCOPIC SLIDE.—"On the Ice."

"QUOTATIONS WANTED."—Stocks and shares higher.

HOW TO GET INTO SOCIETY.

MY DEAR MRS. FITZ-SMITH,

YOU were good enough to hint to me the other day (of course in strictest confidence) that, much as you would miss her at your family fireside, you would not be altogether sorry when your darling JULIETTA found a husband who would kindly take her off your hands. She is a dear creature, in both senses of the adjective; for, what with her love of pleasure and extravagance in dress, she is not more loveable than she is expensive. With three other charming daughters also to provide for, you could bear the pang of parting with your dearest JULIETTA; and the money you now spend upon her crinoline and croquet parties would be useful for the schooling of JANE, ALICE, and AUGUSTA. Well then, my dear Madame, just let me draw your notice to the following advertisement, which appeared the other morning in a London penny newspaper:—

DOUCEUR. £50 to £250, to any Lady, Gentleman, Guardian, or Brother, INTRODUCING the Advertiser, a young single Gentleman of fortune, to ELITE SOCIETY.—Address BONA FIDES, care of E. W.

This seems a likely chance for you, does it not, dear Madam? Clearly you will say this rich young MR. BONA FIDES is the man for your money, or rather that the young man and *his* money are precisely what you want just now for JULIETTA. I would not undertake to say what in general is meant by the words "élite Society," for "élite" you know means simply "chosen," or "selected," and what may be the choice of one man another may detest. But in this case it is clear that the term "élite Society" is made use of as a modest synonym for "wife." When a young man says he wants to go into Society, of course his female friends know quite well what his real object is. Excepting he were anxious to obtain a wife, surely no young man would willingly endure the stupid morning calls and the stifling evening parties, and the hundred other tortures which the seekers of Society are forced to undergo. As viewed by the mind (female, Society is simply a sort of Social Joint Stock Company for providing men with wives: and matrons, like yourself, who are in fact the chief directors of this Company are usually delighted when young men of fortune join it. Indeed, so much is this the case that I wonder this "young single gentleman" should want to advertise his wish to get into Society, for I should have thought that, if he be a gentleman, he must have some friend or relation who could introduce him. So, before you make a jump at the golden bait he offers, you had better, my dear Madam, ask this MR. BONA FIDES for a reference or two, and inquire what is the reason of his singular advertisement. Else it may turn out that this "young gentleman of fortune" wants to get into Society, and go to evening parties, that he may steal the spoons.

With this timely word of warning, believe me, my dear Madam, yours sincerely,

PUNCH.

P.S. It is said that the best letters of introduction are the letters *£ s. d.* But Society may fairly look with some suspicion upon "gentlemen" who advertise that their only way of getting introductions is by paying for them.

A CONUNDRUM.

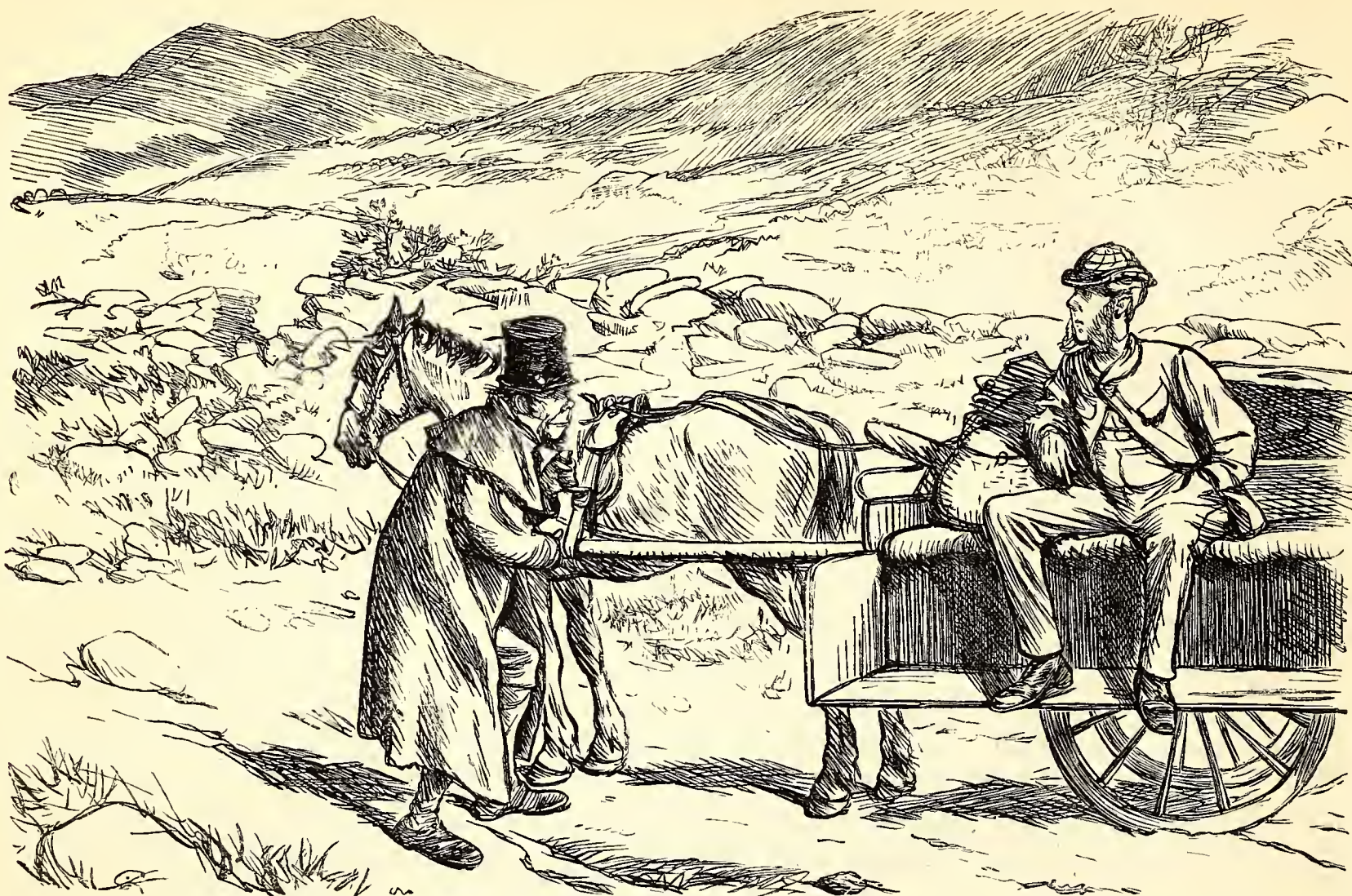
My first is a Company, p'raps a bubble.
My second's no one, so that's no trouble.
My second is also a lady, yet you
My second know well as the Pa of a Jew,
A great light of Israel, who might
Indeed be called an Israel-light.
My third you may hear on your road to Eton,
Still going on though thoroughly beaten;
My third you may meet at your grocer's shop,
Like a boy with a plaything my third has a top.
To complete my whole one line I need.
Well, my whole is a puzzle to all who read.
The importance of finding me out isn't vital,
But you'll see what I am up above. I'm the title.

Masonry with a Moral.

ARCHITECTS about to compete in designs for building the new Palace of Justice will doubtless bear in mind the saying that Justice is blind. Therefore they will very likely omit to make proper arrangements for lighting that edifice.

WHY is a retired oculist like an Inland Revenue officer? Because he is an Ex-eyesman.

SITTINGS IN ERROR.—A Pew in a Mormonite Chapel.



IRISH INGENUITY.

Saxon Tourist. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LOWERING THE SHAFTS FOR?" (*He has just found out that this manoeuvre is gone through at every ascent.*)

Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER 'ONNER, WE'LL MAKE 'M B'LAVE HE'S GOIN' DOWN HILL!"

THE NINTH OF JUNE.

BY OUR OWN NEWSBOY.

COME, out with your purses, you're now to be dunned
In aid of the excellent Newspaper Fund;
Its Festival dinner takes place very soon,
In fact, it is fixed for the Ninth day of June.

The ninth day of June, and I hope you'll be there,
With Dover's Lord Warden to speak from the chair,
And a much better chairman I say cannot be
Than Her Majesty's Minister, GRANVILLE, K G.

The Fund should be dear to each friend of the Press:
It aids every member who comes to distress,
Or if widows and children assistance should lack,
No friend is so staunch as the Fund at their back.

Come, all who are eager to see by their plate
The paper I bring them each morning at eight,
Come, all whose high pleasure it is to peruse
The wondrous collection that's known as The News.

I hope, if you act by the Fund as you should,
The news in your papers will always be good:
Your stocks have gone up, or your horse made a pot;
Or your fifty-first cousin have left you a lot.

Then come to the dinner, fine speeches you'll hear,
And plenty of music for charming your ear;
And for no better object can persons be dunned
Than in aid of the excellent Newspaper Fund.

DEAD LETTERS (at least *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes that they will soon become so).—P. R.

MATHEMATICAL.

OUR Mathematical Correspondent has sent us the following formulæ, which may prove useful to those entering into Society:—

To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances.

1st Case.

If she is married, but not a mother—Praise her Husband.
If she is married, and also a mother—Praise her Children.

2nd Case.

If she is unmarried, and engaged—Praise her Lover.
If she is unmarried, and disengaged—Praise Herself.

"ESTO PERPETUA."

THE Powers who want to fight have undertaken not to do so until the Congress shall be closed.

MR. LOWE, who represents the borough in which the Devil came to grief by the pincers of St. Dunstan, may know whether the story we are going to mention is true. The Enemy once gave a man leave to read a wonderful book while an inch of diabolic candle should burn on. As soon as that had burned out, the book was to vanish and the man to die. The wise man blew out the candle, and kept the book, for which Satan is thought to be still waiting.

Let us imitate the sage, and make the Congress sit for ever. In the interests of the world, we can even spare LORD CLARENDON.

Most Musical.

A SCOTCHMAN being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot, mon, 'gin ye wad hear reel music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

RING-DOVES.—MACE and GOSS.



A SKETCH FROM GARRISON SOCIETY.

Mamma. "NOW, MISS, HAVE YOU WRITTEN DOWN THE DISTINCTIONS OF RANK ON YOUR CARD, AS I TOLD YOU?"

Alice. "YES, MA."

Mamma. "VERY WELL, THEN, RECOLLECT YOU'VE NO EXCUSE THIS TIME; AND IF I CATCH YOU DANCING WITH ANYONE BELOW A CAPTAIN, YOU DON'T GO OUT FOR A MONTH!"

GREAT MEETING IN SUPPORT OF HER MAJESTY.

A GREAT MEETING, consisting of MR. PUNCH and TOBY, was held at 85, Fleet Street, on Friday last. It had been convoked in consequence of the great danger to which the Crown of England is at present exposed, by reason of the chances of the succession being set aside in favour of a new Queen, LAVINIA. MR. PUNCH and his friend felt that this was the moment to show their devotion and loyalty to HER MAJESTY.

MR. PUNCH voted himself into his American rocking-chair. The area of the hall was occupied by TOBY.

MR. PUNCH, lighting a cigar, observed that the meeting was aware that a lady named LAVINIA RYVES had taken measures for altering the Succession to the Crown. She had been entrusted with a dreadful secret; namely, the fact that before KING GEORGE THE THIRD married the late virtuous, if snuff-taking, QUEEN CHARLOTTE, he had been privately married by a DOCTOR WILMOT to a pretty Quakeress called HANNAH LIGHTFOOT. But her issue failing, the heirs to the Crown were the heirs of KING GEORGE'S brother, CUMBERLAND. This Duke had married—

MR. TOBY observed that the DUKE had married a young widow named HORTON, of whom HORACE WALPOLE wrote that she was very pretty, had amorous eyes, and eyelashes a yard long; though eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would have sufficed to turn such a head as she had turned.

MR. PUNCH said that the quotation did credit to the memory of the meeting, but he would trouble it to hold its tongue while he was speaking. MRS. RYVES alleged that before the HORTON marriage the Duke had wedded an ancestor of LAVINIA'S. Now, if MRS. RYVES made out her case, she would of course require the QUEEN to descend from her throne, and make room for a Sovereign of the house of RYVES. He asked the meeting whether it would consent to part with their beloved Queen?

The meeting expressed itself frantically in the extreme negative, and the following Resolution was unanimously agreed to:—

"That this Meeting protests against any change in the dynasty of these kingdoms (which is a monarchical republic tempered by MR. PUNCH'S epigrams), and that it pledges itself to maintain the rights of QUEEN VICTORIA and her family against the alleged claims of QUEEN LAVINIA. Blood to be shed if necessary, but much preferred to not."

MR. PUNCH undertook, at his own convenience, to lay this resolution at the foot of the present Throne. Thanks were then voted to him for his oscillating conduct in the rocking-chair, and the Meeting went to lunch.

"ANYTHING" OR "NOTHING."

To the Members of Her Majesty's Opposition.

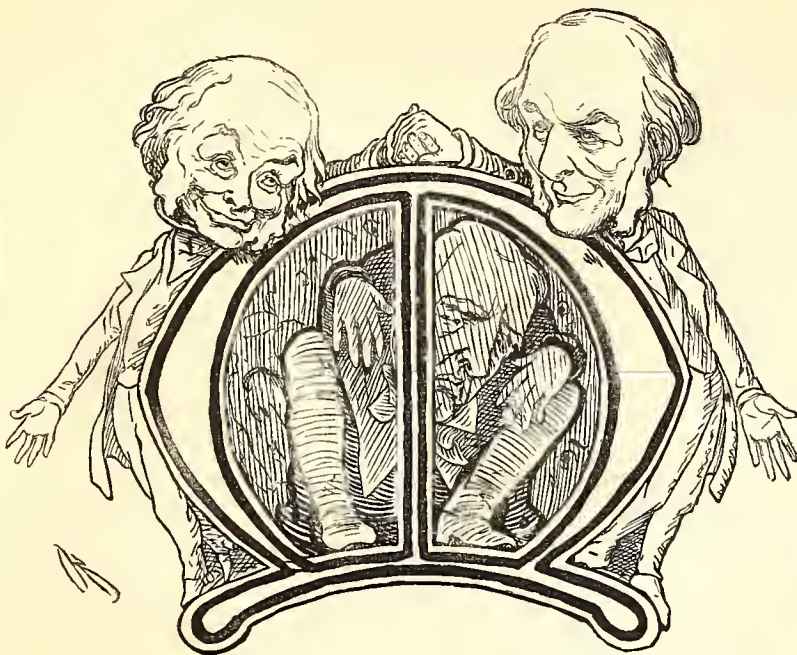
You asked "for the Bill, the who'e Bill,
And *nothing but* the Bill;"
Swore you wouldn't have two, but a sole B.II,
And now you have got your will.

But it seems from the way you receive it,
The right cry your mouths to fill,
Should have been, "The Bill, the whole Bill,
And *any thing but* the Bill!"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE Prussian General, FLIESS, is reported to have crossed the Eider at the head of the troops destined for the occupation of Holstein. Having regard to the intentions of the force, should not the name be spelt, as it is pronounced, "Fleece?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



cept remarks on the lovely dresses, and bets that Government would have, on CAPTAIN HAYTER'S anti-Distribution motion, a majority varying from 10 to 15. But nobody ever knows what women and armies will do, except that each will assuredly take the course not set down for them by the gravest and most respectable authorities.

When the House met, everybody began to catechise MR. GLADSTONE, who, counselled by *Punch*, kept his temper in the most masterly manner, and sweetly declined to tell anybody anything about his intentions. Even to the Cave of Adullam he would say nothing but that having pledged himself to stand or fall by the Bill, he was resolute to that intent. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S beautiful ballad lends itself with extraordinary felicitousness to the result:—

"They asked him once, they asked him twice,
That Chancellor so brave;
The sterner grew the Liberal crew—
The darker grew The Cave.
They asked him thrice, that chief so bold,
He rose and showed his hand;
The Tories fled, their tellers sold,
'Hooray!' cried MR. BRAND."

Why the Conservatives would not divide may be partly guessed from these facts. There was a sort of debate, but it was not an earnest one, except that SIR THOMAS BATESON (Tory) indulged in the boldest vituperation, and introduced certain imagery of a class not usually paraded in the presence of ladies. MR. COLERIDGE made an elegant speech. MR. GLADSTONE, in an address of two hours, fought well for the Bill, and quoted MR. TENNYSON, and MR. DISRAELI followed, with some smart blows, and with a very unfavourable analysis of the character of LORD CLARENDON as a Foreign Minister. What this had to do with the Re-Distribution of Seats may not be clear to posterity, until it shall have learned that at this crisis in our history the Congress that was to keep the peace of Europe had been given up, and a ferocious war and no end of complications were expected immediately. Next, it must be known that the nation required that at such a time its Foreign policy should be in able and trustworthy hands. Thirdly, that the Conservative leaders, with all their talent, have no person among them to whom we should like to see Foreign affairs entrusted at this or any other time. Therefore the country would be in a rage if, on any party question, the present Government should be ousted. Lastly, but not leastly, MR. GLADSTONE hath signified that he is ready to reconsider the details of the Re-Distribution Bill. Doth light break in upon your souls, O posterity, and do ye now comprehend why CAPTAIN HAYTER withdrew his motion, and why MR. DISRAELI assailed LORD CLARENDON?

When the Captain had beaten his retreat, the Tories rushed in a body out of the House, and before they could return, the Amendment was negatived, the House went into Committee, and the preamble was postponed. Then, by way of a farce, a division was taken on the motion to report progress, and 403 were for it, and *Two* against it. These two—listen—were MR. COLVILLE, a Liberal, and—and—guess. The Jesuit WHALLEY. Yes, he. His motives seemed unfathomable, but—look at the Catholic Calendar. It was the morning of St. Boniface's day. We need say no more, in fact we needed not to say this.

On *Tuesday* LORD CLARENDON had his innings, and informed the Lords that the criticisms which had been pronounced concerning him the night before were entirely objectionable and unfounded.

MR. GLADSTONE had proposed to print the Reform Bill in a way most convenient to Members, but the jealousy of the Enraged Politician is ten times keener than that of the lover, and in this harmless and useful proposal certain Tories saw a conspiracy, and LORD CRANBORNE wished for twenty-four hours to find out what it was. *Punch* would not note such nonsense, except meteorologically—an evil odour steaming up from the ground denotes a certain condition of atmosphere.

It was formally announced that Congress would not meet. Before the week was out, Prussia had moved troops into Holstein, which act began war, except technically.

Wednesday. Rather a good day, though nothing was done. A Bill of MR. LOCKE KING'S came on for Second Reading. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that if a man is ass enough to omit making a will, the law arranges the disposition of that ass's assets. MR. KING

ONDAY, June 4. Grasping the entire Reform War with the eye of a consummate general, FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH has no intention of recording every twopenny skirmish, or noting the pop of every political rifle. He proposes to give his readers a birds-eye view of the campaign, conceiving that this will be far more profitable to them than a long-winded analysis of the various creditable and discreditable manoeuvres.

It had been supposed that a great pitched battle would be fought on this Monday, and on the preceding afternoon nothing was heard in the Zoological Gardens ex-

wishes that landed property should be divided in the same way as personalty, on the death of an intestate. As there was no chance of the Bill being passed by a Parliament elected by a Family Founding nation, Members were at liberty to talk freely, so the debate was amusing. MR. BRIGHT actually told a story with what is called an oath in it, and (with apology) stated that a younger son, who was quite a gentleman, had told him that younger sons were dam badly used. He made some other entertaining remarks, observing that he never formed a final judgment of a man until he knew what sort of a will he had made. MR. GLADSTONE gave the Bill decided opposition, as directed against the principle of primogeniture, and it was rejected by 231 to 84.

Thursday. Before talking of two frightful battles, let us snatch a moment's pleasure, and say that MR. GLADSTONE proposed, MR. DISRAELI seconded, and the House unanimously voted the Grant of £2000 a year to our favourite and the nation's, PRINCESS MARY, of Cambridge, in respect of her marriage with PRINCE TECK, whom, by the way, SIR WILLIAM HUTT declared to be a very excellent kind of Prince. *Mr. Punch* emptied an awfully large goblet in honour of the nuptials at Kew.

Then were fought two sanguinary battles, and the Conservatives were routed in both, with slaughter. The Committee sat on the Reform Bill. MR. WALPOLE had proposed to raise the County franchise from £14 to £20, and the CHANCELLOR had argued in favour of the Government plan, and of the fitness of those on whom it was designed to confer the vote. LORD STANLEY, inspired, we suppose, by the counsel of a Conservative gathering in the afternoon, moved to defer debate on the franchise till the distribution had been settled. This was a dodge, but not a clever one, as it gave no chance to the small but available body of discontented Liberals to desert their friends. The motion could only be designed as an obstruction, and MR. GLADSTONE certainly let out well at the Opposition, complimenting them on their skill in ambush. On division, the Government won by 287 to 260—majority 27, and then, after a debate on MR. WALPOLE'S proposal, the Government defeated him by 297 to 233—majority 14. This latter division, in a House of 580 Members, is the first on which, during all the Reform debate, a principle has been fairly grappled with—the House affirms that a £14 franchise is not too low for a county voter.

Friday. The EARL OF KENT, as we think he ought to be called in England, DUKE OF EDINBURGH in Scotland, and EARL OF ULSTER in Ireland, showed a rational contempt for the superstitions of some of his own profession, and of many male and female landlubbers, by embarking in the good old ship, *House of Lords*, on a Friday.

My Lords spoke nobly against election bribery, and the evergreen BROUGHAM arose to say once more that the system would never be checked until the guilty were put on the treadmill.

Reform, indeed, WILLIAM GLADSTONE, what is Reform? There was something of the kind on the paper, certainly, but the House preferred to spend a pleasant and gentlemanly sort of evening. The usual *Conversazione* was given. After MR. DISRAELI had again sought to show that LORD CLARENDON was an incapable Foreign Minister, SIR W. STIRLING MAXWELL gave an agreeable little lecture about LORD LYON—not the Derby winner, but the Scotch Herald. (This reminds us that our friend JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ is appointed to the Office of the *Somerset Herald*, and we shall order that paper from the said office, for his sake, as all he does is done well). Then we had the real feature of the evening, a most agreeable, architectural, æsthetic, appreciative, argumentative, anecdotal Academy debate. The Academicians seem to have decided not to go to Burlington House (which is a bad

hearing for GRANGE, and he should go in for compensation for strawberries and iced cream) and to take three acres at South Kensington, where they can build vastly, and let in rising and foreign talent. The objections to this South Kensington scheme are two-fold. One is always understood but seldom expressed, the other is that the elegant suburb is a good way from a good many people. But then it is near a good many other people, and we want both Trafalgar Square and Burlington House for national purposes. Moreover, handsome and well-deserved tributes were paid to MR. COWPER, for his admirable keeping of the Parks, and MR. HUBBARD went so far as to say that the people who enjoy those spaces and their shade and flowers owe the Commissioner a statue. We finished the agreeable evening by carrying through, despite Protestant clamour, the Bill making it needless for the QUEEN's representatives in Ireland to ridicule a curious dogma which most of the Irish suppose themselves to understand, or, at least, believe.

"ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RUBICON."

(A Groan from a mild M.P., half in and half out of the Cave.)

I AM a tractable M.P.

As ever trotted to division;

A steady wheeler, safe to drive,

Ne'er with his leaders in collision.

My aim the greatest happiness

Of (Number One) the greatest number:

My highest hope, as Junior Lord,

Some day on Treasury-bench to slumber.

Views of my own I ne'er set up,

Indeed, in general, "views" offend me;

I ope my mouth, and shut my eyes,

And, thankful, take what BRAND may send me.

The sacred skirts of Government

Still holding reverently on to,

As feeling but for *their* safe guide

None knows where he might not have gone to.

But now we've crossed the Rubicon,

One seeks the old landmarks all in vain:

If GLADSTONE hadn't burnt his boats,

We might get back again!

"Back Government, you 'scape all mess"—

This faith your wise M.P. professes:

But now *supporting* Government

Seems to mean getting *into* messes.

Left to oneself, with bed-fellows

More strange one couldn't have been huddled:

Knocked one's head against more stone walls,

Been worse misled, or more bemuddled!

By Jove, here we have Ministers

Tackling Reform as if they meant it!

Here's GLADSTONE hand-in-glove with BRIGHT—

'Taint natural, and he'll repent it!

No wonder that a Bill so bred

Could find no Cabinet to fit it;

How could it e'er be hoped to float

When ere 'twas launched its builders split it?

And so we crossed the Rubicon,

But nearly swamp'd by leak and strain,

With GLADSTONE swearing at the helm

He'd ne'er go back again.

But when we'd crossed, with help of BRIGHT,

The House the half-bill wished to smother;

At least, before they'd own *that* half,

They vowed they must be shown the other.

Though GLADSTONE kicked, and winced, and frowned,

And BRIGHT foretold terrific weather,

They both had to eat humble pie,

And see the two halves tacked together!

Now, though the halves are made a whole,

The ill-will of the House increases:

It cheers on LOWE, at GLADSTONE girds,

And pulls his pretty groups to pieces.

And now we're getting on in June,

With four months of the Session wasted;

The Tories roar, the House is sore,

And won't be buttered, much less basted—

Although we've crossed the Rubicon,

What we're to do next who'll explain?

If GLADSTONE hadn't burnt his boats,

We might get back again!

Oh, if they'd only taken time,

Nor trusted GLADSTONE's rash impression

He'd but to cross the Rubicon,

And burn his boats and take possession!

Had they not tried the House to blind,

Till they strained party-joints to splitting;

Treated M.P.'s like naughty boys,

To be "kept in" an autumn sitting!

There's only one thing to be done,

For Ministers to save their bacon;

That's to re-cross the Rubicon,

To ground they ne'er should have forsaken.

Own that to swim that famous stream,

They have been too much in a hurry;

As t'other side was unknown ground,

And folks won't take BRIGHT for their "Murray."

On the wrong side the Rubicon,

Hang me, if longer I remain;

GLADSTONE must just re-build his boats,

And take us back again!

COCKER IN THE COMMONS.

WITH grave sorrow *Mr. Punch* learns from high authority that thirty Members only of a reformed Parliament are competent to do a sum in long division. As Minister of Public Instruction *Mr. Punch*, therefore, deems it incumbent on him to compile a *Handy-book of Arithmetic*, shorn of all pedantic pleasantries, and furnished with Tables adapted both to the cross and opposition benches. Pending publication of this popular manual, we offer a few extracts from it, by which the diligent student will be enabled rapidly to cut a figure in any circle—political or polite.

Division of Parties.

Divide 310 Liberals, 290 Conservatives, and 58 ultra-Liberals by 3 Bills, 6 Instructions, and 9 Amendments. What will a Ministerial measure come to. *Ans.* Grief.

Subtraction of Whigs.

From Whigs various	300
Deduct Whigs <i>pur et simple</i>	285

There remain Whigs 15 not so pure and simple.

Vulgar Fractions.

Reduce Parliamentary Oratory to a common denominator. *Ans.* Bosh.

Multiplication of Motions.

By Motions vexatious multiply Motions frivolous, and find the probable time of proroguing the House=1st January, 1867.

LAW FOR DEBTORS.

DEAR SIR,

I READ something about "Unsecured Creditors" in an account of the New Debtors' Act. I quite agree with the opinion that all Creditors ought to be secured, and precious well secured too. I only wish I could lock up some of mine for a month or two, and then farewell, Old England! At present I regret to say that they are all unsecured, and are free to pounce upon me at any moment.

I am, dear Sir, yours,

Whitewash Street.

A PENNY IN THE POUND.

Quousque Tandem.

SAYS the last telegram—

"Fenian Circles are being arranged with reference to a raid into Canada."

We hope so. There is a certain circle which should be especially consecrated to Fenian use. It is composed of hempen material, and is dependant. If any Fenian scoundrel crosses into Canada, we hope that he will be made a Knight of the Hempen Circle. Friends at a distance please accept this intimation.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the next Meeting of the Horticultural Society a Paper will be read "On the Coolness of the Cucumber."

TO METROPOLITAN GUARDIANS.—"Should banded Unions persecute Opinion?"—*Tennyson*.



BEASTS AT THE ZOO.

Young Lady. "IS THIS CHAIR ENGAGED?"

Perfect Gentleman (who does not stick at a lie). "YAAS! I'M KEEPING IT FOR A FRIEND."

HONESTY AND POLICY.

"WHEN thieves fall out," the proverb says,
"Honest men may come by their own."
Now Germany's crown'd thieves fall out,
Some doubt upon the proverb's thrown.

When realms are shattered in the clash
Of Eagles, hung with golden fleeces,
While LOUIS coolly waits the smash,
In hopes he may pick up the pieces,

'Tis long odds if *this* thievish strife
Aid honest men to get their own,
But two thieves warring to the knife
May help a third their swag to bone.

Then let BRITANNIA from her fling
War-threats and peace professions hollow,
Safe from the loss such strife must bring,
As from the gains such strife may follow.

GUARDIAN AND BLACKGUARDIAN.

DURING the investigation into the atrocities at the Strand Union, a witness, who was testifying to the wickedness of the system, observed that "mesenteric diseases were prevalent in the house."

Upon this a Guardian of the Poor is reported to have exclaimed,
"Mesenteric, what's that? Something to eat?"

We do not know the name of this fellow. If we did, it should be brought before the world, week after week, until the pachydermatous cad had expressed regret at his brutal indecency. Meantime, he is heartily welcome to both the names at the top of this paragraph—they are his by the united bestowal of all who read the *Times* of Thursday, June 7.

ORNITHOLOGY.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER writes to us to know if any of our readers can give him some information on the following point. There is, it appears, a species of pigeon called a "tumbler;" is the Tumbler any relation to that peculiar town bird the "acrobat."

["The Acrobat is evidently something between the *Corvus niger* and the *Vespertilio*, as is evident from the name A-crow-bat. We cannot undertake to say any more at present."—*Our Own Professor of Nat. Hist.*]

He tells us the following curious anecdote. The other night in an outlying country district he was knocked down by something flying at him, hitting him sharply on the head. As he fell he heard a rustling in the hedge at the side. On recovering himself he found a fine specimen of the Brick-bat on the ground quite motionless. He immediately searched the bushes, but failed to find its nest. He wishes to know where they lay, and what colour the Brick-bat's eggs are.

["The eggs of the Brick-bat are a great rarity in England."—*Punch's Prof. Nat. Hist.*]

The best way of catching Bats is to sit on the top of the house at night, and fish with a fly-rod baited with a beetle.

Our COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT is wrong. The study of Horned Owls did not originally give the name to the entire science of Horney-Thology.

WOPPS.—No; Swallows are not the only birds who take three meals a-day.

MIDDLEAGIBUS.—Hawking is still carried on in England, but it is no longer an amusement. There are plenty of hawkers in London, and on many a fine summer's afternoon hawking is to be seen in most of the poorer neighbourhoods of the Metropolis.

JUMPER.—Hawks are to be found (as every school-boy knows) chiefly in the islands called the Hawkneys.

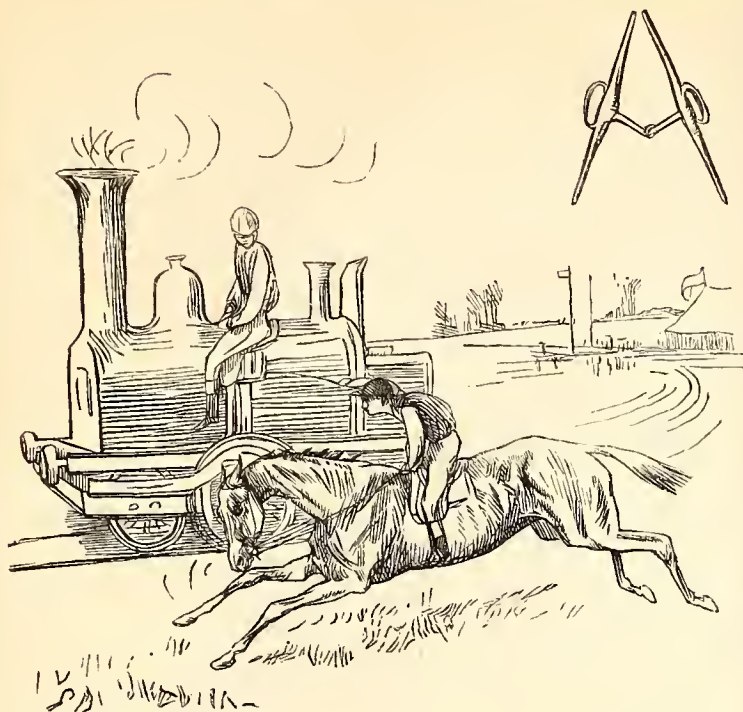


HONESTY AND POLICY.

BRITANNIA. "WELL! I'VE DONE MY BEST. IF THEY WILL SMASH EACH OTHER, THEY MUST."

NAP. (*aside*). "AND SOME ONE MAY PICK UP THE PIECES!"

THE ALEXANDRA PATTERN.



H. PATERFAMILIAS!
We have much pleasure in transcribing, from the *Dispatch*,—

“A PARAGRAPH FOR THE LADIES.—At Ascot, on Tuesday, the PRINCESS OF WALES wore a silk dress of pink and white in medium-sized checks, a white lace shawl, and a pink bonnet—sufficiently small to be fashionable, and yet large enough to be a bonnet and not merely a bit of lace—with pink ribbons, and a bouquet of lilies of the valley drooping from the top.”

There is one particular feature of the costume above sketched that inspires us with extreme admiration; with admiration exceeding even all

that we feel for the sensible bonnet which constituted the appropriate head-dress of her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES. That is, the silk dress of pink and white in medium-sized checks. It is not the material of which this dress consisted, or the mere specialty of its colours, although the former was suitable, and the latter elegant, that constitutes, in our eyes, its peculiar merit. If it had been a fabric of muslin, or even of cotton, it would still have possessed all that. Had its colours been any other than what they were, nevertheless, provided they were arranged like those colours, it would equally have commanded our approbation. In short, what we regard as the express excellence of the dress worn by the PRINCESS OF WALES at Ascot is the arrangement wherein its colours were combined. They were disposed in medium-sized checks. There is a significance in the figures of a dress thus figured, which renders it a morally figurative dress. The

moral proclaimed by the dress is obviously that of moderation in apparel. Those medium-sized checks which it presents to view pointedly inculcate on the spectatress restraint of that passion for finery whose gratification continually demands cheques of large amount, or equivalent bank-notes. No dress could have been worn by the PRINCESS OF WALES at Ascot to greater advantage than one striped with medium-sized checks; hieroglyphics doubtless easily deciphered by the expensive but intelligent throng of beauty and fashion of whose neighbouring eyes ALEXANDRA was the cynosure, in attire as well as in every other respect, a pattern to her sex.

THE SPIRITS AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAY, COLEMAN of the Stock Exchange,
And *Spiritual Magazine*,
Is it a fact that Spirits range
This earth, observant though unseen?
And can they tell what people do?
And on a table can a Shade
Rap out communications through
A Buttons, or a Servant-maid?

Then, in the City as you go,
The Spirits that your steps attend,
If they would tell us all they know,
A helping spirit-hand would lend.
Bid them inform us who conspired
Against the Banks, to sink the Shares.
Let the dear Spirits be desired
If they would please to name the Bears.

Will none of that familiar host
Reveal the authors of the plot?
Were one of them an honest ghost
'Twould soon unmask the blackguard lot;
Rapping a table, rap them out,
The rascals, worth a rap to hang!
And, making tables move about,
The tables turn on that vile gang.

“NEVER SAY DIE.”

It seems that in parochial circles suspended animation is by no means an unusual phenomenon, and that to be prematurely “laid out,” if not buried, causes no astonishment, and gives rise to no complaint. This we gather from a deadly-lively orator, churchwarden of St. George’s, and the rather tedious oracle of the Guardians’ Meeting at St. James’s Hall last week. They had assembled with the laudable object of protesting against any amendment in the condition of the sick poor in workhouses. Their spokesman from St. George’s—and a very long spoke he has put into their wheel—took occasion to sympathise with his injured brethren of St. Pancras, on the scandalous publicity which had been given to the case of the child there who was left for three days without medical attendance to the care of untrustworthy persons, yclept nurses, and prematurely laid out as dead while yet living. Never was sympathy, he said, more misplaced!

“He had been twice laid out himself, and did not find the sensation disagreeable; he knew at least a score of persons to whom the same accident had happened, and had never heard that they had complained. He particularly instanced the case of a suburban rector who was laid out and the curtains of his bed closed. His mourning daughter was sitting in the room, and the bells of his own church were solemnly tolling. He passed his hand unexpectedly out of the curtains, and said, ‘For whom are the bells tolling, my dear ELIZABETH?’ Her answer was *naïf* but unfortunate: ‘For you, dear Papa.’”

The indignation of Miss COUTTS, therefore, and the enemies of the Poor-Law Board were entirely sensational. The public must be tickled, and this incident, as well as others, where whole batches of pauper nurses have been found utterly unable even to read the labels of the bottles of medicine which they were supposed to distribute and administer; where they have been found beating their patients—both aged and imbecile; where they have been detected robbing them of their stimulants, even on their death bed, and there are plenty of such instances, all are sensational. What, therefore, have Guardians to do with them? They must be left to another sort of people for redress; for according to this oracle of Bumbledom, by noticing them—

“The elevating mission of literature is lowered to the business of villany, and fast young ladies, slangy young gentlemen, and prurient old greybeards feast on the garbage of society as GEORGE THE FIRST did on putrid oysters; and coronets and archbishops lead the chorus in these worse than Bacchanal orgies, and drag alike the aristocracy and the Church into a position of ridicule and contempt.”

The picture of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and the EARL OF CAR-

NARVON leading a chorus of prurient greybeards and fast young ladies through worse than Bacchanal orgies with a view “to feast on the garbage of society,” is one which only the most refined and delicate brush could have drawn, or the most intelligent observers applaud. No doubt the St. George’s Guardian knew his men; and we should be glad to learn whether these are the sentiments prevalent in the aristocratic vestry which he represents, or whether they selected MR. BREWER with a view to this particular occasion from his marvellous experience of the Night Side of Nature.

Certain of the East-Enders were not to be taken in by the chaff of their West-End friends. MR. HANSARD, the working rector of poor Bethnal Green reminded the meeting, which was almost wholly composed of West-End Guardians, that St. George’s could be passing charitable to their few poor at sixpence in the pound, but that “over the border” they were bye-words for illiberality, and were obliged to stint their sick poor, although they raised three shillings in the pound. So he warned them that the cheap philanthropists of St. George’s aimed at throwing dust in their eyes; and that with St. George’s it was truly a breeches-pocket question, as they had good reasons for wishing to be let alone. Nevertheless, the East-Enders were in a minority, and “the original motion,” declining the polite attentions of MR. VILLIERS and MR. ERNEST HART, was carried “amidst laughter.” After all, the laughter amidst which the Guardians seem to transact their serious business, may have a deeper meaning than appears; and after seriously applauding the comic parts of MR. BREWER’s address, they were entitled to a little relaxation when they came to voting upon it.

To appreciate the laughter it is, no doubt, necessary to hear the speeches by which the decisions of the Guardians are preceded. The Guardians who don’t speak are not such dull dogs as not to enjoy the humour of solemnly declaring that “no amendment is necessary,” and that the paupers ought to be satisfied to be buried alive since their betters don’t complain. The unhappy board, that was so comically represented by the twice resuscitated “BREWER,” probably regret by this time that, like the French lady of whom TOM MOORE speaks, *il avait oublié de se faire enterrer*, for undoubtedly he has driven a nail into their coffin. “Never say die” is a good English maxim, and no doubt the Guardians have good reasons for wishing to preserve their “parochial” dignity and patronage, but we are afraid that Bumbledom is on its last legs, and has at least one foot in the grave. So long as it has breath it will splutter, and there is no fear of its premature interment.



SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF POOR TOMKINS TROTTERING OUT HIS BEAUTIFUL HIGH-CHEST NOTES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE OPPOSITE MEADOW? HIS FRIEND SMITH (BEHIND HIS BACK) IS GETTING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THEM, BY MERELY OPENING HIS MOUTH AND GESTICULATING TENDERLY WITH HIS SHOULDERS.

A BATHE OR TWO AT BIARRITZ.

REVERED PUNCH,

WHILE you have been as usual enlightening the world, and, to do so, slaving hard amid the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ* (which of course means London), I have been serenely sojourning in France, and by no means, I assure you, have I envied you your labours. I fancy somebody has said that the misfortunes of our friends are rather, on the whole, a pleasant theme for contemplation; and living as I do without a newspaper to worry me, I find abundant leisure for this amiable reflection. While I tranquilly illumine my fifteenth cigarette, I think of my friend Rottenborough trembling for his seat, and my friend Moneybagge in fear of a recurrence of the panic. Sitting by the shore of the lovely Bay of Biarritz, and listening to the waves as they tumble on the sand, I care little for the troubled seas of politics or panics. Thank goodness, I've no seat in Parliament to lose, and no money in mad schemes of speculation either. Were Mr. BRIGHT Prime Minister, and all small boroughs swept away, and had all the banks in England suspended their cash payments (except the one on which you draw for me your welcome little cheques), the news would very little disturb my calm serenity. *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*: happy he who for a fortnight can forget there's such a word as "business" in the dictionary.

This Biarritz, my *Punch*, is a vastly pleasant place, even at this nearly depopulated season. Indeed, I like a desert better than a crowd; of which a Londoner in June is pretty certain to grow weary. There is nobody of note here now, except myself. I am the monarch of all that I survey upon the shore, and my right to all the flotsam, and jetsam I may see there, nobody at present has attempted to dispute. I can dine without the clatter of a crowded *table-d'hôte*, and find the dishes hot, and the waiters cool and civil. The Spanish swells and swelleses will flock here a month hence, and the Villa Eugénie will soon receive its charming mistress. Then there will be costumes marvellous to see, and ladies who walk out will have to mind their *piéds* and *queues*, or they will

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

AIR—"Love's Young Dream."

OH! the days are here when Beauty dines
At eight o'clock,
When MIRANDA sips her sparkling wines,
Or hock, still hock;
New peas may bloom,
And whitebait come
From Thames' improving stream,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream.

Though the taste be tempted various ways,
By teal or char,
Though the swell in future dining days
May name a *plat*;
He'll never meet
A dish so sweet
In SOYER or CAREME,
As the dish he took at Beauty's feet
Of strawberries and cream;
As the dish he tried at BELLA's feet
Of strawberries and cream.

No—that day in June is not forgot
As "Queens" I taste,
When first a lover's arm I got
Around *her* waist:
The sugar shed,
She shyly said—
('Twas somewhere close to Cheam)
"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream,
No! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As *you* and strawberry cream."

Financing.

MON SHARE PUNCH,—Why don't you start as a Minister of Finance, and establish a laughing-stock exchange in the West-End?

I am, mon share, yours, *semper ridens*,

A SIXTY PER-CENTAUR.

terribly get trodden on. Quadrilles will then be gaily flounced through by the mermaids who will cluster on the shore, while the mermen splash around them, and puff the light cigar beneath the white umbrella; and ever and anon the fairest of the fair and the fattest of the fat will challenge one another to a six-foot race of swimming. "*C'est sur cette plage coquette*," my railway guide informs me, "*que se presse chaque année une population élégante de baigneurs*." They whom MONTAIGNE calls *la race moutonnaire* will flock here by the hundred, following their leaders, and be fleeced, no doubt, a little by those who give them pasture.

But I care not to behold this elegant population. A girl with her back hair down is a pretty sight enough, but let her *toilettes ravissantes* be kept to decorate the drawing-room. To my eyes flaunting fashions would disfigure the sea-shore, and I find the fresh sea breeze far sweeter to my nose than bad tobacco smoke and patchouli. My ears too now are free from braying bands and squalling singers, and all the other noisy nuisances that make a sea-side season hideous. The only music I now hear is the frothing of the waves as they break upon the beach and the tinkling of the bells upon a distant yoke of oxen. Walking through the town, as is my custom sometimes of an afternoon, I hear maybe a goat-herd playing on his pipe, while his goats bleat out a cry that they are ready for their milking. In the evening a few workmen sing their *chansons* on the benches in front of my hotel, but there is nothing of the clumsy British *tol-de-rol* about them. I hear the cooks, too, sweetly warbling little snatches from BÉRANGER, and serving up a *soufflée* with a fragment of a song. But no street-musicians worry me, and no street-boys shake my nerves by whistling shrilly in my ear. Indeed, I doubt if street-boys ever whistle much in France; and, blessing upon blessings, no nigger tunes are heard here.

Bathing is the only way in which I stretch my limbs, and when I wish to bathe, I have the beach all to myself, and should be as startled as was *Crusoe* if I saw another footprint. Then I sit and smoke and watch the curl of the blue waves as they break upon the beach, or whiten round the rocks which lie scattered picturesquely here and there along the shore. Then I stroll towards the town, and see the

blue-capped *ouvriers* at work upon the roads, with here and there a cigarette between their lips, and a bottle of "piquette" * to moisten them occasionally, or I admire the white embroidered shirts in which the bricklayers are arrayed, and their picturesque red sashes, which tell that Spain is near me. Or I chat with the old women who sit knitting at their doors, with their feet in wooden shoes, and their heads swathed round with handkerchiefs like rainbows in their colour. Or I sketch the red earth water-pots girls carry on their heads, in shape recalling the old tea-pots on the tables of our grandmothers. Or I clamber up the cliffs, and gather the bright wild-flowers besprinkled in the grass, and watch the lizards idly basking in the sunshine. Simple pleasures these, my *Punch*, but better for a man than hearing the odds bellowed by the betters in the ring, or admiring the Anonymas who prance along the Row, or pace along the Drive, in this gay crowded time of London.

Hoping nevertheless to join you Londoners next week, and drink a glass of beer, for which I have not lost my relish,

Believe me, yours serenely,

POTATURUS VAGABUNDUS.

* A drink made from grapes, after the juice has been pressed out of them.

FOUND.



THE following manuscript, containing the fragment of a play signed "W." was picked up by Mr. *Punch's* esteemed Contributor, TOM EAVES, at the entrance to the lobby of the House of Commons. It is not MR. NEWDEGATE'S:—

SCENE I.—Interior of the Secret Chamber of the General of the Jesuits. He is dressed in a long Cassock and Surplice, with cocked hat, sword, a pair of pistols in his breast pocket, and false whiskers and moustachios. The room is full of secret doors and spring panels. In the L. H. corner is a telegraph-box, from which issue wires to all parts of the world, including the Post Office at St. Martin's-le Grand, Asia Minor, the Horse-

Guards and Peterborough. At the opening of the piece the General of the Jesuits is not discovered, as he never was discovered in his life, but a mysterious voice is heard in the distance. Then enter the General of the Jesuits softly through two secret doors in the wall. He crawls on the floor and hides underneath the table, not for any particular purpose, but as a matter of habit.

The General. So at last I am alone.

[A little bell sounds and the General disappears down a trap-door as a myrmidon of the Inquisition enters with the General's hot water and boots. The myrmidon wears a domino and mask, and glides in. Music.]

The General (re-appearing). So DOMENICO, my faithful DOMENICO, it is you. Where is FRANCISCO?

[A trap-door opens in the ceiling and FRANCISCO's head appears.]

The General (pleased). It is well. What news from England?

[The telegraph-box works violently. A Time-piece in the wall strikes one, and several people masked and disguised as English Policemen, Postmen, Soldiers, Sailors, Tinkers, Butchers, Tailors, enter with despatches in cipher.]

The General (to a Tinker). You have opened this letter? Villain, take thy doom!

[The floor opens, and the wretched man is precipitated into the Dungeons of the Inquisition. Music. The rack is heard at intervals.]

The General (reading despatches while receiving telegrams and talking to his minions). So! I have planted Fenianism and discontent in Ireland. Ha! who is there? The Password! "Hall."

Voice without. "Exeter!"

[He touches a secret spring and the POPE enters. They confer apart.]

The Pope. You have undermined the Tower? and the Houses of Parliament?

The General. Yes, and have made all our arrangements for spreading the Cholera and the Cattle Plague. The English physicians, chemists, and druggists are all Jesuits in disguise: so are the 'bus conductors.

The Pope. And the policemen!

The General. They are; and all the Contributors to the *Record* are Jesuits.

The Pope (rubbing his hands). Bless you! Then farewell!

[Every one touches a secret spring: while so employed the POPE, with a secret spring, jumps out of window and disappears.]

The General. I have got seven hundred leagues to ride to-night. I must be in London at 10 30, and at Venice—(observes somebody watching him)—Seize him!

The General (looking over his list). Let me see who are my chief men in London—ahem—J. B. BUCKSTONE, MR. CHARLES KEAN—he must play *Wolsey* again, it accustoms the vulgar to the Cardinal's dress—MR. PHELPS, as *Richelieu*, good—MR. GREEN, of EVANS's and MR. E. T. SMITH—(Considers)—SMITH—SMITH?—

A Minion. SMITH, your Reverend Excellency, of Cremorne, his ballet girls are suborned; and—

The General. Excellent; all Jesuits in disguise. A fine notion. (His brow darkens.) But one person is an obstacle. Who has undertaken to lay trains of gunpowder, in Peterborough, under MISTER WH—

Here the MS. comes to an end. We fancy that in the style, general idea, and local allusions, we recognise the hand and genius of MR. WHALLEY; if so, he can have the MS. on calling at our office, and paying our expenses—at Greenwich.

A DEUCED GOOD REASON

WHY AUSTRIA SHOULD DECLINE ATTENDING THE CONGRESS.

OF the Congress of Cooks we have all of us heard

Who once the grave case of the Goose took their seat on,
When the question was solemnly put to the bird

In what way he preferred to be cooked, carved, and eaten.

"Well, really, my preference," poor Goosey replied,

"For one style of cuisine over others is small:

Indeed, if an answer you'll not be denied,

I'd choose not to be cooked, carved, and eaten at all."

"The point," quoth the President-Cook, "pray, recall,

Was what style of cuisine you thought best for digestion;

As for not being cooked, carved, and eaten at all—

That is really wandering away from the question."

This ven'erable apologue Austria recalls

When asked to a Congress Imperial and Regal;

And, as good ground for shunning the Elysée's halls,

Thinks, "What's sauce for the Goose may be sauce for the Eagle."

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

TA'EN the carle and left her JOHNNIE, Sir, has she? Never mind, Sir. JOHNNIE will probably live to be very glad of it.

I don't know what it is to be in love? Yes, I do, Sir. As a young man I was in love two or three times. But hadn't the means to make a settlement, and was always a dumpy, dull, heavy, stupid-looking fellow, Sir—fortunately.

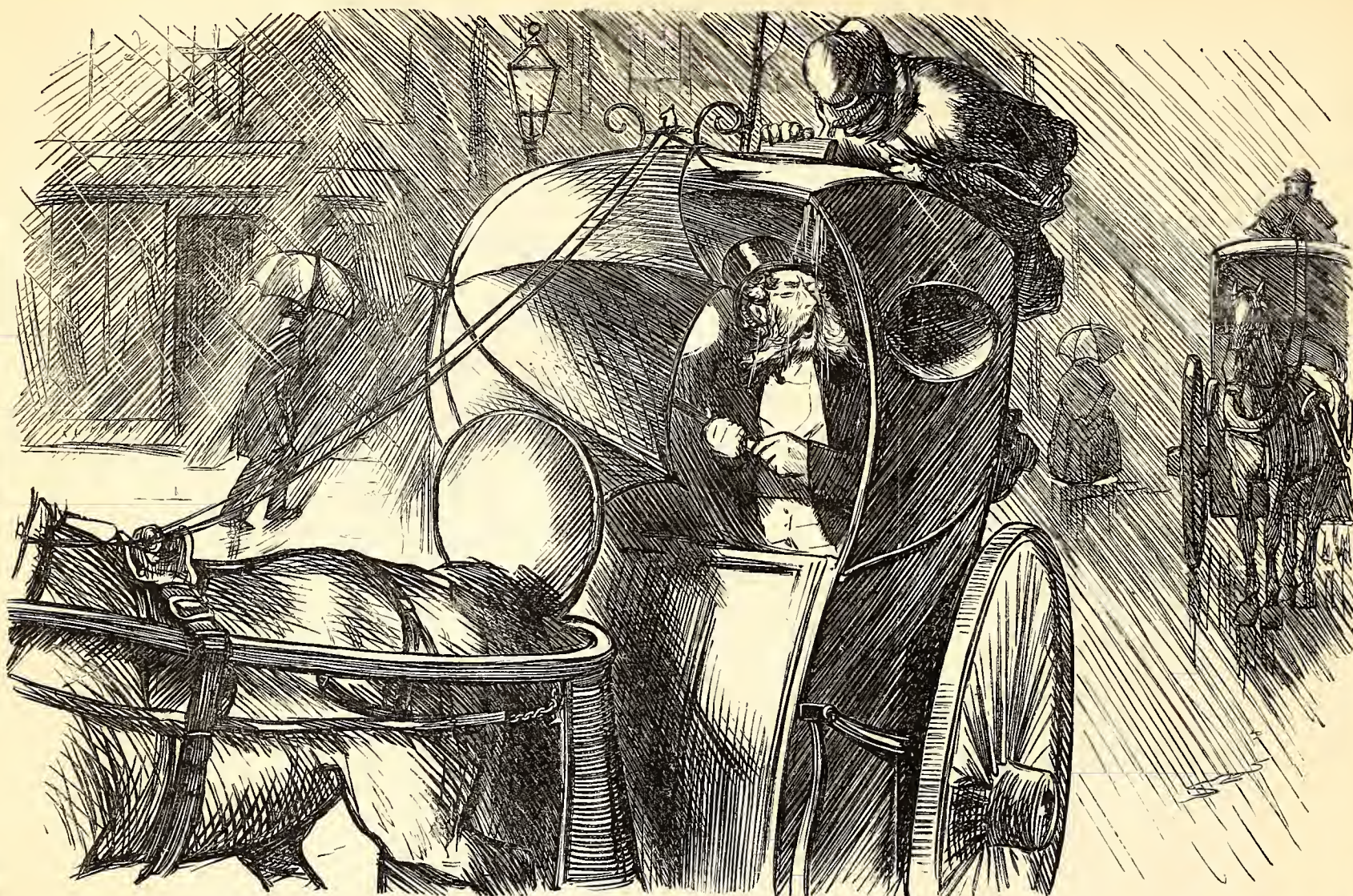
Why fortunately? Because I was cut out, Sir, by an Adonis, and thus prevented from marrying a girl without a penny. She would have taken up with me if she could not have had a handsomer man. Who was the lady? I don't mind telling you. MRS. WADDELL, Sir, old WADDELL's fat wife. Matronly beauty? Yes, Sir; face like the full moon; occasionally gibbous. Double chin, and all the rest of it. WADDELL was a beau, Sir, and a dandy. He cut me out, as I said. He now weighs about fourteen stone, Sir, and his wife nearly as much. All that weight of flesh he has to sustain, and a lot of children besides. I have only to keep up the bulk I carry about. I envied WADDELL once. I don't envy him now, Sir. No, Sir; but WADDELL envies me. So, one of these days, will your triumphant rival envy you, Sir.

But, will you believe, Sir, that I actually wore tight boots to ingratiate myself with the young lady who has turned into that matron? Never, at any rate, be such a fool as to do that, Sir. It did not answer; it gave me pain, and, Sir, it laid the foundation of this bunion.

Canvassing South Kensington.

It seems that Mr. *Punch* has done what he does once in a thousand numbers—but never without speedy reparation—made a mistake, by which the credit of housing the South Kensington "Belles and Blossoms" at the International Flower Show was ascribed to MESSRS. EDGINGTON,* instead of MR. JOHN UNITE, of 130, Edgeware Road, the real contractor, by whom the 40,000 yards of canvas which sheltered fair flowers and fairer faces from the sun, was supplied and erected.

* In the line, "MESSRS. EDGINGTONS' acres of awning."



CAUGHT BY A TRAP.

DON'T LAUGH ! POOR JOSSLER WAS GOING INTO SOCIETY—THOUGHT HIS DRIVER WAS NOT TAKING THE SHORTEST WAY—WISHED TO DIRECT HIM—CABBY PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN TO THE TRAP TO HEAR WHAT HIS FARE HAS TO SAY, AND THE RAIN (IT WAS POURING), WHICH HAD COLLECTED IN THE BRIM OF HIS HAT—NEED WE GO ON ? BUT FANCY JOSSLER'S WHITE WAISTCOAT AND SHIRT FRONT !!

A GAS PLANT AT VICTORIA PARK.

MR. PUNCH,

ENCOURAGED by a successful attempt to defeat the Bill which was to have enabled the Imperial Gas Company to build extensive Gasworks in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park, the ratepayers and householders of Hackney Wick are trying in like manner to crush the Gas Light and Coke Company, on whose behalf there is now before a Committee of the House of Commons a similar Bill for establishing a like odoriferous plant in the same situation. They held a meeting, the other day, in their National School Room for the purpose of considering the present state of the gas question touching the Park named after Her Majesty, and also the nuisances, as, perverted by their nasal prejudices, they style the varieties of fragrance emanating from the naphtha, manure, and other factories, in the neighbourhood. The object of their assembly further was to adopt such measures as might be deemed necessary with reference to those amenities, and, for one thing, they resolved that a deputation should be appointed to wait on MR. COWPER, and that every possible opposition should be offered to the sanitary and salutiferous Bill for erecting incense-breathing Gasworks only 800 yards from their Park.

When we consider how well London is supplied with gas by the existing companies ; how high the illuminating power of their gas is, how low its price ; how moderate their profits are ; and how remarkable is their readiness to accommodate the public in the whole of their arrangements, we cannot but see the necessity of supporting them in all their designs, and of maintaining their interests against all their adversaries ; especially, in the present instance, against those who are trying to hinder the Gas Light and Coke Company from rearing their proposed pile of odoriferous architecture on the outskirts of Victoria Park. A Committee of the House of Commons having thrown over the Corporation Gas Bill, which was insidiously designed to empower Gog and MAGOG to manufacture their own gas, there is hope that judicious management will, on the other hand, enable the promoters of the Bill for conferring the boon of Gasworks on Victoria Park to

shuffle that important measure in the interests of a great Company, for all the opposition of a multitude of little people, through the House.

The Imperial Gas Company's Bill owed its defeat to the publicity that had been given to the times appointed for its discussion. Unfortunately people will read the Orders of the Day. If they did not, the progress of wholesome, but unpopular legislation, such as that of Bills for erecting Gasworks in pleasant places, would remain unnoticed, and the Bills would pass before anybody but their authors, and the Members who had been made safe, were aware of their existence. Cannot the Gas Light and Coke Company, and any other Company, now seeking Parliamentary powers to embellish and perfume Victoria Park, contrive to keep their Bill to erect Gasworks for that purpose out of the lists of Orders of the Day that appear in the newspapers ?

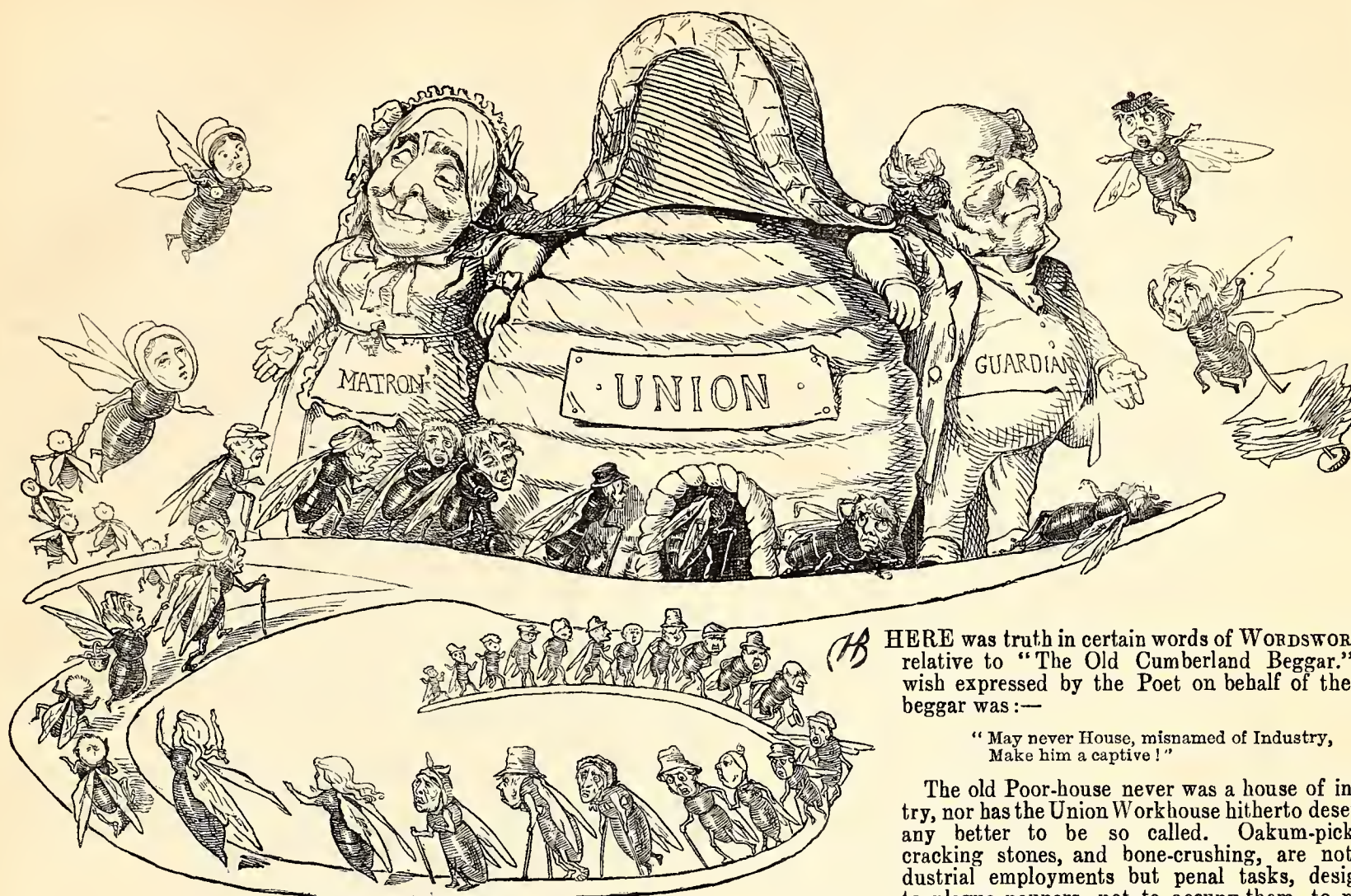
As a chemist, *Mr. Punch*, you know that many of the choicest scents of which the toilet is redolent, are prepared from the residual products of gas-manufacture, coarsely called the refuse of Gasworks. The erection, therefore, of Gasworks close to a park, is simply calculated to add fresh perfume to the violet, or any other fragrant flowers which that park may contain. A considerate Parliamentary Committee may be trusted to enforce upon the recalcitrant ratepayers and householders about Victoria Park the advantages which they have not the olfactory sense to appreciate, disgustingly incapable of being led by the nose. But secrecy is indispensable to the success of the Gas Light and Coke Company's Victoria Park Improvement Bill. Not a word more, therefore, *Mr. Punch*, about it ! Or, suppose you set about a report that it has been dropped ?

Upon my word, Sir, I haven't received a single sixpence from the Gas Light and Coke Company, or any other Company. I haven't really. Upon my honour, I haven't. Sir, I solemnly declare I am an entirely disinterested party ; and so, confiding in the impartiality with which you always give both sides a hearing, beg to subscribe myself, your old acquaintance,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM. !

WASTE PAPER.—Diplomatic Notes.

THE MODEL UNION WORKHOUSE.



HERE was truth in certain words of WORDSWORTH'S relative to "The Old Cumberland Beggar." A wish expressed by the Poet on behalf of the old beggar was:—

"May never House, misnamed of Industry,
Make him a captive!"

The old Poor-house never was a house of industry, nor has the Union Workhouse hitherto deserved any better to be so called. Oakum-picking, cracking stones, and bone-crushing, are not industrial employments but penal tasks, designed to plague paupers, not to occupy them, to make them uncomfortable rather than useful, to answer,

in short, the same purpose as that of the general system of discipline which prescribes for the inmates of workhouses a coarser and scantier diet than that awarded to convicted felons in gaol.

The exertions, however, of MR. ERNEST HART, and other benevolent persons, have brought about the commencement of a general Workhouse Reform. Among the members of some Boards of Guardians a few have been inspired in a measure with common humanity, and the exhortations of the Clergy, especially those of the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, are said to have even had the effect of converting more than one Guardian to something like a partial belief in the Christian religion. There is reason to suppose that the Guardians of St. George's, Hanover Square, St. Pancras, the Strand Union, and other metropolitan Boards, comprise in their whole number as many as two or three gentlemen who are beginning to think that DIVES may possibly have certain duties to discharge towards LAZARUS, under penalties.

The time is therefore believed to be at hand when the workhouse diet-scale will be raised to a sufficiency of plain, wholesome food; when overcrowding will cease in the sick-wards, and the patients in them will enjoy their due number of cubic feet of air; when competent nurses, and not drunken creatures unable to read, and accustomed to steal their beer and other stimulants, will be employed to tend them; proper washerwomen to cleanse their linen without extorting gratuities of gin for not returning it to them steeped in filth and verminous; when further they will receive due medical assistance duly remunerated, and not be suffered to die of neglected bedsores.

The Workhouse of the Future will moreover be so constituted as to merit the name which, as WORDSWORTH said, was misapplied to the Workhouse of the Past. It will be a House of Work such as its occupants are equal to; a House of regulated Industry. A gifted Artist has enabled *Mr. Punch* to present his parochial readers, and the world at large, with the design of a Model Workhouse, of which the idea, like all grand ideas, is taken from Nature. Its form is that of a Hive, the very emblem of Industry; the bees, old and young, all work in their way, the former at whatever they are able to do, the latter chiefly at the three R's and the other rudiments of learning, by whose acquisition, when hereafter they shall have left the workhouse, they may be enabled to keep themselves out of it, and that so as never to have to come back to it again. The drones, who can work and won't work alone of them all will be restricted to short commons, consisting chiefly of skilligolee.

The Model Workhouse is appropriately flanked by the figures of two Guardian Angels, one of them represented by a Poor Law Guardian, the other by the Workhouse Matron; whilst the Beadle's cocked-hat crowns the edifice.

MATRIMONY ON MODERATE TERMS.

MR. PUNCH,

WHAT is a well-educated but penniless girl to do for a living unless she marries? She cannot well, if she has the feelings of a lady, take a place behind the counter of a tobacconist's shop, or at the bar of a public-house.

But whom is such a girl to marry? Not a nobleman—unless he is one of a million, and she is another. I don't mean a million of money; but no less a sum than that at least, I am sure, is necessary in these times to make a woman happy, if she is an average one. The sort of girl I mean, such an one as myself, cannot reasonably expect to marry anybody better off than a young man, who, in some professional or mercantile capacity, has to make his way. In the present state of Society, however, I don't see how such a young man can possibly marry such a girl; that is, if she must needs follow the fashions, and

dress like the wife of a rich man, as most girls expect to do, and will be miserable if they can't.

But, Sir, I know a girl of that description who would be perfectly content to dress with any degree of moderation suitable to her husband's circumstances. She says "As long as I remain single I will dress as well as I possibly can, to lay myself out to the best advantage. If I ever get married, then I will simply wear the clothes my husband wishes me to. What can it possibly signify to me what things I have on, so long as they please him? Why should a wife want a new bonnet oftener than her husband does a new hat, unless to gratify his whim? If one's apparel does get a little out of fashion, so as to look rather odd, what does that matter so long as its oddity does not strike him? I don't care a straw how I look in any other eyes than my husband's."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, isn't that the wife for any man's money, if he hasn't much, and has need to make it go as far as he can? She would

be safe for any young doctor, or lawyer, or clerk—a class of men who really dare not marry, and must absolutely do without wives, in these days of excessive drapery, and all the brougham-hire and other expenses that follow in its train—by which expression I don't mean a pun. I say, Sir, though I shouldn't, that any sensible young fellow would find her a regular Angel in the house, and I herewith enclose her photograph, which you are at liberty to show to any one whom it would, in your opinion, be likely to interest. Withal I beg to subscribe myself,

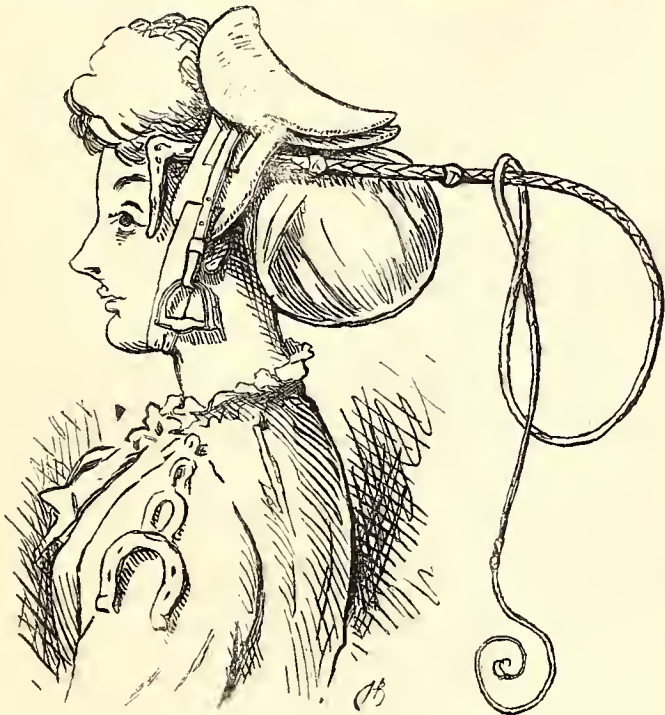
Your constant reader,

ANGELINA.

P.S. The foregoing are this child's sentiments. And yet there is—

"Nobody coming to marry her,
Nobody coming to woo."

At the back of my photograph you will see my address.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT!

CATERPILLARS AND CLOWNS.

AN interesting Lecture was yesterday delivered by PROFESSOR CRAMMER before the members of the Loutsfeld Sparrow Club, at the Yokel's Head, on the Uses of Grubs and Caterpillars, and other creatures commonly regarded as noxious insects, and branded as vermin. The learned lecturer told the assembled farmers that it was a mistake to suppose that either the larvæ of insects, or insects in their fully developed state, ever fed much on either cereal or horticultural produce. Their natural food consisted almost entirely of weeds. The grub of the cockchafer, for instance, lived principally on charlock, and that of the yellow butterfly devoured, not cabbages, as it was vulgarly believed to do, but fumitory, dock, and dandelions. The wire-worm only ate such turnips as were unsound, and thus effected a salutary thinning out of the crop, so that, in fact, it constituted a boon to the agriculturist. Other insects consumed injurious elements in the earth at the roots of corn, and others again ate off the smut and ergot that infested the crops of wheat and rye. Of these he would only mention the *Scarabæus bogus* and the *Aphis ambulator*. The sparrows, finches, and other birds that devoured these useful insects, did exactly a corresponding amount of damage to the grain and other produce, in addition to all the wheat, barley, and other seeds and fruits of the earth which they also ate themselves. The wisest course for the intelligent agriculturist was, therefore, to destroy as many of them as he possibly could. Poisoned food might be employed to extirpate them, and boys should be encouraged to shoot them, or catch them and wring their necks. There was one thing to be said in favour of sparrows; they were good for one purpose, which was that of making a pudding. A sparrow-pudding was a capital dish to follow a sirloin of beef, a fillet of veal, lambs'-fry, liver and crow, and a leg of mutton and trimmings, washed down with plenty of strong beer. He should be happy to partake, with the members of the Loutsfeld Sparrow Club, of such a blow-out as that of which he had enumerated the bill of fare, and he would now conclude with proposing three cheers for what ought to be the motto of every Association for exterminating little birds—"Caterpillars for Ever!" This suggestion was received with tremendous cheering, and shouts of enthusiastic applause, during which the farmers, rushing forward in a

body, shook the Professor violently by the hand, and finally hoisting him upon their shoulders, bore him out of the room into the street, and carried him in a tumultuous procession about the town.

THE SPIRITS AND THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

THE following paragraph has appeared in several papers:—

"It is said that MR. D. HOME, the spiritualist, will make his first appearance on the stage in the character of *Joseph Surface* in the *School for Scandal* at the St. James's Theatre. MISS HERBERT's benefit has been chosen for his *début*."

On the occasion of MISS HERBERT's benefit, of course people will rush in crowds to see MR. HOME. He would be sure to draw multitudes in any part; but unless his autobiography, entitled, *Incidents in my Life*, is a work of fiction, he might have chosen a much more suitable character to appear in than that of *Joseph Surface*: at least, if the St. James's management would have produced *The Tempest*; for then MR. HOME might have undertaken to perform *Ariel*. A gentleman whom spirits are accustomed to lift to the ceiling, and carry about over the heads of the spectators, might in like manner be transported through the atmospheric regions of the stage, independently of any but supernatural machinery. At the same time the spirits might accompany MR. HOME's songs, or those sung for him as *Ariel*, on the accordion, provided the accordion could ever be got to play any other tune than "*Home, Sweet Home*."

The curiosity of everybody who believes the incidents of MR. HOME's life, which MR. HOME has related, will be excited to see whether, when he plays *Joseph Surface*, the spirits, over whom he says he has no control, will any of them suddenly take a fancy to snatch him up and float him aloft, as he declares them to have done at several *séances*. To be sure there is no scene in the *School for Scandal* where the gas has to be turned down; and light enough to render objects distinctly visible is too much light to allow of "levitation;" so perhaps there is little fear that MR. HOME, as *Joseph Surface*, will be suddenly and unseasonably "levitated" at the most critical point of a scene with *Sir Peter* or *Lady Teazle*.

MR. HOME has certainly sustained the character of a Medium with some ability. We shall be glad if his performance of genteel comedy enables us to say that his talents as an actor are above mediocrity. In playing *Joseph Surface* at any rate he will be playing the humbug in a respectable way, and not playing on public credulity.

CONTENTMENT.

A Song for the Stock Exchange.

HAPPY the man who lives content
On money safe at three per cent. !
Invests it not in bubble schemes,
Nor e'er of speculation dreams.

Him City panics ne'er affright,
Nor threats of money getting "tight;"
He fears not either Bulls or Bears,
Or sudden rise or fall of shares.

Him neither Chancery Courts appal,
Nor the dread Street of Basinghall;
His cash is safe, his credit sound,
Though banks be breaking all around.

No horrid dreams disturb his rest,
No anxious fears his peace molest;
No writ destroys his appetite,
And keeps him wakeful through the night.

Oh, were such happy fortune mine,
Serenely tranquil I would dine!
Nor envy anxious millionnaires,
Their dangerous wealth in doubtful shares!

Ryves v. The Attorney-General.

It is an utter mistake to suppose that this notorious case, lately disposed of in Chancery, is the foundation of MR. RUSKIN's new work entitled *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

A CATCH.

It is rumoured that all disputes arising at Cricket during the current season are to be referred for adjudication to the Bail Court.

WHY ought an old man to be fond of sugar-plums?
Because he likes his little comfits.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IN the present occasion it pleases *Mr. Punch* to report upon the Reform War, *en bloc*, leaving the minor incidents of the Parliamentary week to be noted at his august leisure. The last conflict left the £14 County Franchise affirmed. To-night, Monday, June 11th, MR. HUNT (Conservative County Member) moved that this £14 should be ascertained not by the rental, but by the rating for the relief of the Poor. To this responded MR. GLADSTONE, who urged that his opponents were trying by a new process to overturn the previous decision, and that the proposed

alteration would raise the franchise to £16, or even to £17. We had a battle over this, and then the Opposition wanted to stop the debate, but were beaten by 303 to 254. We went on a little longer, and then again came the motion to stop. MR. GLADSTONE resisted, and the numbers went down to 254 and 212. Then the Opposition waxed savage, and made the motion for the third time, when MR. GLADSTONE protested and gave way, towards two in the morning. We renewed the debate on MR. HUNT's motion on *Thursday*, when the Conservatives tried to get a division early, and shouted down the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. As it was, they ran the Government harder than it has yet been run since the celebrated majority of 5. In a House of 553, the Ministers could get only a majority of 7, and the defeat of MR. HUNT, by that very small figure, was hailed with the most boisterous plaudit from the vanquished. It was no case of *Vae victis*. Then came action for which the Government has been sorely scolded by MR. BRIGHT's party and organ. The Reform Bill proposed that the County Franchise must be for a house, or house and land, and in the latter case the house must be worth £6 a-year. MR. BANKS-STANHOPE (County Conservative Member) proposed to omit this clause, on the ground that it would exclude men who had large grass holdings, but no houses, and he and his friends made such battle for The Land that MR. GLADSTONE saw fit to give way. For this he was vehemently chidden by the ultra-liberals, who prognosticated an enormous creation of sham votes by the landlords, but there is to be legislation against this. MR. BRIGHT and many of his allies would not vote at all when the division was taken, so the omission of the Government clause was carried by 361 to 74. Then the Reform debate was adjourned until the following Monday. It may be remarked that the Opposition were deservedly unsuccessful this week, when they simply and impudently sought mere delay, but that in legitimate warfare they fared better.

LORD EBURY on *Monday* once more proposed to the Lords that the Prayer Book should be re-edited, but he was defeated by 66 to 20. The PRIMATE and DR. TAIT said that the bishops had enough to do in checking the Ritualists, and had taken legal opinions touching these Mummerys, who could be dealt with by law, but the BISHOP OF RIPON hoped that their good sense would teach them to stop, now they knew that they could be punished.

The Commons had a debate on Foreign Affairs. MR. KINGLAKE led off in a long speech, in which he demanded, *inter alia*, whether Government had supported Italy in her claim for Venice. He termed the policy of the Italians a Fenian policy. MR. GLADSTONE thought the discussion objectionable, but said that we had made no representation of our views about Venice, though Austria had long known what they were. LORD PALMERSTON had said that there could be no permanent peace in Europe until Italy had Venetia. The Ministry thought that Austria was now in the right about the Duchies. SIR GEORGE BOWYER declared that the Italians languished for the restoration of their Native Princes, the Bourbons. There was a good deal more said, some of it was in earnest, but much of it was intended to fritter away the evening, and hinder the Reform debate.

Tuesday. The PRIMATE and many bishops went to dine with the Lord Mayor, so LORD WESTMEATH (born 1785) in their absence maundered at great length about Popish practices, and several of their Lordships, without saying anything uncivil, which would not have been gentlemanlike, managed to imply that LORD WESTMEATH was not one of those to whom years have brought wisdom.

The Commons sat on the Coal-scuttle. MR. HUSSEY VIVIAN, of Glamorgan-shire, delivered a highly scientific speech on Coal Supply, and stated his disbelief in the probable exhaustion of our coals. We should, however, have to go deep into the bowels of the earth. MR. TORRENS made what *Mr. Punch* considers an excellent suggestion; namely, that the Geological Surveyors should report on the subject.

But a Commission, on which SIR RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho, ieroe, will serve, is to issue.

"Old King Coal
Is a deep old soul,
And he hideth beneath the sea;
But we'll coil our chains
Round his grimy veins,
No matter how deep he be."

Wednesday, as usual was devoted to a theological fray. The Oxford Test Bill was considered in Committee, and strongly opposed by the Church party on the usual anti-Dissenter grounds. MR. GLADSTONE also opposed the Bill, as not likely to settle a vexed question, and a good deal was said about the necessity of teaching religion to the undergraduates. Finally, an amendment, intended to be destructive, was rejected by 245 to 172, but we apprehend that the Chancellor of the University of Oxford hath many proxies in his pocket.

Thursday. Their Lordships did something which was not calculated to increase the popular belief in their wisdom. LORD LYTTLETON had introduced a Bill for the purpose of preventing "dramatists," so called, from seizing on a novel, without the author's leave, and making it into a play. What possible right a person has to steal another's children, and make money by showing them about, bedaubed with paint, and vulgarly attired, it is difficult to say, but my Lords recognised such a right, and rejected the Bill. The most helpless nonsense of all was talked by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who first utterly mis-stated the case, and then argued absurdly on his own mis-statement. He is a good old nobleman, and indeed an Illustrious Personage is alleged to have said to him, when he last kissed hands, "You see how much better it is to be good than clever," but it would be well that a Chancellor should have some cleverness. One ludicrously stupid question he put was—"Suppose a novelist disapproved of the theatre, would you enable him to prevent all other persons from putting his ideas on the Stage?" Well, dear old LORD CRANWORTH, we do think that if an author happened to disapprove of the theatre, it would be rather hard that his conceptions should be seized, and applied in aid of a system he conscientiously disliked. However, it takes a good while to make the House of Lords understand certain things, and we must await the illumination. Meantime, there is a *Mr. Punch*, and if an author of respectability makes complaint to him that a novel has been dramatised without leave, things shall be made uncommonly pleasant for dramatist, manager, and all who voluntarily take part in the impertinent plagiarism.

Some Fenians have broken into Canada, and have shed blood, but the soldiery and volunteers were upon them, and we trust, before these lines appear, to learn that all the burglarious miscreants who were not shot have been hanged. This is no case of war and prisoners, but of brutal, sanguinary raid, and the perpetrators should be treated as pirates, and exterminated without mercy. The American authorities are acting in the most friendly manner towards us. To-night MR. CARDWELL stated that he had a satisfactory dispatch from LORD MONCK.

It is History that on this night Government had received no information that the European war had begun, but the Prussians had thrust the Austrians out of Holstein, and the EMPEROR had said, "I now resort to the Sword."

Friday. The House of Lords, by 75 to 25, decreed the abolition of Public Executions.

The House of Commons spent a few uninteresting hours, the only exceptional portion being that which was devoted to a series of tributes to the late JOSEPH HUME, and to the acceptance of a bust of that valuable statesman which MRS. HUME offers for the Library of the House. After the eloquent eulogium delivered by MR. GLADSTONE, a stranger would wonder that it was left to the widow of a man so praised to present a memorial which it might be supposed the House would have provided for itself.

This day, Posterity, Prussia began the War. She entered Saxony and Hanover. It was on a Friday—let her accept the omen.

The House would not sit long. MR. THOMAS CHAMBERS addressed himself to Cape Railways.

"Tingle, tingle, tingle, went the little bells at 8,
For to bid the Members come,
But very few folk would leave their smoke,
To hear the mighty Tom."



DELICATELY, BUT FORCIBLY PUT!

Frank. "WHOSE DOG IS THIS, MISS MARY, THAT I HAVE JUST PICKED UP FROM UNDER THE TABLE?"

Miss Mary. "MY DOG, MR. FRANK."

Frank. "YOUR DOG! WHAT A LITTLE 'BEAUTY! ISN'T THERE SOME SAYING ABOUT 'LOVING ME AND LOVING MY DOG?' YES? I THOUGHT SO! THE BLIND AND PASSIONATE ADORATION I FEEL TOWARDS THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE QUADRUPED IS BECOMING POSITIVELY FRANTIC, I GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR!"

"TO LIE IN COLD OBSTRUCTION, AND TALK NOT."

(Hamlet, slightly altered.)

FROM "Parliament's" name if we'd gather its leaning,
Out of "Parler" "to talk," half the word we supply;
While the "ment" in't has nothing in common with "meaning,"
Though it *may* have with fibbing—from *mentir*, "to lie."

And never did party more ride derivation
To death, than our anti-Reformers red hot,
While employing the Parliament-house of the nation
To talk against time, and say things that are not.

What is there they won't make a peg to hang talk on,
By way of obstructing a Bill they abhor?
What bounce will they stick at, what fact won't they walk on,
As ground for a quibble, or theme for a roar?

From the war that's about to send Europe to blazes,
To JEVON's belief that King Coal's had his day—
BOWYER's papal beliefs, WHALLEY's Protestant crazes—
What may *not* furnish matter for stopping the way?

With WARD-HUNT to start hares out of rental and rating,
WHITESIDE to spin yarns, while the House gives him rope,
SIR HUGH CAIRNS for reas'ning, LORD ROBERT for prating,
A CRANBOURNE for acid, a WALPOLE for soap;

A STANLEY, with clear cold-drawn logic to dose us,
A BERESFORD-HOPE on æsthetics to pun;
A DIZZY, with myst'ries Caucasian to pose us,
A NORTHCOTE for figures, a KNIGHTLEY for fun;

With a PAKINGTON's forty-hore power of prosing,
A MANNERS to read old Young England's fond dream;
With a HENLEY's attorney-like gift for opposing,
A LYTTON to spout, and a BATESON to scream—

It's hard, but we'll manage to talk out the Session,
Drive GLADSTONE, perforce, into shunting his Bill;
The Chapter of Accidents—candid confession!—
Is the gospel of fools, and we'll trust in it still.

A Round for the Ring.

BY AN M.P.

WHEN GOSS hits MACE
A cut in the face,
Where his proboscis
Soft as moss is,

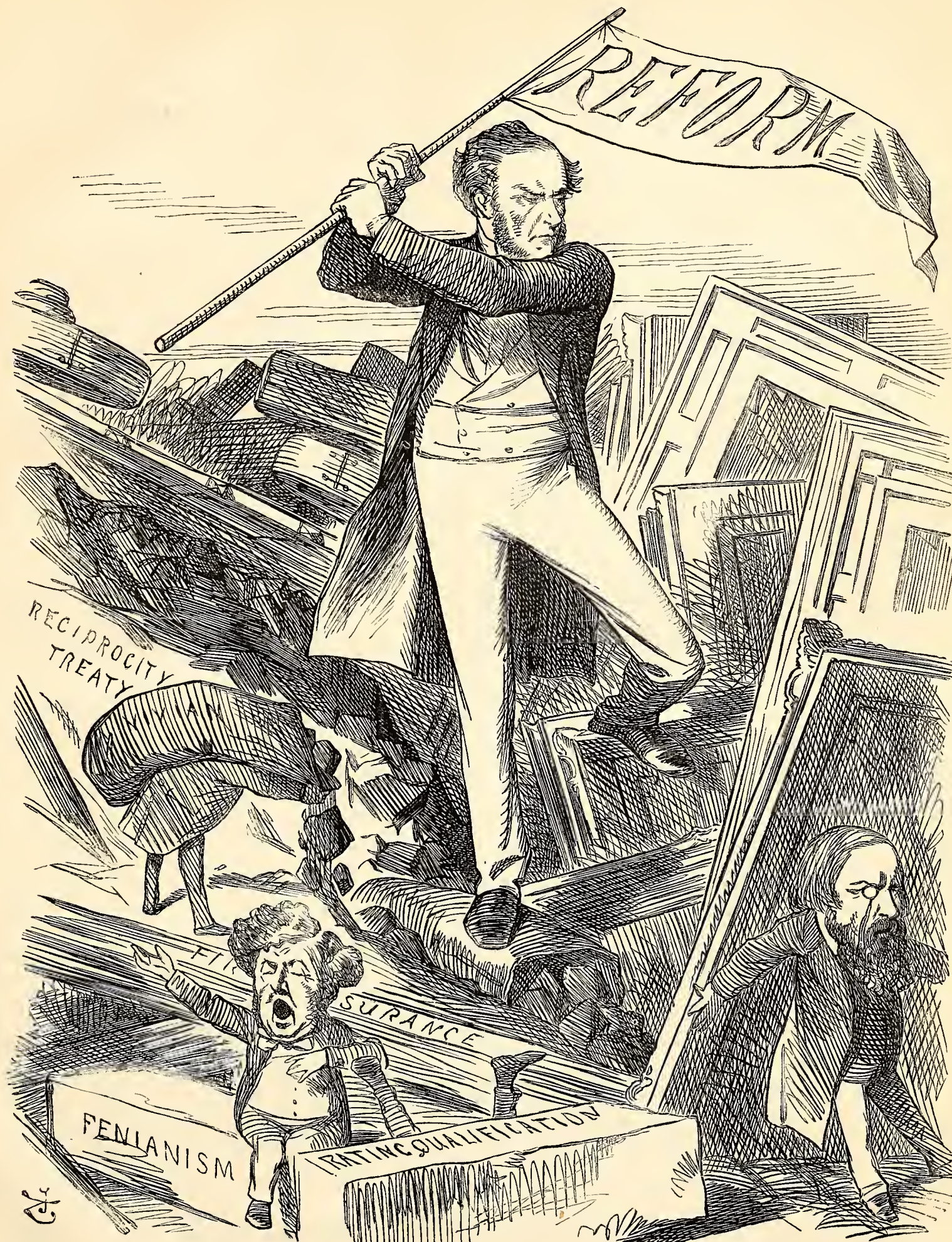
This act, by the member badly mauled,
Would, could he speak, be rightly called
In parliamentary phrase, I s'pose,
"A Teller on the side of the Noes."

The Saddle on the Right Horse.

THAT the Reform Bill stops the way
The angry Opposition storm,
And all the while, behold 'tis they
Who stop the way of poor Reform.

Q. If "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south," where does it come from?

A. Horse Guards, S.W.



CLEARING THE BARRICADE.

(See "TO LIE IN COLD OBSTRUCTION, AND TALK NOT.")

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

[Collected in Happy Hours: including some instructive facts in Natural History, and other domestic and rural information.]

Thoughts in Town during the hottest days.—How delightful it must be to live in the country. On such a day as this, 75° in the shade, one would have all the windows looking on to the lawn open during dinner, luncheon, and breakfast. Go out and throw bread to gold-fish in a pond. There must be gold-fish. In the hottest part of the day lie out on the grass with a book, or go to sleep *sub tegmine fagi*. Or pull oneself in a boat, very gently, to a shady cool nook, beneath the boughs of a drooping tree, and there lie down, read, and smoke the soothing pipe.

Croquet when it is cooler: or feed the gold-fish. The more I think of it, the more certain I am that no country-house is perfect without gold-fish. A visit to the farm, in the early morn, or in the evening. How sweet to have a favourite pig, or a goose, or geese, or a cow, a favourite cow which would feed out of your hand, and lay eggs—I mean, give milk every morning for breakfast. What a charming picture! Then how picturesque is the elegant swan upon the peaceful lake. How cool appear the carp and the pike, and how lazily will even the little ducks waddle down to their accustomed pond. And how interesting, *now*, to watch the gold-fish. I have thought of it again, and conclude that there *must* be gold-fish. And at night, calm, serene, and peaceful. The moon—the tranquil moon—sheds her gentle beams upon the scene. One can open one's bedroom window, and sniff the dying fragrant of the honeysuckle still lingering on the scarce moving breeze. Oh! delightful thoughts; on this the hottest day we've had in London during this present month of June. Yes! to the country! away! To the gold-fish!

Happy Thought.—"An old Elizabethan House far away in the country, to let, at a low rent, furnished, for the summer months. Pond, farm, &c." Pond! and gold-fish?

A Decision.—Mine, by all that's ancient and rustic on this hottest day in June!

Note.—I am there. All is ready for me and mine.

And there are gold-fish in a small pond!

There is a cow: and a pig-stye with pigs.

And a farmyard with cocks and hens.

There are peacocks, too.

Happy Thought.—Farewell business, work, and hot days in London.

Another Happy Thought.—I shall take down a fly-rod, and some biscuits for the gold-fish. * * * I am there.

Note.—As hot as it was in London. Hotter; 85° in the shade, that is in what they *call* the shade. All the windows open of course, looking on to the lawn. Cooler in-doors than out, except when one has to jump up and throw books at wasps, which happens at intervals of five minutes, varied by every one taking up poker, shovel, tongs, paper-knife, or anti-macassar against a hornet. Hot work. I thought there were no wasps in June. A country friend staying with us says, "Oh, ain't there!" and gives me particulars to the following effect:—

Every wasp that flies about in the early summer is a Queen Wasp; she is double the size of other Wasps, and has twice the sting.

Happy Thought.—If we had two of the windows looking on to the lawn closed, we might abate the nuisance.

Note.—In doing this we shut in a Queen Wasp. It was knocked down with an anti-macassar, and is supposed to be either in that useful piece of crochet-work, or on the floor, crawling about. We are all sitting with our feet on the sofas or chairs, and the anti-macassar has been thrown out of window. Country friend rather thinks, by its size, that it was a hornet, and tells us that when he knew the Elizabethan House in old SOANSO's time, it was "quite celebrated for hornets." I asked him why he hadn't mentioned this when I was taking the house, partly by his recommendation. He said, "Oh, what's it matter? Who cares about a hornet?" I said, "Yes, of course that's true: but still they are nasty things," and he then gave me the following particulars:—

At this time of the year every Hornet is a Queen Hornet.

They have treble the sting of an ordinary Hornet.

Three Hornets will kill a horse.

Hornets sting after they are dead.

One once killed a man,

(name unknown). But not quite sure that it wasn't in this very place, *i. e.* the grounds of the Elizabethan House. Here we had all the windows shut.

Happy Thought.—If your windows are shut you can always, in the country, lie down out of doors. On the grass, and read, and smoke.

Note.—It is difficult to get into a comfortable position on the grass. One so easily becomes cramped. It is difficult, if there is the slightest breeze, to read a newspaper, or to keep a place in a book. You can't read lying on your back. If you lie on your left side you've pins and needles in your left arm; if on your right, in your right arm. Sleep is the only remedy; that you may do, on your back, if you can only get

your head comfortably placed. A great point is gained when you determine that you *are* comfortable. A buzzing—I am disturbed by a wasp: settled down again. More wasps—no, hornet!—Queen hornet! All rise to receive her: she is gone. We settle ourselves again. Bumble-bees, or Humble-bees, we now notice, are not afraid of coming quite close to your ears. Humble-bees are *supposed* not to sting. There are plenty of ants about: "Plenty," says our country friend, "regular good place for ants." He adds that these reddish-black ants are peculiar to this part of the country (meaning my Elizabethan House and grounds) and *do* bite like winking. We all get up; it is a balance of comfort.

In-doors.—Wasps and hornets, if they can get in: shut windows and heat.

Out-of-doors.—Wasps, hornets, bumbles and humbles, ants, and many other curious insects, including odd flies with long bodies: but, fresh air.

Happy Thought.—The Lake—not the pond where the gold-fish are, but the lake. That'll be delicious: once in the shade. How elegant and peaceful the white Swans look as they sit basking and winking in the noonday sun.

The Swans are between me and the boat. I can't get at it without disturbing the Swans. I wish I had some bread to throw to them, or the biscuits for the gold-fish.

They hiss savagely on my approach. They do not move but hiss. I never knew this before. If they move at all, they seem to evince a disposition to run at one. Country friend says, "Oh yes, savage fellows—Swans," and gives me these particulars:—

A blow from a Swan's wing will break a man's leg.

A Swan once pulled a boy out of a boat, and held him under water till he was nearly drowned.

(N.B. None of the children to go near the lake.)

Swans are always vicious, unless they know you.

Even when they know you, they are uncertain-tempered.

Hot work getting into the boat. Blazing sun. Row quickly to get into shade. Hotter than ever after rowing quickly. Some difficulty in getting underneath the trees. What strength there is in a small branch if it comes suddenly against you! I had no idea that it would knock one right back in the boat with one's head against the rudder. Country friend says, "Oh, didn't I know that?" and picks my hat out of the water.

Happy Thought.—This promises comfort. Now for a pipe: tobacco will keep off the little flies and insects. Unfortunately the fuzees have fallen into the water. A nuisance; and we've left our books on the bank. Still, with the exception of the very small flies, which, I fancy, bite—"Bite!" my country friend would think they could bite, rather: they *do*, too.)—we might be very comfortable.

Another Happy Thought.—The flies have left off. This is peaceful and delicious, and—

A splash! What was it? Country friend points out to me a great big rat close to the boat. Good heavens! He shows me another on the bank. Should they jump into our boat! Let us pull off at once. Where to? Anywhere where there are no rats. Friend says it would be a difficult thing to find out that place on the lake. Then there are many rats here? "Many!" he informs me that "it," meaning the lake in the grounds of the Elizabethan House, "is celebrated for rats." Nothing I detest so much. We will row to shore.

Note.—In hot weather in the country it is difficult to know when to dine.

Happy Thought.—Dine in the Heat of the Day. Two o'clock.

Note.—Sure to produce indigestion; and the windows must be closed on account of the wasps and hornets. And what are you to do afterwards? I answer, feed the gold-fish. They say, "Pooh, bother the gold-fish."

Another Happy Thought.—Dine at four.

Query by Every One.—Then when are we to lunch? Poser. But why not a biscuit, and then you can feed the gold-fish?

Happy Thought.—Dine at six, no wasps then, and windows open.

Objection.—But you lose the cool of the evening out-of-doors.

Happy Thought.—Split the difference, and say five. Then, what is one to do (is the objection) from two till five? I don't know—feed the gold-fish. Five is settled.

(More Happy Thoughts to follow.)

A Plagiarism.

WE understand that a new version of MR. BYRON'S Comedy, *A Hundred Thousand Pounds*, is being performed at the Haymarket, under the slightly disguised title of *The Balance of Comfort*.

VERY SCIENTIFIC.

WE have written to MR. DARWIN to inquire if it is possible, under his theory of development, for a bay-pony ever to become a sea-horse.

A PARTING INJUNCTION.—A decree in the Divorce Court.



SCENE—THE TRAFALGAR, GREENWICH.

Waiter. "WHAT 'LL YOU PLEASE TO TAKE FOR DINNER, SIR?"

Used-up Party (who has come all the way to Greenwich to dine). "OH, WHATEVER YOU LIKE, MY GOOD FELLOW, SO LONG AS YOU DON'T GIVE ME ANY FISH!"

VAGUE PEOPLE.

ASK any Professor of the Vague School to give you some information on the present state of European affairs.

Ask him plainly, "What is the Quadrilateral?"

He will tell you, "Eh? the Quadrithingummy is a whatyoumaycallem, you know, EUCLID—four sides, well, Austria and Prussia to protect the old thingummy, it's difficult to explain exactly, but *you* know."

You will then put a leading question, thus: "It is to protect Venetia isn't it, against the South?"

The Vague Person will give himself no more trouble than is requisite for catching at the suggestion, "Yes, protect Venetia."

"But what do you mean," you proceed, "by protecting Venetia against the South?"

He doesn't mean anything, of course, but he says, "Oh, protecting it against the thingummy in the South; they'd soon pitch into 'em," he adds knowingly, "if it wasn't for that."

Press a Vague Person for some definite information about the Reform Bill and the Re-distribution of Seats. He will explain such subjects lucidly, thus: "Oh, they want to extend the thingummy, at least, Whatshisname and his party do, and they're going to re-distribute the whatyoumaycallem, you know."

The Vague Person is a superficial reader: he has no capacity for study, nor can he closely apply himself to any one pursuit: he reads the *Times* and several other papers every day, and will tell you that there's "nothing in 'em." Remind him of *that* important telegram from Paris, or the dreadful crime which has horrified every one, and he will reply, "Oh that, yes; ah, I thought you knew *that*."

The Vague Person makes a great point of keeping his accounts, and then muddles them hopelessly. He is always for dividing by twenty, and reducing everything to shillings. He prefers calculation on his fingers to the shorter methods provided by science. In this sense only can it be affirmed that he has arithmetic at his fingers' ends. In adding up shillings he omits pence up to twopence three farthings; and in reckoning pounds he omits a few shillings here and there, and always

SOLDIERS TO SOVEREIGNS.

HAIL, CÆSAR, Emperor! Hail, King!
Let them that dare revile and hoot you.
To you your soldiers shout and sing,
The men about to die salute you!
No volunteers who choose, for pay,
To risk their lives and limbs in battle;
But conscripts dragged from home away,
And driven to the field like cattle.

Or rather, dogs, if dogs could be
In packs upon each other hounded.
Then dogs might do as well as we,
And conscripts be with curs compounded.
Oh, happy hounds on either side,
In being bitten, and in biting,
The battles of their masters' pride,
Vainglory, and ambition, fighting!

Ah, yes! but dogs can only bite;
The wounds they take and give are trifles.
They have but teeth withal to fight:
But, Sires, our weapons are these rifles,
These bayonets, and these leaden cones,
These ponderous sugar-loaves of steel, Sires;
That pierce man's flesh, and smash man's bones,
Inflicting pain which you don't feel, Sires.

No torture, in the olden times
Of sterner ways, and manners rougher;
For deeds heroic, or high crimes,
That e'er Jack Ketch made wretches suffer,
Has equalled that excess of woe
Which, crushed on plains of battle gory,
Will wring some of us, ere we go
To bliss—the martyrs of your glory.

These and those muzzles—mouths of fire—
Wait but your word opposed to thunder;
Mouths against mouths, but, Sire, and Sire,
The wise, in no long time, will wonder
To think of these guns and of those,
Confronted in War's game, to suit you,
Not pointed at our tyrant foes—
Your slaves, about to die, salute you!

sticks to what he calls a round sum, which means to him, any quantity consisting only of two figures, of which one shall be a Nought.

A Vague Person is always busy, and has never any time to spare. He does nothing, and gives himself plenty of time over it. He has an imperfect knowledge of a few quotations from standard poets, which he has acquired less by reading than by hearing. He confuses SHAKESPEARE and BULWER LYTTON, is uncertain about SHERIDAN's lifetime, and is hopelessly at fault as to WYCHERLEY, CONGREVE, CHAUCER, "and that lot," as he expresses it.

If he has seen lately Miss HERBERT's revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* he will, in reply to some one who has forgotten the plot, say, "Well, you know, it's all about *Hero*, and Whatshisname, *Leander*, and she refuses him, and talks with *Boccaccio* out of her window."

He recollects a beautiful passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, where he will tell you, "Whatshisname says that thing about dreams, and gossamers on your nose, and all that sort of thing. Beautiful!"

There are many wonderful creations in the world, whose present or ultimate use is a mystery to our limited intelligences. And these Vague People, to what end do they exist? Heaven only knows: apparently, they are useless; certainly they are, save as regards themselves, harmless.

"Do you Bite your Thumb, Sir!"

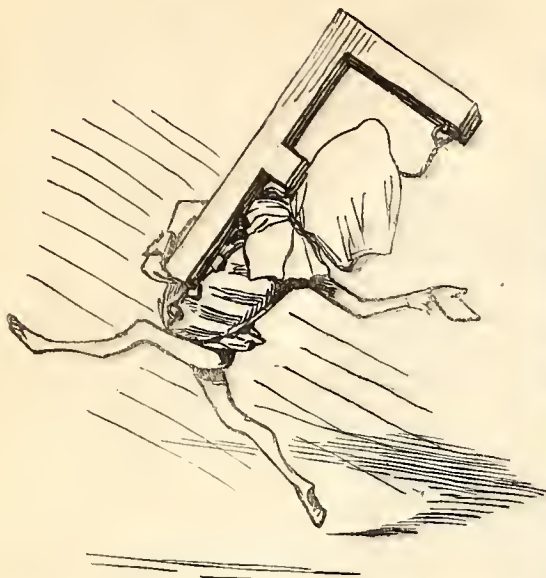
"OBSTRUCTIVES?" 'gainst destructives blind
All arms are fair—you must agree—
Alas—how often do we find
Ob plays into the hands of De!

CONUNDRUM.

WHAT would a cheap paper-covered volume of any of SCOTT's novels say if it could swear? "Hang it! I'll be bound."

THE EYE OF THE LAW.—Policeman's Bull's-eye.

HOUSE-BREAKING AND BANK-BREAKING.



OR some time past crime has become scholarly and soft, working more safely and successfully with a pen and a smile than with pistol and mask. House-breaking is as old as hunger; Bank-breaking displays all the grace and energy of youth. Crow-bars and skeleton-keys are consigned to that dim limbo where thumb-screws and iron-boots enjoy their merited repose, and the most finished villains, like the most expert conjurors, perform without any visible apparatus. JACK SHEP-

PARD defying recognition with spray whiskers and diamond studs, blocks the entrance to Capel Court, and SYKES, his black eye painted out, lounges along Lombard Street, attended by a Bear instead of a Bull-dog. Suddenly, a cry is raised, "Another bank broken!" and SYKES and SHEPPARD are pointed at by pale depositors as they walk off with a sheaf of shares which their feet have trodden down—their daily premeditated plunder.

What punishment is due to these intelligent delinquents? As garotters are now flogged we don't see how they can claim exemption from the lash at least of public execration. To throttle a traveller is dastardly—how much more so to cripple him for life? Obtaining goods by false pretences is felony—making money by false intelligence is *a fortiori* a felon's act. When Astræa pays a flying visit to earth, and SYKES in Saxony is dragged to the Criminal Court, deny him not his legal rights. Let CALCRAFT be ordered to empanel a jury of thieves, for though a Bank-breaker, with a heart less impressionable than a stock or stone, he is as much entitled as a burglar to be tried by his Peers.

FRENCH FACTS AND ENGLISH FAILINGS.

MY DEAR BROWN,

I AM thoroughly aware that I shall forfeit your esteem, and that of every other fashionable man, when I own that for the last few weeks I have been travelling abroad, and have hardly shown myself in London this season. A man has no more right to be away from town in June, than he has in August or September to be in it. But to genius it is suffered to do eccentric things; and this year the fit came on me to leave England when you fellows were just starting for the Derby, and, most likely, when your guns are being levelled at the grouse, my once-fashionable figure will be visible in Bond Street.

As a set-off to the loss of social reputation, which a man incurs by leaving London in mid-season, there is clearly one great gain in travelling just now, and this lies in the fact that one meets few of one's acquaintances. When you go abroad in autumn, you stumble upon men you know at every place you go to. You can hardly stir a step without your running a great risk of being bored by JONES, or button-held by JOHNSON. You hear the English language prominent at every *table d'hôte*, and may even have to sit at dinner with your cheesemonger. If by accident you have been forced to leave his "small account" unpaid, the odds are ten to one that you will travel with your tailor. In fact, the Continent in Autumn is simply England gone abroad; and diners-out who cross the sea then merely *cælum mutant*, which, you know, means change their ceiling.

But, travelling as I do at this unfashionable season, my mind is not perturbed by encounters with my countrymen. I can tranquilly consume the dainties I prefer, without having my digestion spoilt by eating in a crowd, or by hearing such commands as "*Garçons, porter maw des hoofs*," which are certain to annoy my ear in August or September. I can look men in the face without the slightest fear of being either bored or dunned by them; and I am never in the peril now of coming in contact with horribly dull friends, who want to save a franc or two by my becoming guide for them. So I have leisure to reflect upon the things I calmly see, and to compare them here and there with those I left in England.

I am not by any means a sentimental journey-maker, but I cannot help observing that some things still are managed worse in England than in France, and among them may be mentioned *table d'hôtes* and turnpikes. The turnpikes in France are not unlike the owls in Iceland, which OLAUS MAGNUS spoke of, for, as you doubtless are

aware, in France there are no turnpikes. Be driven where you will in the imperial domains, no toll-bar thieves exhaust your small change and your temper. What a fight *Punch* and MR. BRADFORD had to clear away these nuisances from London, and how many more battles must he wage with Vested Rights, ere he succeed in smashing all the turnpike gates in England! "Centralisation" is an awful word, I know, to the ears of free-born Britons; but I wish our streets and highways were managed by some Head, in which some brains existed. Then we should not let the gas-men, and the sewer-men and the water-men play havoc with our paving-stones, as now they have the power to do; and for road-making we might employ steam-rollers, like the French, and not use costly carriage wheels to crush our flint and granite.

Next, as to *table d'hôtes*, how good they are in France, and what miserable failures they turn out among Great Britons! How sure are all the things that should be hot to come up cold, and the things that should be cold to come up more than lukewarm! How largely you get helped from the dishes you detest, and what scanty scraps you get of any dainty that you relish! How the waiters all go hustling, and bustling about, and never serve you without either breathing hotly on your head, or spilling gravy on your coat-tail! How you always have to reach across your neighbour for the salt, and, if you dare to beg for mustard with your beef, you get it by the time you have begun to eat your pudding! No; people who like dining at a *table d'hôte* had better defer doing so till they get out of England.

Sitting daily as I do to a cheap, well-appointed dinner, it saddens me to think how much the noble art of cookery is neglected by my countrymen, and what fits of indigestion are awaiting me in London. The day before I left it, I dined at a hotel with two friends, one a lady, who, after a long fagging journey needed something nice and tempting. Being somewhat pressed for time, they simply ordered "dinner," and left it to the *chef* to do the best he could for us. So he served up some cool soup, and a slice of lukewarm cod-fish, with a few large oysters floating in a filmy yellow fluid which we were told was sauce, then a lump of greasy gristle which the waiter called beefsteak, with a nearly raw big cabbage, and potatoes not half cooked; next, a score or so of gooseberries beneath a slab of granite crust, a napkin folded round the bare walls of a Stilton, a dish of stale limp lettuce, and some biscuits baked last year. For this luxurious banquet we were charged a crown a-head, and we paid as much or more for some bad wine to wash it down with, and prevent our being choked.

This repast stuck so in my throat that I could not help remembering and reflecting on it sadly, when I came the other evening, late, and tired, and hungry, to a little French hotel. Here, in half a dozen minutes they served me some hot soup, then fried me a fresh trout embedded in crisp parsley, then stewed me a fricandeau, then boiled me some young peas, then roasted me a chicken, then handed me a salad, then dished me such a *soufflé* as an alderman might dream about, and then tickled the small appetite that happened to be left with cheese, and cakes, and cherries, and strawberries fresh plucked. They gave me, too, a bottle of good ordinary wine, and then charged me thirty-five pence for all I ate and drank.

No wonder that the French look *triste* and wretched when in England. Conceive the feelings of a stomach, accustomed to light dainties, such as *vol-au-vents* and *soufflés*, when attempting to digest some half-boiled beef and heavy pudding, preceded by thick soup, and followed by bad cheese. Yet these are common dishes at a British *table d'hôte*, and what our waiters call an "ontray" is a stale scrap of tough chicken, or a brace of lukewarm oysters lying buried in a tomb of cold and leaden crust.

Hardly envying you your dinners at this gay time of year, remembering how many public ones you are condemned to, for public dinners are, I fancy, even worse than *table d'hôtes*,

Believe me, yours serenely,

SOLON EPICURUS SMITH.

The Scoundrels of the Stock Exchange.

SCOUNDRELS, that gamble in bank shares,
By swindling sales cause wreck and ruin.
We call this kind of rascals Bears;
A gross reflection upon Bruin.
These rogues, who break bank after bank,
Have their abettors in the City
For an unchecked career to thank.
Have they not, Stock Exchange Committee?

SOCIAL REFLECTION FOR A JESTER.

HE must be a heartless man, who, having met with a poor old joke several times, afterwards cuts it in society.

WHY are the ladies of the Ballet very kind to their relations?
Because they are so fond of their *grand-pas*.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Country Parson (to hard-drinking Old Pauper). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ALMS!"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER WAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR! NEVER HEERD OF IT, SIR!"

PITY THE POOR BEAR!

THERE was a time when the cruel pastime of Bear-Baiting was reckoned among the manly sports of Old England. So was Bull-Baiting. Both these amusements are now contrary to the statute against cruelty to animals. The latter has been for a long time entirely discontinued; the former is in a sense and in a measure occasionally practised still. Bulls, indeed, are never baited; but an attempt has lately been made to get up a baiting of Bears on the Stock Exchange. As yet, however, those Bears have only been baited morally, and of course such animals are insensible to any but a physical baiting. Up to the present time, however, they have none of them actually been tied to a stake and worried by dogs. But nevertheless the poor creatures have suffered much. Read the subjoined touching extract from a recent City article of the *Times* :—

"The shares of the London and County Bank, which since the first instant have been forced by speculative sales down from 70 to 60, and which closed last evening at 62, have experienced an advance of £8 per share, owing to the operators being compelled to buy them back for the approaching half-monthly settlement, or to obtain the loan of shares till the following settling day at the end of the month. For the latter object they have found it necessary to pay as much as £3 per share."

Pity the poor Bear, the unhappy victim of backwardation. The heart that can feel for a Bear must sympathise with this Bear no less keenly than it does with that celebrated one who got himself into such sad trouble with the Bees. One Bear's love of honey led him to upset the hive, the other Bear's love of money induced him to upset the Banks. He too suffers for the mischief he has done, and it is possible that the swarm which he has raised about his ears may yet succeed in their endeavours to sting him with fatal severity. But the poor Bear has protectors whose names deserve to be posted elsewhere than on the Stock Exchange, where they are known. They are entitled to all the credit they deserve for not allowing the poor Bear to be hurt any more than they can help, and refusing to permit his ravages to be restrained at the demand of parties whose substance he is constrained by the

cravings of his natural appetite to devour. Honour to these honest bear-wardens, who treat the Bear as if he really were one of themselves. To them the Bear, now smarting with a sore spot, is an object of tender compassion. They can prevent the Bear from being chained up and muzzled, and they do; but they cannot prevent indignant persons from smiting him on the excoriated surface. How cruel to inflict on the unfortunate animal a pang additional to the grief of the wound which he received from backwardation in the Money Market! Pity the poor Bear!

Grass Cut.

(Mournful merriment in a Meadow.)

DEATH is the mower; Man's grass in the fields,
Not a living blade to his blade but yields.
Swiftly, surely, the scythe will pass
From left to right,
By the mower's might,
For men may grow,
But the mower will mow,
And sweepingly give us our *coup de grâce*.

Scientific Intelligence.

At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read "On the Pace of the Snail," with a rider "On its Gallop."
At an extraordinary Meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society, a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

THE SMARTEST OF BONNETS.

AMONG the Fashions for June *Le Follet* mentions a new species of bonnet, which it calls the "tarte." Well at any rate, you would say, you suppose the *tarte* must be *piquante*.



AN INCIDENT OF THE PANIC.

Banker's Clerk (to Country Cousin frightened by the "Bears," and who has come to draw out his deposit). "HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?"
Country Cousin (who doesn't quite understand). "OH, I—I'LL TAKE IT IN MY POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF!"

USURERS AND YOUNG OFFICERS.

SIR,

As no doubt but what you've got the ighest influence of anybody at Ed Quarters, perhaps you'd have the kindness to exert the same for to get the authorities there to cancel a certain unpleasant arrangement as they have just been and made. That thriving paper the *Sunday Gazette* says:—

"We are glad to learn that his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has made a rule under which the proceeds of the commissions of officers selling out while under age are to be handed over to their parents and guardians, and not to themselves."

Now, Sir, this here arbitrary hedit, or whatever you like to call it, will act, and was meant to, as a hinterference with business, as fully appears from the following explanetary but uncalled for remark on the above statement:—

"This regulation will have a good effect in checking the evils inflicted on youths in the army by money-lenders and other social pests of a similar description."

Has to callin money-lenders social pestes, that there is all virtuous hindignation and sentimental invective. We ain't social pestes no more than attorneys is, which takes up the case of any client as comes, and barristers as accepts whatsoever brief as is offerd 'em, axin no questions, and doos the best they can for the cause they're ingaged for, no matter who's robbed or ruined. Why step between we and our beauty any more than between them and theirn?

In course there's no deelin for us with any old sojer. We can't do nothin except with the infants, weather of infantry or cavalry ridgments. Your Honour would do a grate faver if you would present his ROYAL HIGHNESS with the humble petition of

Your wery humble Servant,
 ACCOMMODATION BILL.

PAROCHIAL INTELLIGENCE.—There is a rumour that MR. SMITH's child has been baptised, but it wants confirmation.

THE SALUBRITY OF GAS-WORKS.

THE subjoined newspaper paragraph deserves the attention of Parliament:—

"HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST, VICTORIA PARK.—The number of patients relieved at this institution during last week was 1509, of which 300 were new cases."

Tar-water was once in high repute as a remedy for diseases of the chest. Among the residual products of gas-manufacture there is much tar. The emanations of tar probably have the same effect on the human system as that of tar-water. These considerations will perhaps be urged by the Gas Companies as reasons why Parliament should allow them to erect additional Gas-works near Victoria Park. No doubt the more Gas-works there are established in that neighbourhood, the greater will be the number of patients sent to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest there. Only the increase will be derived from the neighbourhood.

Marvellous.

WE do not believe in Spiritualism or Magic, (except sleight of hand and so forth), but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—

"The other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house."

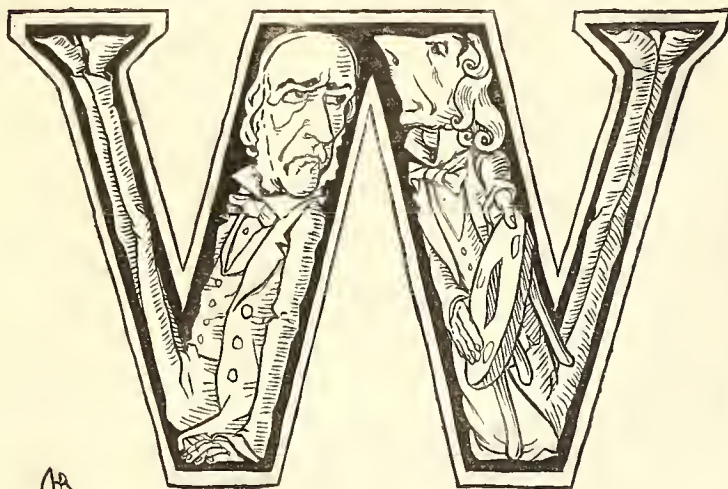
Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

PARLIAMENTARY.

MR. WHALLEY has ordered his butcher not to send him any more legs of mutton, because of the objectionable "Pope's Eye."

LATEST FROM PARIS.—The EMPEROR has ordered a large quantity of Map paper. It is said His Majesty contemplates some alterations in his former plan of Europe.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ATERLOO DAY, *Monday*, June 18, was solemnised by the overthrow of the Reform Bill. The final charge was led by LORD DUNKELLIN, a Liberal, and son of the venerable MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, whose appointment to the office of Privy Seal some time ago was not thought to have retarded the fall of a certain administration. LORD DUNKELLIN proposed to do, by the Borough Franchise what MR.

HUNT had just failed, and scarcely failed to do by the County Franchise, namely, to make Rating and not Rental the test. He was supported for different reasons:—

- 1st. Because his motion hindered the progress of the Bill.
- 2nd. Because his success threatened the existence of the Government.
- 3rd. Because his proposal, if carried, would raise the borough franchise to the exclusion of a large number of persons whom the Government plan would admit.

The first of these reasons merits nothing but contempt. The second was a fair party reason. The third was a political reason. Welded together, they made a weapon with which LORD DUNKELLIN knocked down the Reform Bill, and the Cabinet.

The House went into Committee. MR. GLADSTONE wished to speak on the Fifth Clause, that giving the Borough Franchise. But after a wrangle, it was decided that he was out of order. LORD DUNKELLIN moved his amendment, and urged that the principle of rating had been approved by FOX and by LORD RUSSELL himself. It would admit the industrious and frugal man and exclude the drunken idler. As an Irish Member, he testified that it worked well in Ireland.

He was seconded by MR. CAVE, who scripturally remarked that the House would be glad to get rid of Reform, if it could be slain with the sword of the Children of Ammon.

MR. GLADSTONE defended the Government proposal, and declared that the Ministers would stand or fall by it.

Many speakers followed on both sides, but it was reserved for LORD ROBERT MONTAGU to liken the Commons to Unclean Spirits. Being asked to name those who pretended to like a Bill which they hated, he replied that their name was Legion.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, model of gentlemanly forbearance and courtesy, complained of the irritability of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MR. BRIGHT was sufficiently left to himself to taunt the House with following the lead of an Irish Member on an English question. Of course, he had to frighten the House with a hint that the German war might lead to the promulgation of opinions unfavourable to order, and with an inference to the effect that such opinions might spread, and therefore that it might be unwise to incense the working men.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS aptly retorted to the Irish remark, that if only English Members had voted on this English question, the Reform Bill would not then be before Parliament.

MR. OSBORNE spoke very plainly about the intentions of many who supported the amendment.

The Opposition began to be very noisy, and would scarcely hear MR. VILLIERS, who ought to have been listened to, as an authority on the Rating question.

After a brief speech from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who reiterated that the blow now aimed was aimed at a vital part of the Bill, the Committee divided, and the result was—

For LORD DUNKELLIN	315
For the Government	304

Government beaten by . . . Eleven.

MR. GLADSTONE then proposed to say something to the House next day at six. Of course we spent the day in betting on the future. The QUEEN, unluckily, was at Balmoral, so that Ministers could not consult their Royal Mistress. It would not have been etiquette to dispatch this sort of thing:—

FROM

Russell, Chesham Place,

TO

Your Majesty, Balmoral.

Dunkellin has wopped us. Must resign. Please send for Derby.

We do things decorously in England. So before the appointed hour the House of Commons was crammed. Their R. H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL and the EARL

OF KENT were there, and there was the pleasant presence of the Lord Warden of Dover, and of the Author of *Palm Leaves*; and there was the great ELCHEE, who has just come out as not a very great poet; and the new LORD HALIFAX, looking scornfully at Trimmers; and the fiery leader of the charge of the Six Hundred; and LORD VIVIAN, to look on the victory of *Vivian Grey*; and the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, proud (perhaps) of the prowess of his heir; and the good BISHOP OF LONDON, happily recovered; and the elegant LORD LYVEDEN, *olim* SMITH; and other notable spectators. And when the Hour came, there was the Man. And he arose and said:—

"We have held a Cabinet Council." [*We all knew that, your Highness.*]

"We have considered last night's vote, and, I may add"—[*You may, your Highness; we know what you mean.*]

"The character of previous discussions and divisions. [*Exactly so, my Lord Protector of Reform. Well hit.*]

"We shall make a Communication to HER MAJESTY." [*Eligette forbids more frankness, your Highness.*]

"We cannot state the result in less than three or four days. [*Majesty being among the wild Highlanders of the brown heath, six hundred miles away.*]

"We will therefore adjourn until Monday." [*Cheers, Highness, apparently general.*]

And so the Battle Field was left in the tender moonlight of the lamps above the roof, and the great magician who, from the awful vaults below, sendeth up the cool air or the warm, as his secret and mystic signals warn him, said unto his slaves, the Fire and the Blast,

"Be free, and fare ye well."

Be it noted that the munificent lady, MISS ANGELA BURDETT COUTTS, was heard on *Monday*, by the mouth of BISHOP TAIT, in petition that order may be taken touching the Colonial Bishoprics. This lady is not one who blazoneth her good deeds, wherefore *Mr. Punch* shall recite, for the world's knowledge, that this one Churchwoman hath twice given £17,500, once £15,000, and once £10,000, to provide bishops and archdeacons in our colonies. The decision which has seemed to sunder these hierarchs from the Church at home grieves the generous founder. The law is complex, but a Committee is to consider it.

The Public Schools Bill has passed the Lords, but an amendment, said to have been in the supposed interest of Eton, was carried by LORD DERBY, and will prevent alterations in the Governing Bodies. If it were only a case of Eton, one would not care, as boys notoriously go there merely that they may know Cricket and Swells, but the alteration will also affect places of Education.

Finally, the Underground Railway has obtained power to kill working-class passengers at £100 a-head, and no more. At present the executors of persons who take first and second-class tickets can recover larger sums from their executioners, but probably the next move will be to enact that all persons shall be slain cheaply. The power of the Railway-men "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Painful Ingratitude.

WHEN MR. GLADSTONE lost his seat for Oxford, he did not altogether cease to represent the scholastic mind. The Right Honourable gentleman still remains the representative of so much of it as is, in one particular, eminently characteristic of the schoolmaster. When he told the House of Commons that they would be compelled to proceed with the Reform Bill, even though its discussion should involve an autumn session, he treated them like a lot of schoolboys. In fact he threatened to keep them in. That is just how they might have tried to serve him in return—but they haven't.

A Word for the Zoo.

FELLAHS coming home from India, with such things as a live lion or wild crocodile about them, need not frighten their relations into fits upon arrival, by begging food and house-room for these interesting creatures. It is far wiser to present them to the Royal Zoological Society, which is continually manufacturing tame animals out of wild ones, and possesses the best knowledge how to treat the roar material.

UNNATURAL PROTECTORS.

THE Public likes justice, and goes to Guildhall, among other places, to get as much of that article as it can. The Public wishes that all protection possible should be afforded to the Police in execution of their duty, in order that the Public may itself be protected by these their natural protectors. Now, the other day, a respectable man—a landlord—gives another respectable man, his tenant—unhappily, disrespectful *pro tem.*—into custody for being drunk and refusing to come into his own lodgings; whereupon a policeman takes the respectable man disrespectful *pro tem.* and “pushes him down.” Disrespectable *pro tem.* man objects to violence, and is treated to a little more of it, intensified. The constable then half-strangles his prisoner, and by this mode of gentle suasion our natural protector makes Disrespectable’s appearance so horrible and ghastly, that the Landlord’s wife, a good-hearted creature, herself interferes in behalf of struggling, suffering humanity, and loosens our Natural Protector’s grasp of poor Disrespectable’s collar. The charge is given at the station-house, and the Respectable himself is so touched, even down to the very bottom of his landlord’s heart, by the picture of his lodger’s misery, that he nobly bails him out (it is on a Saturday night), in order that he may repent, in the free seats, as a miserable sinner, on Sunday morning. This case came before ALDERMAN SIDNEY. Now, mark the charge given by the policeman, and the few little, unimportant facts which our Natural Protector had delicately suppressed:—

Evidence of our Natural Protector (*slightly prejudiced in his own favour*).—I tried to persuade him to go home, but he would not. (*Pathetic.*) He took hold of me by the leg, and pulled me down. (*Our Natural Protector ill-used.*)

I then let him go (*meaning, “See how kind and merciful I am!”*), when he turned again upon me (*i.e., “You see he takes advantage of my kindness!”*), kicked me on my knee, and tried to bite my leg (*i.e., “only tried: see how mercifully I put it!”*), but (*i.e., “I am compelled to add this, for the sake of truth and justice, and not out of vindictiveness, I do assure you”*) I caught him by the throat (*i.e., “I can be a VAN AMBURGH when I like”*), and kept him away (*i.e., “But I am as merciful as I am strong”*).

ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who had some time before begun to observe that these assaults on the police were increasing, and *we must protect our officers*, now appears somewhat astonished at the turn affairs are taking against our unprotected protectors, and, says his Alderman-ship, addressing the constable, “You did not tell me any of this before.” Yes, but how often does this *suppressio veri* happen, your Worship, and your Worships, eh? “You only told me of the assault on you.” Simplicity! “You did not tell me that you had knocked him about, and that you had so far strangled him, that he has since been spitting blood.” Of course not: why should he?

Finally, says the Alderman to the unfortunate Disrespectable, “I shall not punish you for the assault on the constable.” How kind! and as a favour, too! Poor devil, one almost feels that he ought to be commiserated, and be allowed to pitch into the constable for five minutes.—“But it is clear you were drunk.” Ha, ha! says the constable to himself, I was right *there*, at all events. “For that I shall fine you 5s.”

We know the termination of the case, as far as poor Respectable Disrespectable-*pro tem.*-lodger was concerned. But what has become of JOHN THOMAS DIX, police constable 145, who so ill-treated his man, that, as the Alderman said, “Human nature could not stand that, whether from a policeman or anybody else.” And how about our Natural Protectors generally?

Tricks that Positively Take away your Breath.

(A Complaint uttered at Egyptian Hall.)

First Languid Swell. Warm work this conjuring! I declare it’s quite suffocating.

Second Ditto. Indeed, my dear fellow, you may say it’s positively a-Sphinx-iating!

[The FIRST SWELL melts away.]

BRIEF “BAGS.”—Short Trousers.

BRILLIANTS FOR THE BALL-ROOM.

Original Observation. 1. (*To your Partner.*) Have you been out much this Season?

2. You must have been very tired after your party the other night.
3. I suppose we shall meet at the BLANKS’?
4. It’s very hot, isn’t it?
5. Almost impossible to dance.

Fickle Partner (*to her favourite waltzer, with whom she is surreptitiously dancing for the third time*). Don’t go near that corner: I was engaged for this, and he’s looking for me.

Fickle Partner (*taken at a disadvantage by her Jilted Partner, during an interval of breathing time*). Oh! I don’t think this was our dance. I’ve got you down for the one before this. (*Jilted one refers to his tablets and Fickle Partner, by a stroke of unprincipled genius, turns the tables on him.*) You never came to fetch me: ah! I shan’t forget.

[*Shakes her head wickedly at Jilted One, who, being utterly staggered, sees the pair waltz away from him, without being able to get out a word.*]

New Idea for the Refreshment Room. Will you take an ice?

Exclamations for Young Ladies on finding an open window (which they welcome like water in the Desert, or water-ice in the Dessert):—

Oh! how delicious!

This is delightful!

So refreshing!

This is nice!

This is nice and cool.

Original Idea for a Mamma (*to her daughter*). How imprudent, dear! Don’t go into the draught.

Original Idea for Supper (*in answer to the Gentleman’s question, “What’ll you take?”*) Oh! (*Considers, glances rapidly at the table, sees the same supper she’s met at every other party, and in despair hits on a new idea.*) Oh! Some chicken, please.

Cavalier (*with persuasive sweetness*). And some tongue?

Last Brilliant thing to be said in the Cloak-room. Hallo! This isn’t my coat; this is torn in the lining. Confound it, the fellow’s gone off with my hat too, a bran-new gibus; only two of the kind in London.

[*Walks out savagely and determines to revenge himself on society by taking somebody else’s hat and coat to-morrow night.*]

Last of all (*after feeling in Coat Pockets*). And (*venial expletive*). My cigar-case was in the coat that he’s gone off with.

[*Expletive, with renewed resolutions about coats, hats and cigar-cases.*]

CHANGE OF NAME.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE staying in a country-house—shall we say north of the Tweed?—yes, I will say north of the Tweed, I met several distinguished members of the Gaëlic Aristocracy, whose names do sound very grand; for instance, plain MR. CULLUM in London, is, up there, *The M’CULLUM*, his cousin *The M’CULLUM* of M’Cullum. Then *The DUGALD* of Dugal, *The GRAMIE* of Gillicuddy, *The M’HALF* of M’Entire, and so forth.

Now, Sir, would it not be well to adopt these styles and titles among ourselves. How it would assist our memories, and give us some firm social basis to go upon at introductions, if, for instance, MR. SMITHSON, residing at 108, Brook Street, were announced as *The SMITHSON* of 108, Brook Street, or more simply taking the title of his estate, *The-a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street*. If three lodgers lived in the same house they would rank thus:—*The Ground Floor* of a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street, the *Parlours* of a-hundred-an-eight, and so forth. There could be no possible objection, for the sake of *aristocratizing* the name in a northerly direction, to prefixing an “O,” or a “Mac.” Thus, *The O’Ground-floor* of a-hundred-an-eight Brook Street, or *The Mac-Parlours* of twenty-two Bond Street. A grand title would be *The One-Old-Bond-Street*, and such an one ought to take the house to himself, as were it shared, the title would be divided, to the forfeiture of dignity, thus, the *Half-a-one Old Bond Street*. There once was a mania for altering names; here, now, is a really sensible idea. I do not know whether even *Punch* himself could have a more glorious sounding title than *The Eighty-five-Fleet-Street*.

I remain, Sir, yours originally,

Aula Pompeii Templum.

The FOUR-PUMP-COURT-TEMPLE.

P.S. What a capital index for Mammals if gentlemen were called by the amount of their property, with names of principal investments. *The Mac-Fifty-thousand-pounds-Rupees-consols-Tittler-shares-eighteen-Belgrave Square*, would sound pleasantly. *The O’Hundred-per-annum-fourth-floor-no-Brief-Court, Temple*, would scarcely be smiled upon, I imagine.

Yours, F.P.C.T.

ROOM-COLOURING.—The French call their annual exhibition of pictures *Le Salon*. Joking upon like premises, we ought by rights to call our Royal Academy *The Drawing-Room*.



TO KEEP THE POT BOILING.

UNCLE COKY CARBO, FROM NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, PRESENTS HIS NIECE, ON HER MARRIAGE, WITH A DOZEN TONS OF THE BEST WALLSEND (A VERY SEASONABLE GIFT, BY THE BYE!) HE BRINGS A LOVELY SAMPLE OF THE SAME, TO BE PUT AMONG THE OTHER WEDDING-GIFTS ON THE DRAWING-ROOM TABLE.

AN IMAGINARY DESPATCH.

"THE QUEEN is much displeased with the darkness in which the Ministers have kept their Sovereign in reference to public affairs.

"HAD the QUEEN been made aware that a Ministerial crisis was in the least likely to arise during the period which had been set apart for her visit to the Scotch, that visit would, of course, have been postponed until another season. The QUEEN was too well aware of the vast inconvenience, not to say danger, that might occur from the country being without a Government, for a whole week, at a time when Europe is in convulsions, to have thought of being absent from the Metropolis during a political change. If the QUEEN preferred to spend the anniversary of her accession among the Highlanders, that preference should not have dominated the exigencies of the hour, nor should an aged Presbyterian Minister have been compelled to contemplate a journey of 1400 miles to resign office.

"THE QUEEN is too well acquainted with the sentiments of her subjects in reference to all her actions to suppose that they can ever be misinterpreted, but the Ministers who neglected to apprise her that they intended to take an early vote of Confidence ought to have seen that such neglect might justify the idea that the QUEEN, for the first time in her life, had allowed her own pleasure to interfere with the functions of Royalty."

Balmoral, June 20, 1866.

The Shortest Night.

THE Shortest night has passed. A young Lady informed us, in spite of traditional reckoning, that it was on the Second of June, for *then* she danced from 11 P.M. to 5 A.M., and that appeared to *her*, the shortest night she'd known this Season.

HINTS TO VISITORS TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

THAT those who have derived benefit from the use of GRIMSTON'S Eye-Snuff should gaze with gratitude on Portrait No. 17.

That the lovers of the fragrant weed should carefully scrutinise the features of CAVENDISH (81).

That in JOHN BULL (228) and PADDY (234) will be recognised Portraits of the typical Englishman and Irishman.

(N.B. Scotland is entreated not to secede from the Union because her man is unrepresented.)

That it was not HATTON (239) but WALSINGHAM (258) who was QUEEN ELIZABETH'S favourite dancer.

That No. 394 immortalises the proud inventor of WINDSOR soap.

That Old SCARLETT (403) is not meant for the first LORD ABINGER.

That Belted WILL (405) was a distinguished Champion of the P. R. That cricketers should look out for JULIUS CÆSAR (428), and make a long stop before his likeness.

That MR. DISRAELI should meditate on his past life in front of the portrait of CONINGSBY (501).

That those to whom oysters are so dear should hasten to see MR. PYM (609).

That the portrait of BRADSHAW (737) is the only authentic likeness of the author of the Railway Guide.

That HARVEY (756) did not discover the blood, but only the circulation of that necessary fluid.

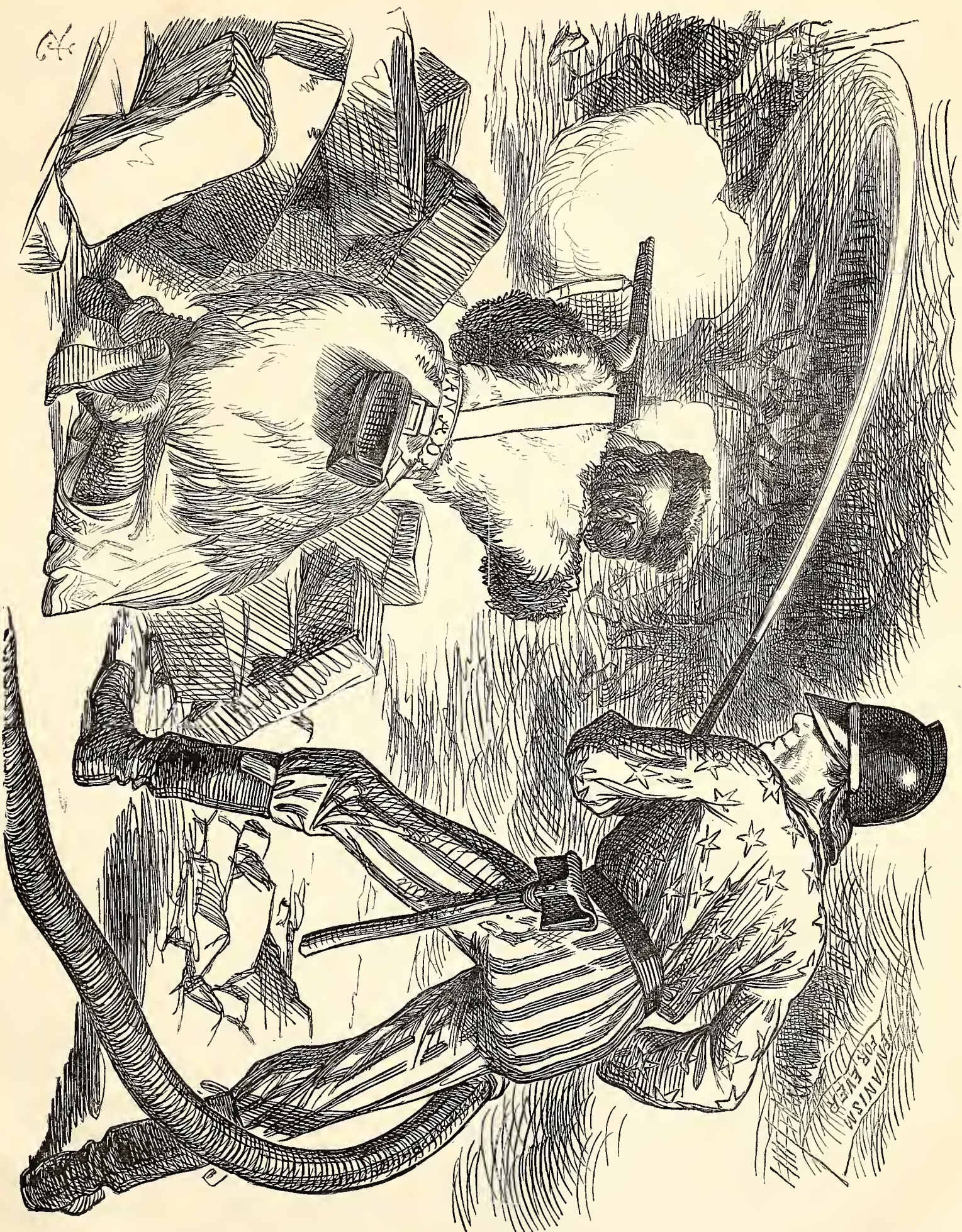
That in the works of TAYLOR, the Water-poet (758), Teetotallers may find the first eulogium of their principles.

That it was a handsome compliment to the inhabitants of South Kensington to exhibit a portrait of the builder of Thurloe Square (812).

That all the portraits of HOBBS should be closely compared by lock-makers.

That the members of the Jockey Club should not pass by the portrait of FLATMAN (921)—and

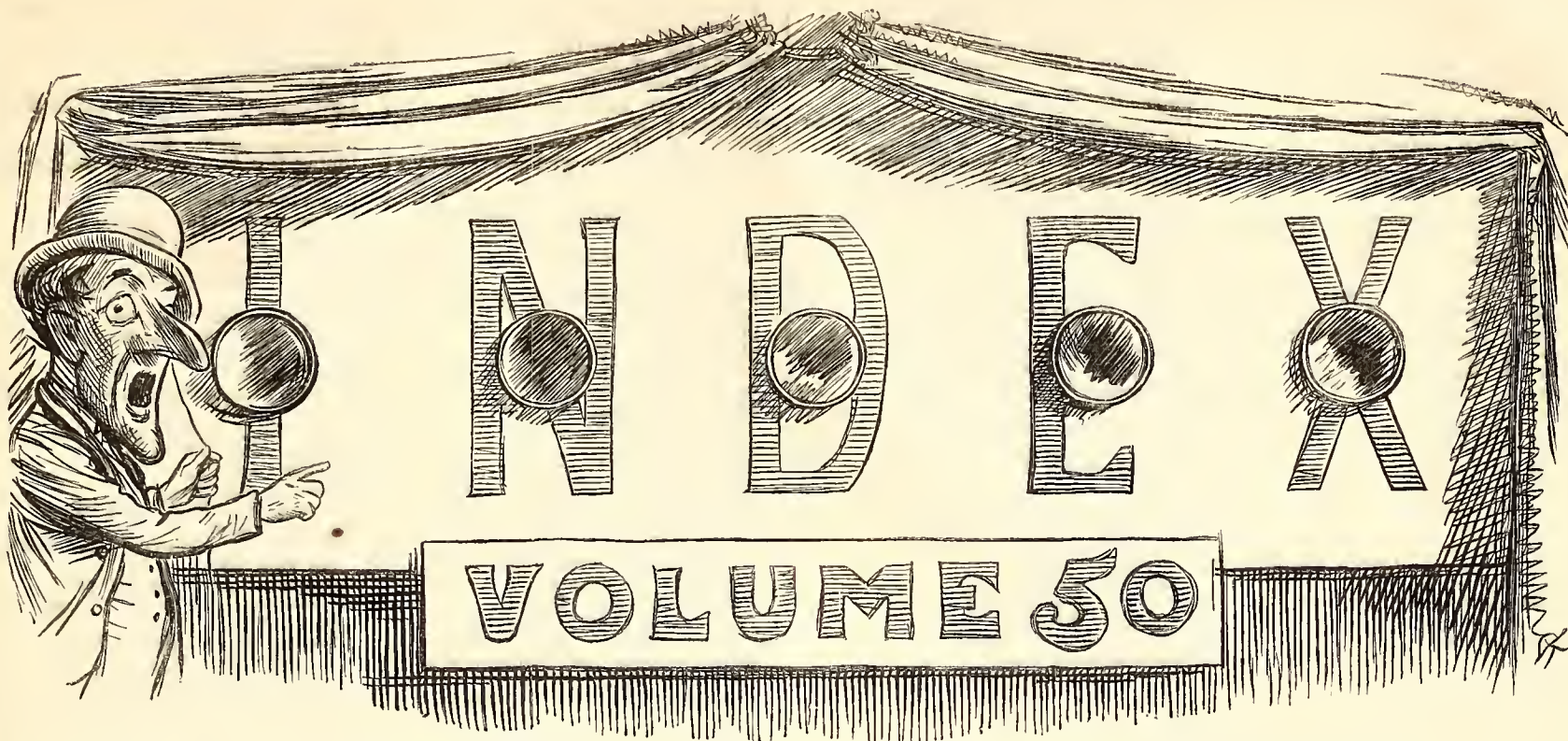
That no visitor to the Haymarket Theatre should leave the Exhibition without finding out the likeness of COMPTON (993).



THE YANKEE FIREMAN KEEPS HIS WORD.

YANKEE, "YOU SEE I'M READY WHEN WANTED, MISS CANADA."

(See No. 1991.)



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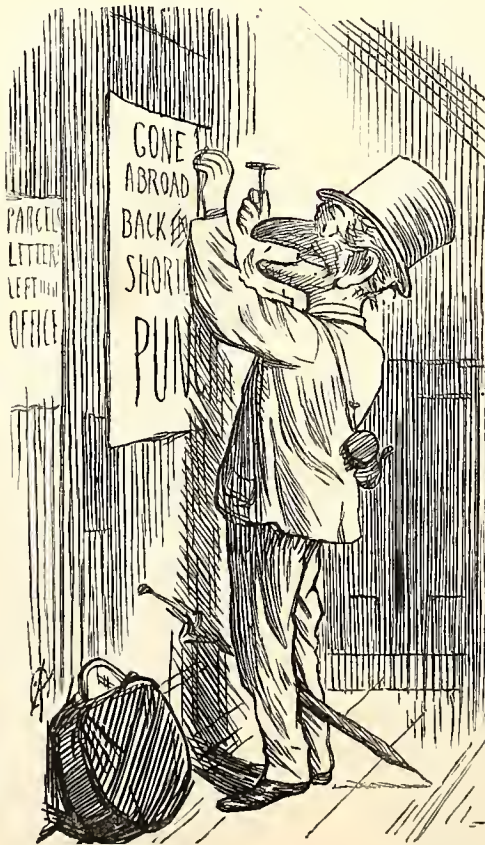
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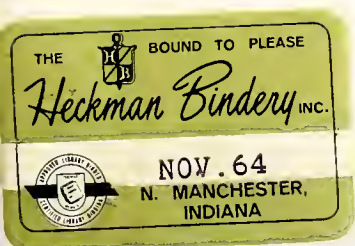
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